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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Princess O'Hara

a short story

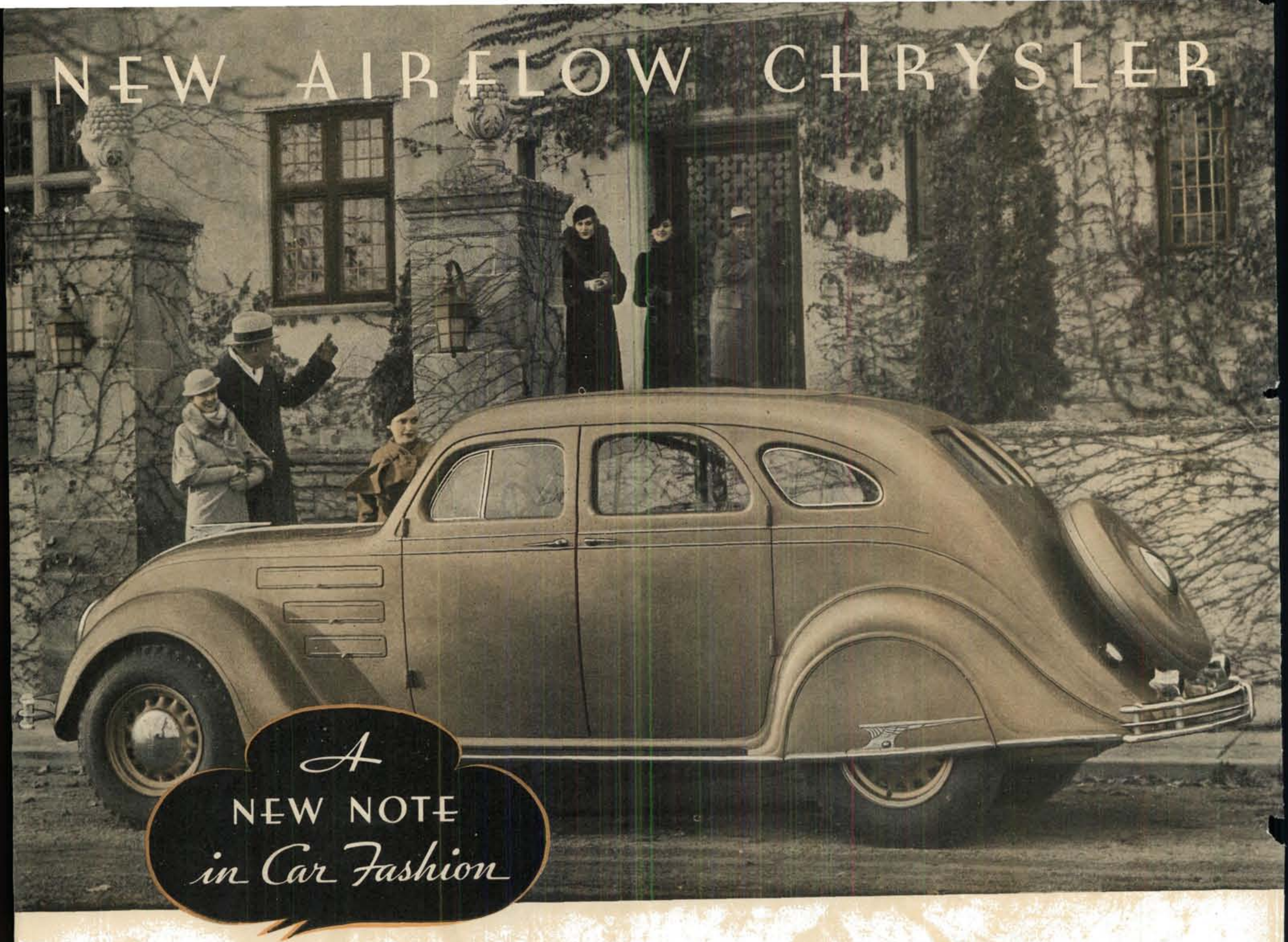
By

Damon Runyon

O. Twelvetrees

MARCH 3, 1934

NEW AIRFLOW CHRYSLER



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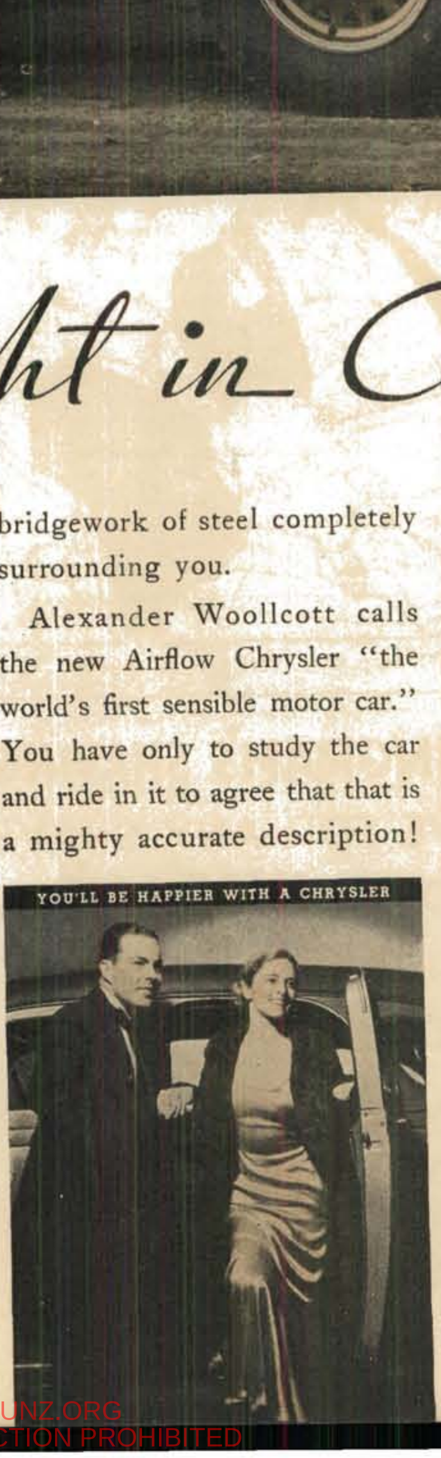
Alexander Woollcott calls the new Airflow Chrysler "the world's first sensible motor car." You have only to study the car and ride in it to agree that that is a mighty accurate description!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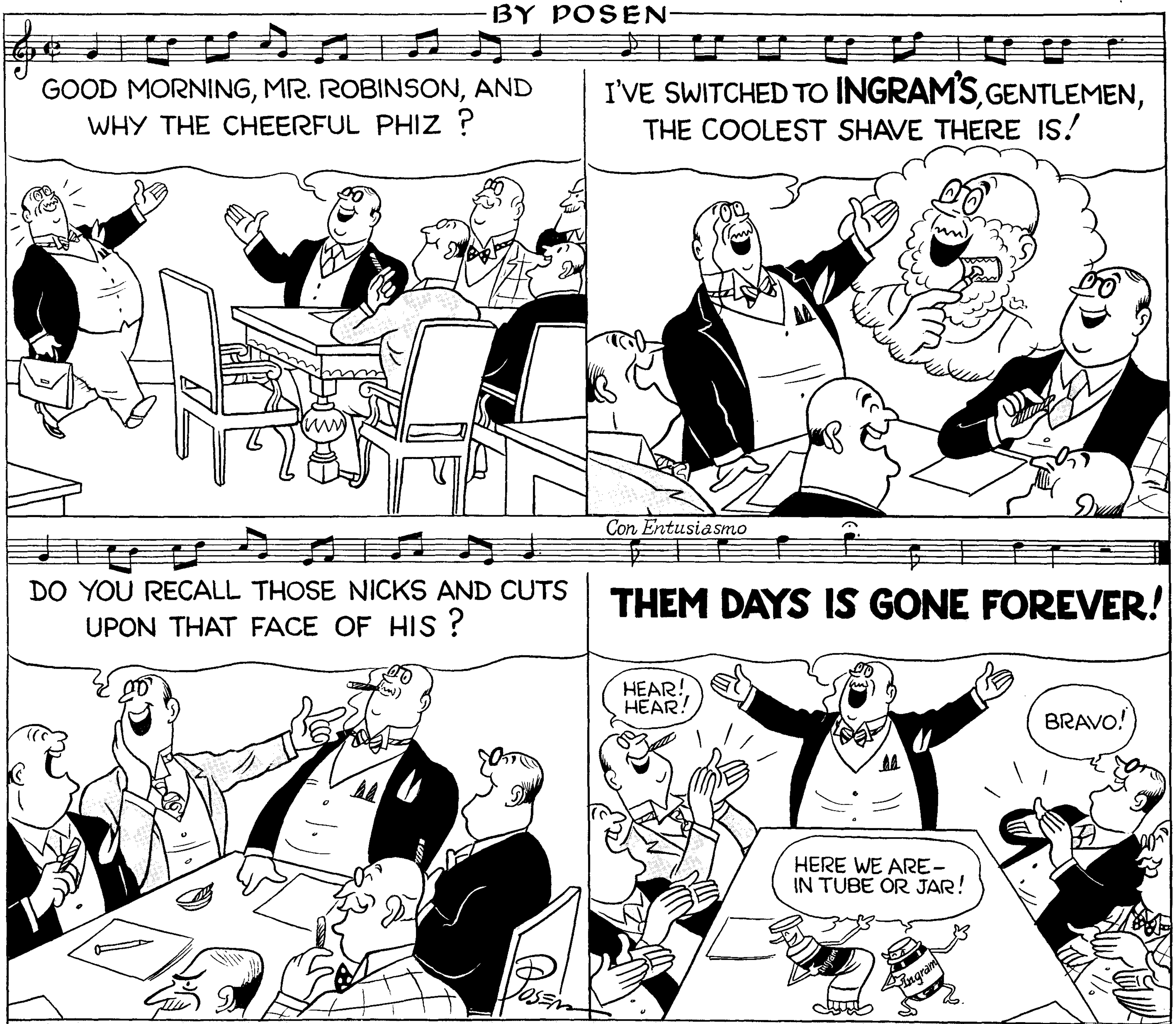
THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER

BY POSEN


GOOD MORNING, MR. ROBINSON, AND WHY THE CHEERFUL PHIZ ?
I'VE SWITCHED TO INGRAM'S, GENTLEMEN, THE COOLEST SHAVE THERE IS!
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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

ROSE AMES was a national heroine. To be sure, she was on trial for her life, but nobody took that very seriously. She was a beautiful woman; therefore she would be acquitted. She was a beautiful woman; therefore nobody wanted to believe that she had murdered her husband. The trial became a prolonged glorification of Rose Ames, and the acquittal was a signal for general rejoicing.

But there were two men who did not believe in her innocence—two men who loved her. Their opinions mattered more to Rose Ames than all the rest. And so—she hired one of them to prove her innocence to the other.

The investigation becomes an enthralling mystery-romance which ranges from the top to the bottom of the social scale. In the new serial Arthur Somers Roche presents "The Case Against Mrs. Ames."

IT'S your duty, and ours, to keep an eye on the newer aspects of life in America. Next week we take in one of the newest—the late-blooming night clubs of Chicago. Repeal has transformed them from a form of occasional entertainment into an important industry. The business of supplying floor shows, orchestras and liquor has taken on impressive proportions. But why talk about it? You'll see the whole show under the able guidance of Walter Davenport; then make up your mind. It's a "Heat Wave" in which entertainment can be found of any desired intensity.

EDDIE RYAN had been on his own since he was five years old. "Before that," he explained to Gloria Stewart, "I was just a bum." Gloria had never been on her own and never would be. At the time she talked to Eddie she was scheduled to marry a prince. But she thought she'd take a whirl at the theater first. Eddie said she didn't have a prayer, but she was "Broadway Bound"; nothing could stop her. Patterson McNutt tells her story.

LITTLE STARLIGHT was an emissary from the spirit plane, but careless about her friends. She worked for a pair of very tough characters. How a lovely girl fell into their clutches is the substance of Hugh Wiley's dramatic short story, "Medium Well Done."

YOU'LL like Junior, the hero of Richard Connell's short story; he's intelligent, affectionate, and, in addition, "Only an Elephant." Talbert Josselyn, Ray Tucker, George Milburn, Quentin Reynolds, Ernest Haycox, Kyle Crichton and others perform with accomplished brilliance. And you're invited.

This Week

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March 3, 1934

Cover by C. H. Twelvetrees

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MARIAN SIMS
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QUENTIN REYNOLDS
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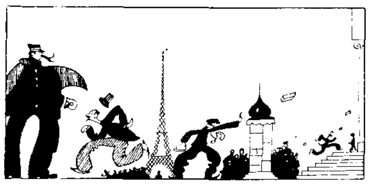
●

Any Week

MR. THOMAS D. LEWIS of Evanston, Illinois, confesses that he just doesn't know what to make of "those French who are breaking windows in the Palais Bourbon and chasing senators and deputies into the Seine merely because a lad named Stavisky rooked the stockholders for a few million dollars. Why, our Insull boys used to take us for that much every Saturday night amid deafening cheers from the victims."



"BETWEEN us," writes Mr. H. B. McQuillen of Tulsa, Oklahoma, "I am sort of hoping that national recovery won't happen too soon. Things are awfully interesting as they are. Every day it's something new and time is going to hang pretty heavy on our hands after we're all fixed up with money in our pockets and jobs to work on. This is my first big depression and I'm getting to be fond of the damned thing."

WE LEARN from Mr. W. K. Brownlow of Marshfield, Oregon, that we're weak on our Chinook, which, as we understand it, is the language of the Flathead Indian—a jargon of Indian, English, French and several other tongues. In H. L. Davis' recent "Wild Headlight" one of his Chinooks said "Hyak," whereas, says Mr. Brownlow, it should have been "Nyak." Moreover, if a Chinook wants you to sing he cries, "Mamook Chan-tie."

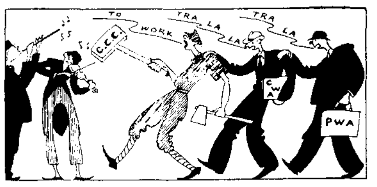
MR. W. E. ROTH of Ypsilanti, Michigan, frankly doesn't like us and says so in blunt, honest and unmistakable words. Mr. Roth informs us that he can write better stories than some we publish, which may very well be true. But we will get none of them "even if you beg for them and, believe me, you'd have to pay me quite a sum. . . ." Which is set forth here that Mr. Roth's public may know why his stuff is not in these pages. We can't afford it.

VERY comforting to get things like that straightened out. Mr. Edgar D. Mardfin of San Francisco, California, has just settled a matter he has given mature thought to. For twenty years he has read Collier's every week, not missing a single number. "And I have decided," says he, "that it is a very good magazine and well worth the money."

MR. J. ED HOWE of Shreveport, Louisiana, reports that he came mighty near going to jail for contempt a few days ago. "The only witness against the man," says Mr. Howe, "was the arresting officer and I argued, perhaps a little bit too vehemently, that the officer's testimony was in direct contradiction of statements by such eminent witnesses as Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Alfred E. Smith, Jim Farley and President Roosevelt, who said that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment would automatically put an end to bootlegging. But the man was convicted. I wish you'd do something about this."

AND Mr. T. Larkin of Des Moines, Iowa, confesses that he is "sick and tired of revolution talk. This country," says he, "isn't the revolution kind. Whenever it doesn't like what's going on it pays no further attention to it and that's that. You can't work up a revolution among people who relish a good licking, and that's us."

SOMEHOW we doubt that this suggestion from Mrs. Bertha C. Bender of Little Rock, Arkansas, is going to get all the support she'd like. "It would be a splendid thing," says she, "for all the CWA, PWA and CCC workers to start their daily labors with a song. Also it would be fine if they would end their work each evening with a hymn. This would be good for them and would give employment to a large number of music teachers and choral conductors who are now out of employment and who get absolutely no attention paid to their plight. It would develop the nation's voice and make us a fine, music-loving people."



IT'S possible, of course, that you don't care anything about the nationality or religion of Anna Held's mother. We even suspect that, until we began to publish the story of Flo Ziegfeld, by Messrs. Cantor and Freedman, there were those amongst our readers who didn't know Anna Held. But some did. Notably Mr. Leo Stathisky of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Mary Nusky of St. Louis, Missouri. Say they: The mother of Anna Held was not (as Messrs. Cantor and Freedman have it) a Jewess. She was, these dissenters contend, a Roman Catholic, a Pole, and of very fair complexion.

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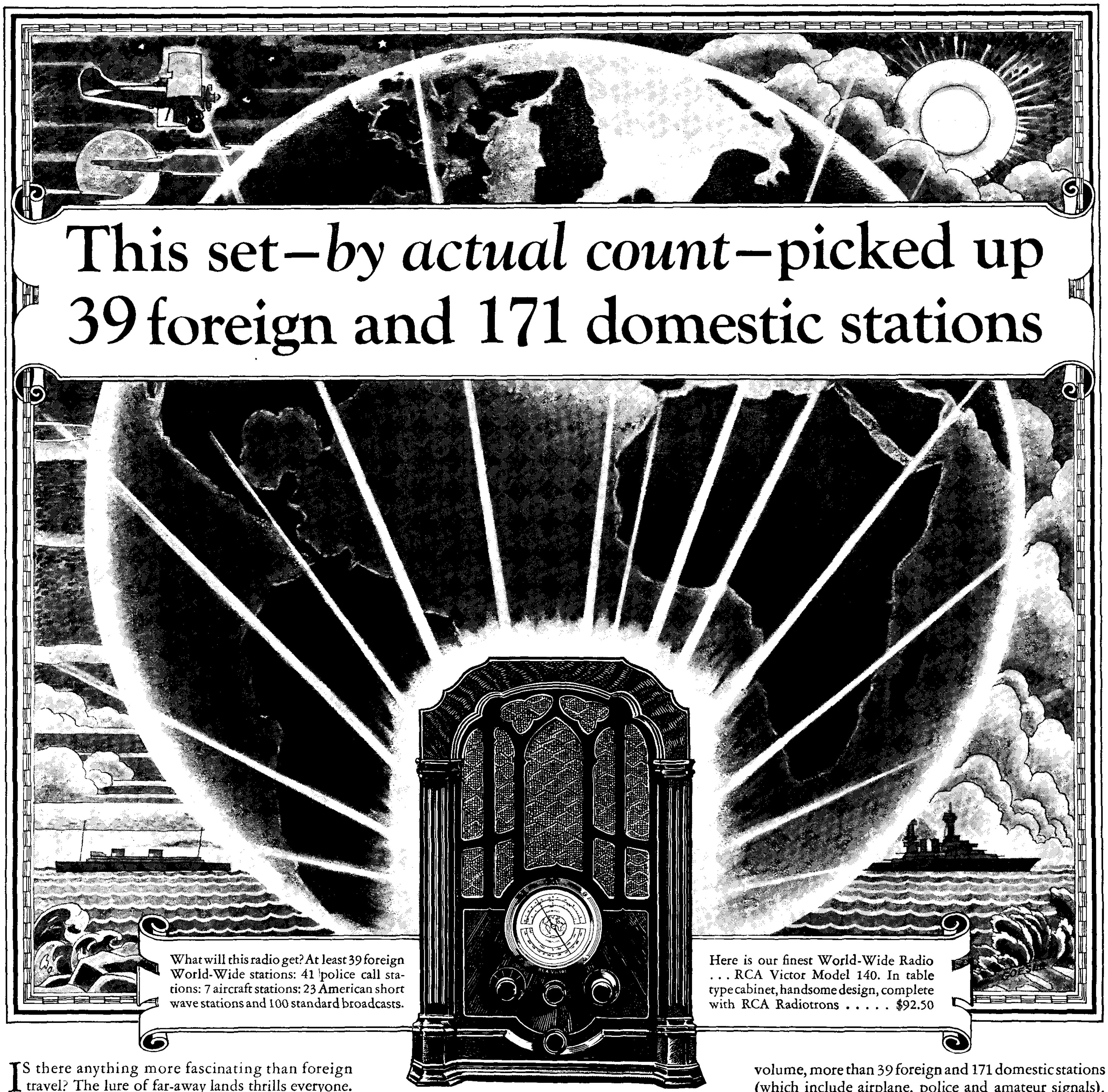

This set—*by actual count*—picked up 39 foreign and 171 domestic stations

What will this radio get? At least 39 foreign World-Wide stations: 41 police call stations: 7 aircraft stations: 23 American short wave stations and 100 standard broadcasts.

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It's a new RCA Victor Globe Trotter World-Wide Radio . . . on which *you* can get the same fascinating programs

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Next . . . it's time to roam to Rome. Italy's rich heritage of music manifests itself in a dozen delightful programs. Perhaps the Pope addresses the faithful throughout the world. Or Mussolini speaks.

Now, on you go . . . to the other end of the world. To Australia. Here's that station using the startling cry of the "Kookaburra" bird as a signature. Perhaps you'll want to linger a while "way down under" in Australia! But, faster than it takes to tell it, you travel back to New York. Blazing in lights, Broadway calls. You've traveled around the world in just a few hours.

Does this sound unbelievable? It's true. The new RCA Victor World-Wide Radio has, by actual checked count, picked up clearly and with sufficient volume, more than 39 foreign and 171 domestic stations (which include airplane, police and amateur signals). And, when reception from abroad is not available because of variation of time, or because of atmospheric conditions, you still can enjoy domestic broadcasts.

See one . . . hear one . . . get one at your RCA Victor dealer's today. There are other RCA Victor World-Wide Radios from . . . . . $\$54^{50}$

Here's the "World Dial" that brings you everything. On this full-vision airplane type dial, extra large in size . . . are marked the four broadcast bands that bring you all the radio ranges, short wave and standard. On its face is a miniature map of the world, symbolic of "His Master's Voice" around the globe.

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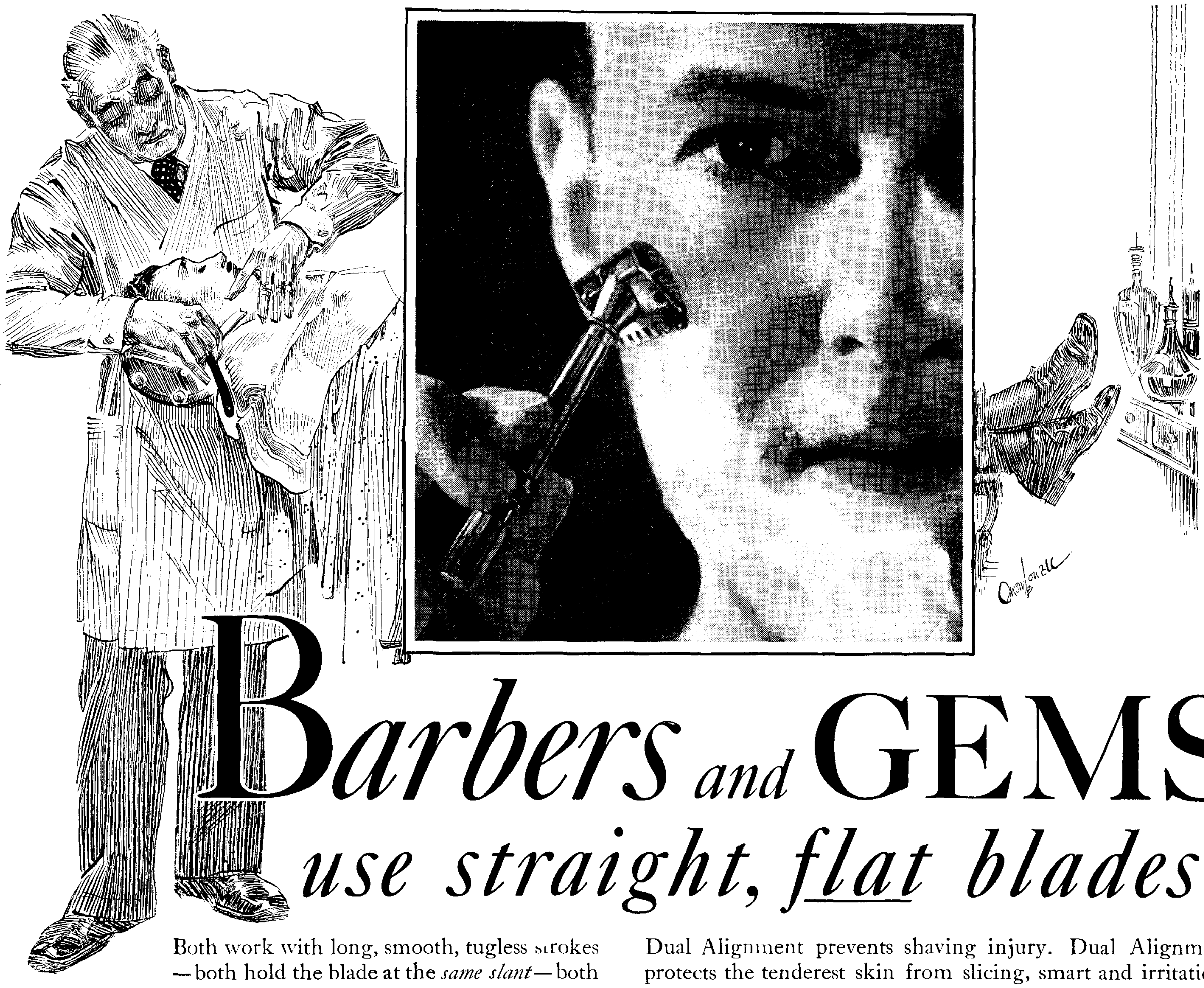

Barbers and GEMS use straight, *flat* blades!

Both work with long, smooth, tugless strokes—both hold the blade at the *same slant*—both slide through the beard at right angles—and both leave the face purring with comfort.

Gem's specially designed bevelled top duplicates the barber's stretching fingers, takes up the skin's slack, tightens it like a drum and brings every hair upstanding to be cut at root level.

That's why Gem gets *all* the stubble that wrongly designed razors miss. That's why a Gem once-over will keep the blackest jowls socially neat for twenty-four hours.

We build Gem Micromatic Blades of fifty per cent thicker surgical steel—so toughly textured and tempered that they withstand without frazzling the 4840 separate stroppings we give them. This exclusive process produces a micromatically exact, deeply wedged edge—an edge which Dual Alignment (Gem's unique patented feature) holds in such perfect control that it can be used with even *greater* safety than duller, softer and thinner blades. Dual Alignment prevents shaving injury. Dual Alignment protects the tenderest skin from slicing, smart and irritation. Dual Alignment locks the blade unbudgingly on the guard at five separate points, and holds it so rigidly that it *can't* creep, warp or scuff a contour.

Thrift and thoroughness advise a shift to perfect blades and the first razor to reach into wrinkles, dimples and difficult nostril curves.

Go modern with millions of *other* men who have discarded clumsy, complicated holders and uncertain blades. Save time, money and exasperation with Gem's one-piece razor, that does everything with a finger twirl, never misplaces a part, or fumbles in soapy fingers. Fool-proof, tarnish-proof, and guaranteed unbreakable for a lifetime.

Super-keen, non-flexing blades which last so much longer that there's less shaving and *no* saving in *any* substitute.

Beautifully boxed sets at your dealer's for a dollar. Or a demonstrator outfit, with a regular dollar razor and a single- and double-edged blade, to any "doubting Thomas" who'll spend a quarter and send this coupon.

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Enclosed find 25c for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1.00 outfits.

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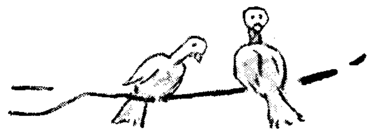
GEM MICROMATIC Razor and Blades

Collier's
The National Weekly for March 3, 1934

A very Broadway romance indeed, which they do not mention at Mindy's when Last Card Louie is about, as you will understand when you know about Gallant Godfrey, the race horse, and the doll known as—

Princess O'Hara

By Damon Runyon



NOW of course Princess O'Hara is by no means a regular princess, and in fact she is nothing but a little red-headed doll, with plenty of freckles, from over in Tenth Avenue, and her right name is Maggie, and the only reason she is called Princess O'Hara is as follows:

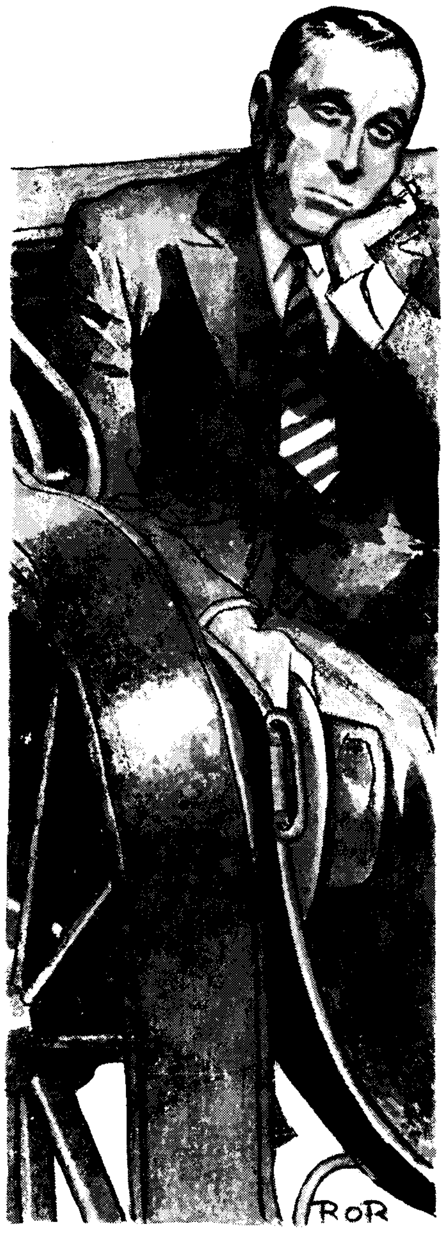
She is the daughter of King O'Hara, who is hacking along Broadway with one of these old-time victorias for a matter of maybe twenty-five years, and every time King O'Hara gets his pots on, which is practically every night, rain or shine, he is always bragging that he has the royal blood of Ireland in his veins, so somebody starts calling him King, and this is his monicker as long as I can remember, although probably what King O'Hara really has in his veins is about ninety-eight per cent alcohol.

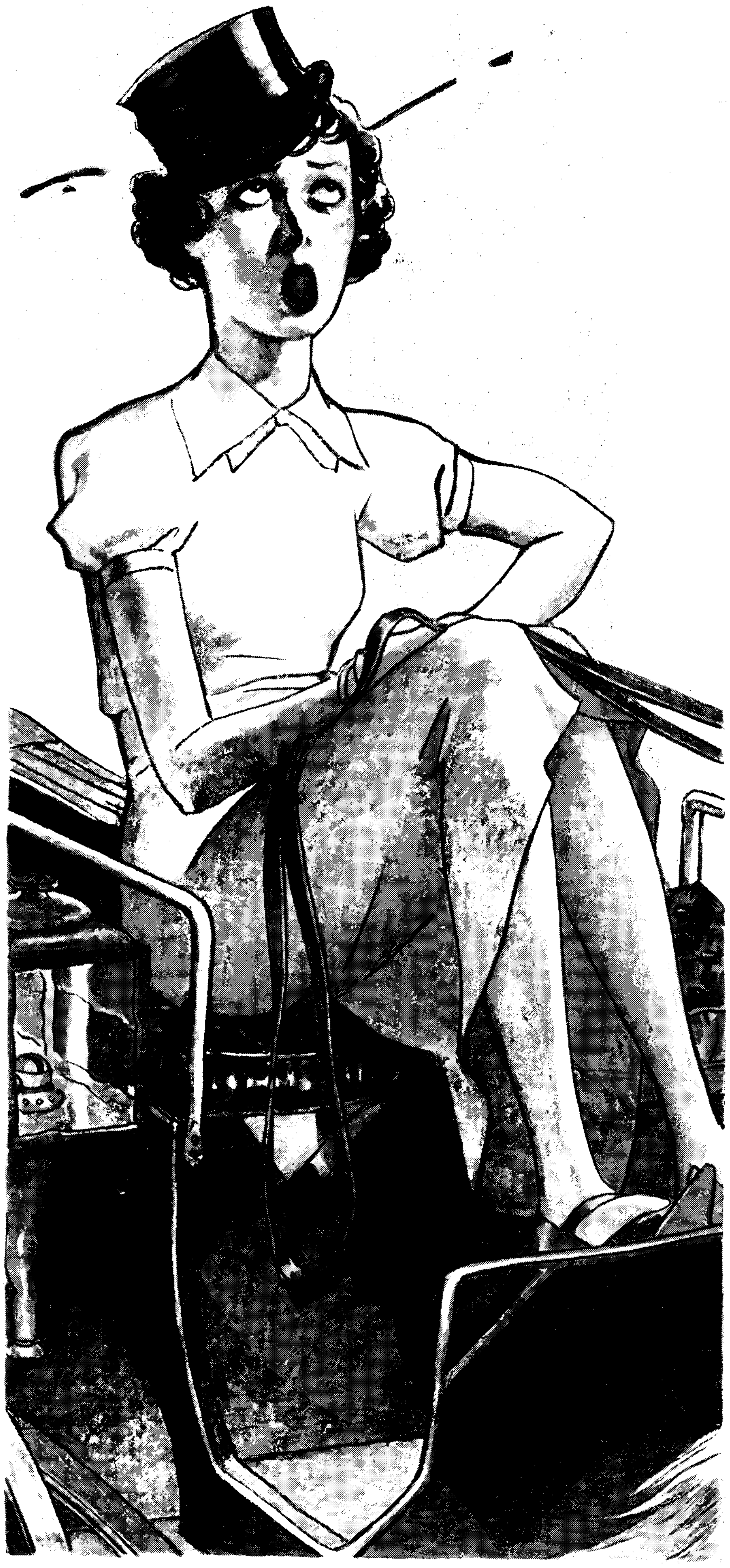
Well, anyway, one night about seven or eight years back, King O'Hara shows up on his stand in front of Mindy's restaurant on Broadway with a spindly-legged little doll about ten years of age on the seat beside him, and he says that this little doll is nobody but his daughter, and he is taking care of her because his old lady is not feeling so good, and right away Last Card Louie, the gambler, reaches up and dukes the little doll and says to her like this:

"If you are the daughter of the King, you must be the princess," Last Card Louie says. "How are you, Princess?"

So from this time on, she is Princess O'Hara and afterwards for several years she often rides around in the early evening with the King, and sometimes when the King has his pots on more than somewhat, she personally drives Goldberg, which is the King's horse, although Goldberg does not really need much driving as he knows his way along Broadway better than anybody. In fact, this Goldberg is a most sagacious old pelter, indeed, and he is called Goldberg by the King in honor of a Jewish friend by the name of Goldberg, who keeps a delicatessen store in Tenth Avenue.

AT THIS time, Princess O'Hara is as homely as a mud fence, and maybe homelier, what with the freckles, and the skinny gambs, and a few buck teeth, and she does not weigh more than sixty pounds, sopping wet, and her red hair is down her back in pigtails, and she giggles if anybody speaks to her, so





She has a loud contralto voice, and when she lets it out, while driving through Central Park, the birds in the trees wake up and go tweet-tweet

finally nobody speaks to her much, but old King O'Hara seems to think well of her, at that.

Then by and by she does not seem to be around with the King any more, and when somebody happens to ask about her, the King says his old lady claims the Princess is getting too grown-up to be shagging around Broadway, and that she is now going to public school. So after not seeing her for some years, everybody forgets that King O'Hara has a daughter, and in fact nobody cares a cuss.

Now King O'Hara is a little shriveled-up old guy with a very red beezer, and he is a most familiar spectacle to one and all on Broadway as he drives about with a stovepipe hat tipped so far over to one side of his noggin that it looks as if it is always about to fall off, and in fact the King himself is always tipped so far over to one side that it seems to be a sure thing that he is going to fall off.

The way the King keeps himself on the seat of his victoria is really most surprising, and one time Last Card Louie wins a nice bet off a gambler from St. Louis by the name of Olive Street Oscar, who takes 8 to 5 off of Louie that the King cannot drive them through Central Park without doing a Brodie off the seat. But of course Louie is betting with the best of it, which is the way he always dearly loves to bet, because he often rides through Central Park with King O'Hara, and he knows the King never falls off, no matter how far over he tips.

Personally, I never ride with the King very much, as his victoria is so old I am always afraid the bottom will fall out from in under me, and that I will run myself to death trying to keep up, because the King is generally so busy singing Irish-come-all-yeez up on his seat that he is not apt to pay much attention to what his passengers are doing.

There are quite a number of these old victorias left in this town, a victoria being a low-neck, four-wheeled carriage with seats for four or five people, and they are very popular in the summertime with guys and dolls who wish to ride around and about in Central Park taking the air, and especially with guys and dolls who may wish to do a little offhand guzzling while taking the air.

Personally, I consider a taxicab much more convenient and less expensive than an old-fashioned victoria if you wish to get to some place, but of course guys and dolls engaged in a little offhand guzzling never wish to get any place in particular, or at least not soon. So these victorias, which generally stand around the entrances to the Park, do a fair business in the summertime, because it seems that no matter what conditions are, there are always guys and dolls who wish to do a little offhand guzzling.

BUT King O'Hara stands in front of Mindy's because he has many regular customers among the citizens of Broadway, who do not go in for guzzling so very much, unless a case of guzzling comes up, but who love to ride around in the Park on hot nights just to cool themselves out, although at the time I am now speaking of, things are so tough with one and all along Broadway that King O'Hara has to depend more on strangers for his trade.

Well, what happens one night, but King O'Hara is seen approaching Mindy's, tipping so far over to one side of his seat that Olive Street Oscar, looking to catch even on the bet he loses before, is offering to take 6 to 5 off of Last Card Louie that this time the King goes plumb off, and Louie is about to give it to him, when the old King tumbles smack-dab into the street, as dead as last Tuesday, which shows you how lucky Last Card Louie is, because nobody ever figures such a thing to happen to the King, and even Goldberg, the horse, stops and stands looking at him very much surprised, with one hind hoof in the King's stovepipe hat. The doctors state that King O'Hara's heart just naturally hauls off and quits working on him, and afterwards Regret, the horse player, says the chances are the King probably suddenly remembers refusing a drink somewhere.

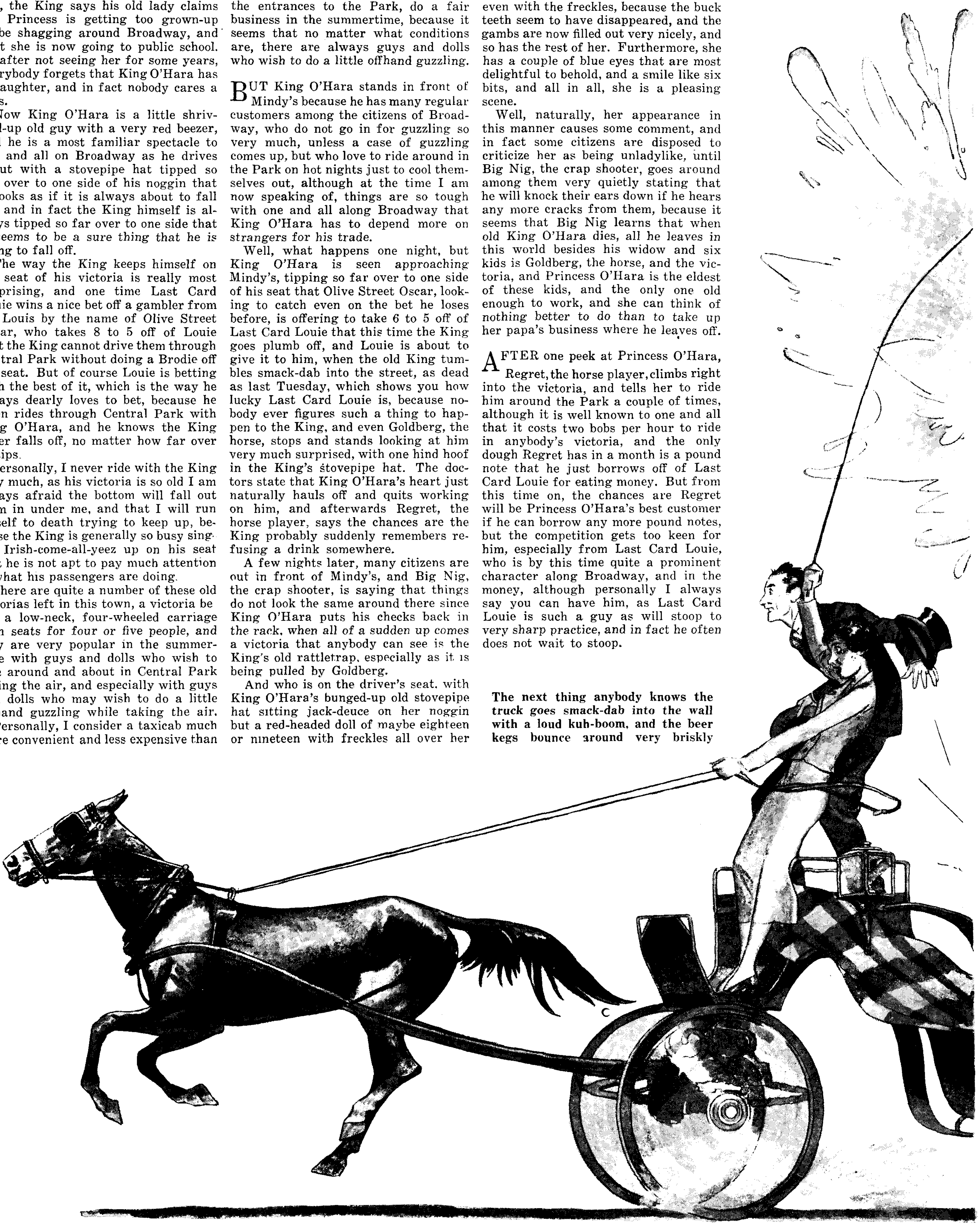
A few nights later, many citizens are out in front of Mindy's, and Big Nig, the crap shooter, is saying that things do not look the same around there since King O'Hara puts his checks back in the rack, when all of a sudden up comes a victoria that anybody can see is the King's old rattletrap, especially as it is being pulled by Goldberg.

And who is on the driver's seat, with King O'Hara's bunged-up old stovepipe hat sitting jack-deuce on her noggin but a red-headed doll of maybe eighteen or nineteen with freckles all over her pan, and while it is years since I see her, I can tell at once that she is nobody but Princess O'Hara, even though it seems she changes quite some.

In fact, she is now about as pretty a little doll as anybody will wish to see, even with the freckles, because the buck teeth seem to have disappeared, and the gambs are now filled out very nicely, and so has the rest of her. Furthermore, she has a couple of blue eyes that are most delightful to behold, and a smile like six bits, and all in all, she is a pleasing scene.

Well, naturally, her appearance in this manner causes some comment, and in fact some citizens are disposed to criticize her as being unladylike, until Big Nig, the crap shooter, goes around among them very quietly stating that he will knock their ears down if he hears any more cracks from them, because it seems that Big Nig learns that when old King O'Hara dies, all he leaves in this world besides his widow and six kids is Goldberg, the horse, and the victoria, and Princess O'Hara is the eldest of these kids, and the only one old enough to work, and she can think of nothing better to do than to take up her papa's business where he leaves off.

AFTER one peek at Princess O'Hara, Regret, the horse player, climbs right into the victoria, and tells her to ride him around the Park a couple of times, although it is well known to one and all that it costs two bobs per hour to ride in anybody's victoria, and the only dough Regret has in a month is a pound note that he just borrows off of Last Card Louie for eating money. But from this time on, the chances are Regret will be Princess O'Hara's best customer if he can borrow any more pound notes, but the competition gets too keen for him, especially from Last Card Louie, who is by this time quite a prominent character along Broadway, and in the money, although personally I always say you can have him, as Last Card Louie is such a guy as will stoop to very sharp practice, and in fact he often does not wait to stoop.



The next thing anybody knows the truck goes smack-dab into the wall with a loud kuh-boom, and the beer kegs bounce around very briskly

He is called Last Card Louie because in his youth he is a great hand for riding the tubs back and forth between here and Europe and playing stud poker with other passengers, and the way he always gets much strength from the last card is considered quite abnormal, especially if Last Card Louie is dealing. But of course Last Card Louie no longer rides the tubs as this occupation is now very old-fashioned, and anyway Louie has more profitable interests that require his attention, such as a crap game; and one thing and another.

There is no doubt but what Last Card Louie takes quite a fancy to Princess O'Hara, but naturally he cannot spend all his time riding around in a victoria, so other citizens get a chance to patronize her now and then, and in fact I once take a ride with Princess O'Hara myself, and it is a very pleasant experience, indeed, as she likes to sing while she is driving, just as old King O'Hara does in his time.

But what Princess O'Hara sings is not Irish-come-all-yeez but Kathleen Mavourneen, and My Wild Irish Rose, and Asthore, and other such ditties, and she has a loud contralto voice, and when she lets it out while driving through Central Park in the early hours of the morning, the birds in the trees wake up and go tweet-tweet, and the coppers on duty for blocks around stand still with smiles on their kissers, and the citizens who live in the apartment houses along Central Park West and Central Park South come to their windows to listen.

THEN one night in October, Princess O'Hara does not show up in front of Mindy's, and there is much speculation among one and all about this absence, and some alarm, when Big Nig, the crap shooter, comes around and says that what happens is that old Goldberg, the horse, is down with colic, or some such, so there is Princess O'Hara without a horse.

Well, this news is received with great sadness by one and all, and there is some talk of taking up a collection to buy Princess O'Hara another horse, but nobody goes very far with this idea because things are so tough with everybody, and while Big Nig mentions that maybe Last Card Louie will be glad to do something large in this matter, nobody cares for this idea, either, as many citizens are displeased with the way Last Card Louie is pitching to Princess O'Hara, because it is well known that Last Card Louie is nothing but a wolf when it comes to young dolls, and anyway about now Regret, the horse player, speaks up as follows:

"Why," Regret says, "it is great foolishness to talk of wasting money buying a horse, even if we have any money to waste, when the barns up at Empire City are packed at this time with crocodiles of all kinds. Let us send a committee up to the track," Regret says, "and borrow a nice horse for Princess O'Hara to use until Goldberg is back on his feet again."

"But," I say to Regret, "suppose nobody wishes to lend us a horse?"

"Why," Regret says, "I do not mean to ask anybody to lend us a horse. I mean let us borrow one without asking anybody. Most of these horse owners are so very touchy that if we go around asking them to lend us a horse to pull a hack, they may figure we are insulting their horses, so let us just get the horse and say nothing whatever."

Well, I state that this sounds to me like stealing, and stealing is something that is by no means upright and honest, and Regret has to admit that it really is similar to stealing, but he says what of it, and as I do not know what of it, I discontinue the argument. Furthermore, Regret says it is clearly understood that we will return any horse we borrow when Goldberg is hale and hearty again, so I can see that after all there is nothing felonious in the idea, or anyway, not much.

But after much discussion, it comes out that nobody along Broadway seems to know anything about stealing a horse. There are citizens who know all about stealing diamond necklaces, or hot stoves, but when it comes to horses, everybody confesses themselves at a loss. It is really amazing the amount of ignorance there is on Broadway about stealing horses.

Then finally Regret has a bright idea. It seems that a rodeo is going on at Madison Square Garden at this time, a rodeo being a sort of wild west show with bucking bronchos, and cowboys, and all this and that, and Regret seems to remember reading when he is a young squirt that stealing horses is a very popular pastime out in the wild west.

So one evening Regret goes around to the Garden and gets to talking to a cowboy in leather pants with hair on them, and he asks this cowboy, whose name seems to be Laramie Pink, if there are any expert horse stealers connected with the rodeo. Moreover, Regret explains to Laramie Pink just why he wants a good horse stealer, and Pink becomes greatly interested and wishes to know if the loan of a nice bucking broncho, or a first-class cow pony will be of any assistance, and when Regret says he is afraid not, Laramie Pink says like this:

"WELL," he says, "of course horse stealing is considered a most antique custom out where I come from, and in fact it is no longer practiced in the best circles, but," he says, "come to think of it, there is a guy with this outfit by the name of Frying Pan Joe, who is too old to do anything now except mind the cattle, but who is said to be an excellent horse stealer out in Colorado in his day. Maybe Frying Pan Joe will be interested in your proposition," Laramie Pink says.

So he hunts up Frying Pan Joe, and Frying Pan Joe turns out to be a little old pappy guy with a chin whisker, and a sad expression, and a wide-brimmed cowboy hat, and when they explain to him that they wish him to steal a horse, Frying Pan Joe seems greatly touched, and his eyes fill up with tears, and he speaks as follows:

"Why," Frying Pan Joe says, "your idea brings back many memories to me. It is a matter of over twenty-five years since I steal a horse, and the last time I do this it gets me three years in the calabozo. Why," he says, "this is really a most unexpected order, and it finds me all out of practice, and with no opportunity to get myself in shape. But," he says, "I will put forth my best efforts on this job for ten dollars, as long as I do not personally have to locate the horse I am to steal. I am not acquainted with the ranges hereabouts, and will not know where to go to find a horse."

So Regret, the horse player, and Big Nig, the crap shooter, and Frying Pan Joe go up to Empire this very same night, and it turns out that stealing a horse is so simple that Regret is sorry he does not make the tenner himself, for all Frying Pan Joe does is to go to the barns where the horses live at

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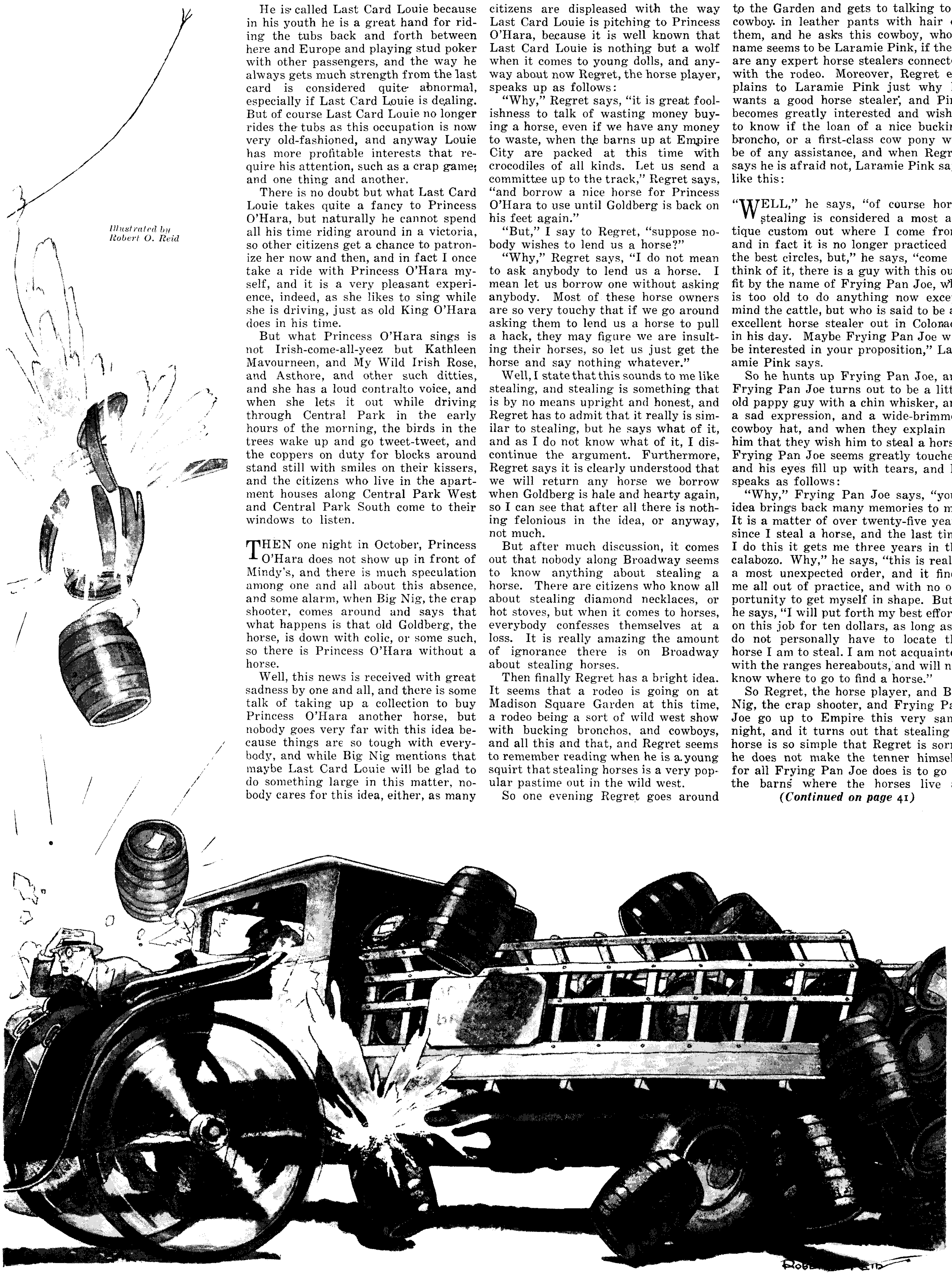


Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

Scalping the Indian

By Owen P. White

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind has proved no match for the ingenuity of his white guardians! He's a pitiable sight today. The Indian Bureau has done its worst for him, and in the process some hundreds of millions of dollars has changed hands. It was the Indian's money, but he never saw any of it. And never will. As for the rich Indian (the oil-owning Osages, for instance, who use hearses for joyriding), he is being more openly plundered. But our red brothers are on the eve of a new deal. Mr. White tells their story

WHEN the American Indian washed off his war paint, buried his tomahawk, pulled the eagle feathers out of his back hair, began to say "How" to white men, and took to wearing pants instead of a loin cloth, he just naturally ceased to exist.

In defense of those things that were his—his lands, his squaws, his papooses and his tepees—he put up a fight that lasted for 250 years. He matched his bows and arrows against the powder and ball of the French and English, and his woodcraft and his agility against their treachery and deceit. In the Southwest he went naked into battle, and died by the thousands, fighting against armored Spaniards. And finally, after he had first whipped Mexico to a standstill, and he had the United States to attend to, what happened?

The answer here is interesting and, so far as we are concerned, entirely inglorious because in all the long years that it was on the job the entire United States Army never did really whip the redskins. Sitting Bull, the Sioux, for example, who, just before he went to Canada, wiped out Custer's Seventh Cavalry, had been in the field ten years and had never been defeated; nor, when he retired on his laurels at the end of a long and bloody career, had Kicking Bird, the Kiowa-Comanche chieftain, nor again, when he at last agreed to call his painted warriors off its lacerated flanks and thus allow the exhausted American Army to rest in peace, had old Geronimo.

But if it wasn't the force of our arms that finally caused the Indians to lay theirs down, what was it? Bluntly, two things: First, scraps of paper which this government ironically called "treaties," and second, plenty of bad whisky which was liberally peddled by licensed traders. With the aid of these two allies, both of which were anesthetics administered to the red men to enable the whites to rob them, the United States Army did at last, about 1885, get the Indians all off the warpath, whereupon a new plan, a civilized one which called for liquidating the aborigine by first adopting and then slowly destroying him —by breaking up his family, disintegrating his tribe, and taking his lands away by starving him to death if he tried to live on them—was adopted.

Who's Got the Indian's Money?

Under the sleight-of-hand management of the Bureau of Indian Affairs this scheme has worked magnificently. Since it went into effect probably a cool billion dollars of the Indian's current cash has been made magically to disappear from right before his eyes, while at the same time his land holdings have shrunk miraculously from more than a hundred and thirty-three million to less than forty-seven million acres.

Nor is this all. In 1887, when the wonder-working medicine-men of the Indian Bureau discovered that their wards didn't owe anybody a penny and still had a credit balance in their tribal funds of twenty-nine million dollars they emitted a war-whoop of delight, called in a war council of politicians, and went to it. They made a nice, clean job of it too, for, although those tribal funds have been replenished in the meanwhile by at least five hundred millions, the Indians today have less than six millions to their credit, and owe the government, so it claims, more than thirty-five millions.

What became of all this money is one of the mysteries of Washington. No precise data regarding it exist, and naturally no one expects them to exist, because, as a report which was deliberately smothered by the Bureau in 1915 says, "Behind a sham protection which has operated largely as a blind to publicity there has been at all times large profit to be made by those who were dealing with trustees."

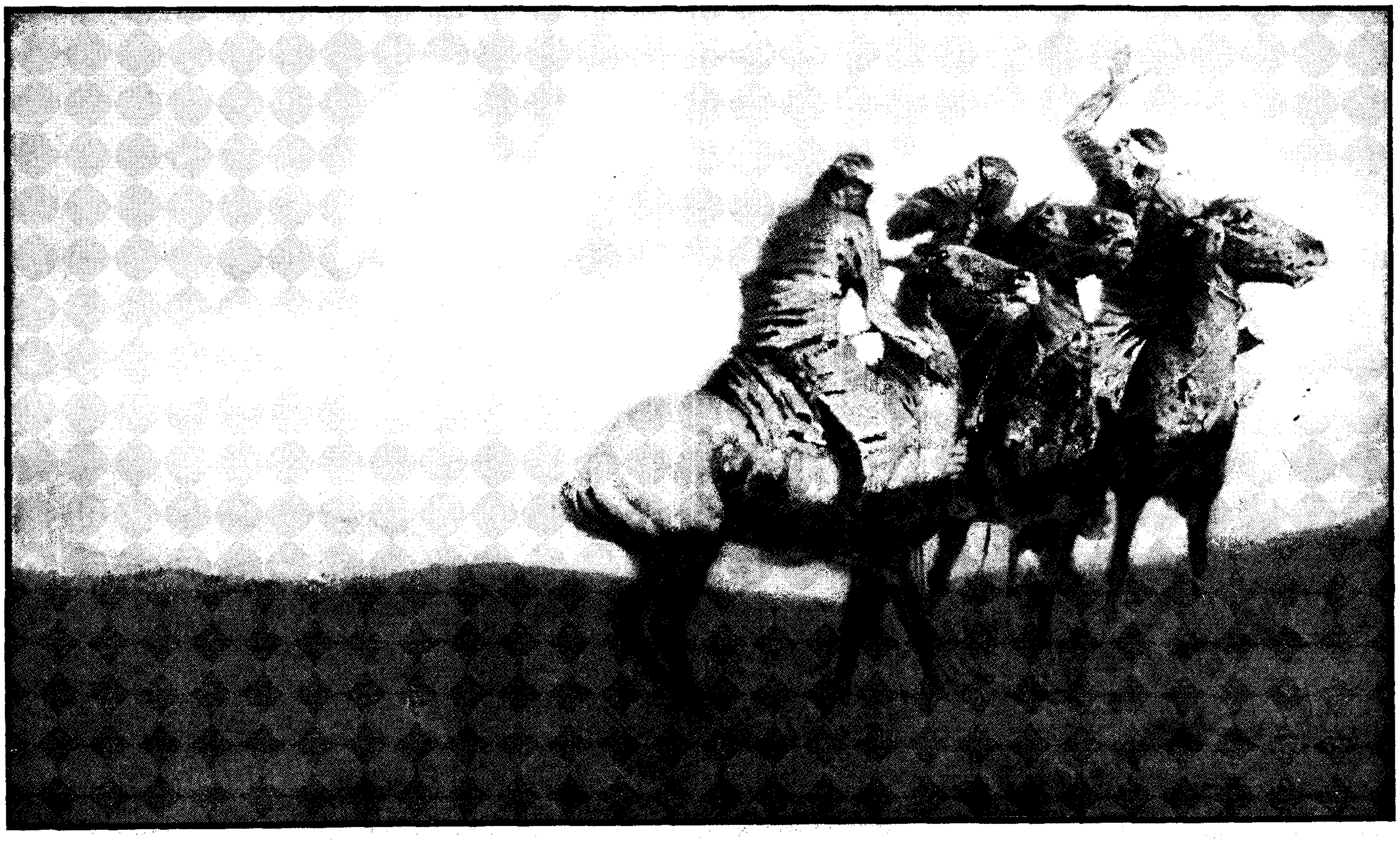
But what of it? Suppose Uncle Sam's wards, blinded by his kind words, have been swindled out of a billion or so, who cares? Until now, with Mr. Harold L. Ickes in as Secretary of the Interior, and John Collier holding down the job of Indian Commissioner, it is safe to say that there hasn't been an administration in Washington in forty years that really gave a whistle in a whirlwind about what happened to the red men.

Just to be definite about it, let us look at a few specific cases.

Twenty-six Years of Honor

First, let us take the Apaches living on the Mescalero reservation in New Mexico. Some of these Indians are the remnant of that hair-raising tribe of savages who, under Geronimo, made life in the eighties so vivid for everybody in Arizona, including most of the United States Army. The land these Indians were on was theirs, so they said, and they were going to fight for it.

They did fight for it. For almost ten years they never washed off their war paint or laid aside their scalping knives, and as a result of that activity, when they were finally induced to sur-



Copyright 1909 by P. F. Collier & Son

"With the Eye of the Mind," by Frederic Remington, 1909, one of many Indian paintings the noted artist made for Collier's

Copyright 1907 by P. F. Collier & Son

"Downing the Nigh Leader," a Remington published in Collier's in 1907

render, they were all, men, women and children alike, signally honored by being designated as prisoners of war.

Twenty-six years of honor, however, is too much for anybody, even Indians, to thrive on, and that is exactly what those Apaches had to put up with. About seven hundred of them were sent to Florida in 1886; a few years later they were moved to Alabama, and then in 1894, the 308 who still survived were transported to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where they were held in captivity until 1912, when Congress finally woke up and passed a bill for the relief of its Indian "prisoners of war."

At that time only 250 were left, and of those, 160 expressed a desire to be moved up with the Mescalero Apaches on their reservation.

The survivors of that group are still there, and some of them are still mad. They ought to be, because what happened to them way back in 1886 was this: They were not fighting against, but for, Uncle Sam. They were scouts in the employ of the Army, and as such were sent in to join Geronimo and try to induce him to surrender. If he surrendered they were, of course, to surrender with him and thereafter, as long as they were held as prisoners they were to get their regular scout pay of $2 per day.

Some of these old Apaches are now asking for back pay for twenty-six years, and as regards the case of two of them, Martine and Kay-ih-tah, who were held as prisoners from 1886 to 1911, the Secretary of War in 1931 wrote a letter in which he stated that, although these men had undoubtedly rendered service to the government which was of great value, there were no funds available with which to pay them for it.

The reservation on which live these ex-prisoners of war and their first cousins, the Mescalero Apaches, is located high up in the Sacramento mountains and is one of the most beautiful places imaginable. I have been there many times, have stopped frequently at the agency and, although I have always been impressed with the contrast between the extreme poverty of the 696 perpetually hungry-looking red men who really own the reservation and the luxurious existence and sleek appearance of the white men who run it for them on their money, I never knew until a comparatively recent Senate investigation supplied me with the facts just what has been going on down there.

Bluntly stated, those 696 Indians have been systematically robbed. Within ten years three quarters of a million dollars of their money has been squandered. In 1930, for example, the Indian Bureau spent in merely administering the business affairs of this small tribe, whose entire reservation contains only 472,000 acres, the amazing sum of $306 for every man, woman and papoose within the jurisdiction.

This was enough money, of course, to have kept every one of those poor Indians in ease and comfort the entire year, but what did they get out of it? Nothing. As I have intimated, the only outstanding thing about the Mescalero Apaches in the past has been their glorious poverty. They have starved and shivered while their employees have fattened at their expense.

Oppression and Neglect

In 1931 when a Senate committee visited this reservation, it found, living within a quarter of a mile of the Agency, an old woman of more than eighty who twice a week received a small ration of food paid for from the tribal fund. This woman's only shelter was a piece of canvas stretched over bare poles; it was the rainy season, her place was not ditched, for weeks she had been living in a sea of mud and water, and yet the Agency matron, who draws a salary paid to her out of that poor old creature's cash, admitted that she had never visited that woman or tried to help her.

At that time there were thirty other similar cases on that reservation. These investigating senators furthermore found that, in addition to being neglected and deprived of all benefits from their reservation's income, these Indians are actually denied the *use* of most of their own territory although they are "burdened down with impossible debts charged up against their tribal fund for improvements needed by the whites."

These white men who work for these Mescalero Apaches also need salaries, and good ones; hence for 1931 the Agency pay roll amounted to a charge of $103 against each individual member of the tribe. There is evidently something wrong here. It even has the odor of graft because they tell us that Indians are not taxed. Yet, figure this out: If our government were supported by us as lavishly as those poor Mescaleros support their Agency, our national tax bill, for mere administration, would amount to thirteen billions a year.

Such facts require no comment. Nor will we, after we have jumped clear across the country and taken a look at what it has done to the Montana Blackfeet, have to enlarge our remarks in order to express our admiration for the thorough manner in which the Indian Bureau has, up until now, carried out the policy of destroying the Indian and all his works.

The country of the Blackfeet is not like that of the Mescaleros. It is grazing territory, the Blackfeet are born stock-raisers, and yet, about fifteen years ago, after the Bureau had done a lot of farm missionary work among them, and had assured them that it would cost their tribal fund a mere trifle of *$4 an acre*, these trusting red men agreed to let the commissioner go ahead and put in an irrigation project on their grazing reservation. That project is not yet complete. Up to date, $221 per acre, or fifty-five times as much as the Indians were told it would cost, has been expended on it; 7,066 acres are "improved" and out of that total exactly seventy-eight are in Indian possession. White men are farming the rest.

The Happy Hunting Grounds

The tenacious Indian Bureau, however, has never become discouraged. Naturally it hasn't, because year after year it has been able to use this white man's irrigation project as an excuse for squandering more Indian money. The gall of the thing is simply colossal. For instance, on November 22, 1929, only a few months after the engineer in charge of the work had evidenced his disgust by reporting to the then Secretary of the Interior that the scheme was a failure and of no benefit to the Indians, and had recommended that no more of their money be sunk in it, Mr. Rhoads, then Indian Commissioner, appeared before the Appropriations Committee and asked for $176,614 in additional cash to blow in on the project.

He got it; it was blown in, and then, amazing as it may seem, there he was again last November once more hammering on the door of the Indians' strong box with the audacious demand that he be given yet more of their money with which to complete this already bankrupt and condemned enterprise.

Whether or not this last raid was a success I don't know. I didn't bother to look into it because, in any event, $1,559,564 which Congress had been deceived into believing would benefit the

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All Questions Answered

By Marian Sims

Marta LeGrande knew very little about the man she loved. She learned—everything! Was she wiser than the average girl? Not a bit

IT HAPPENED on the steamer from New Orleans to Telos—one of those romances, the passengers knew, with the swift, impermanent beauty of a rocket. Dugan Weeks was going back to Telos after a month's vacation in the United States, and Marta LeGrande was taking the cruise with her father, who owned a large slice of the ship on which they sailed.

Dr. Morgan introduced them in the bar the first night out. Not that an introduction would have been necessary: sooner or later they would have found each other anywhere. Then having done all the damage within his power, Dr. Morgan left them.

Dugan Weeks was having a dry Martini, and a saucer before him was filled with olives and cracked ice. He learned that she would take a Bronx, gave the order, and passed the saucer to her.

"Have an olive," he said, and added with a twinkle: "If somebody hadn't introduced me by dinner-time I was planning to have a heart attack right at your feet. I've been shadowing you since noon."

She nodded, her own eyes dancing. "I know. I was just about ready to drop my handkerchief."

They laughed, a little breathlessly, and then grew silent. Marta's cocktail was brought and she took it mechanically; looked at him across the golden liquid.

"Happy landings," she said softly.

She didn't notice the shadow that darkened his eyes, or perhaps she wasn't familiar enough then with his face to recognize the shadow.

"I don't want to land," he said abruptly. "I'd rather sail on and on—over the edge."

IT WAS inevitable, of course. It would have happened without a precipitating agent like the Locano, cutting her sturdy way through the midnight-blue waters of the Gulf. Dugan Weeks was sunburned to the color of seasoned oak; his slim body had the hard resilience of a sapling; his gray eyes were sometimes intense and sometimes filled with laughter. And Marta LeGrande might have been the personification of any man's dreams. Her hair was blue-black; her mouth a generous scarlet bow; her own body had the slimness and facile grace of a Damascus blade. They sat and looked at each other across a narrow, glass-topped table, and forgot to look away.

After dinner they climbed to the privacy of the boat deck and stood leaning against a lifeboat, watching the ship follow a silver path straight toward the moon. He stretched out his arm and drew her against his side and they stood for several minutes without speaking. Finally he turned her until she faced him, then bent and kissed her. Her mouth was cool and fresh, but with the second kiss it quickened under his, as if she realized the hopelessness of fighting the inevitable. They remained for a long time like that, and time seemed to have stopped.

At last she drew away and looked at him, almost impersonally, noticing how clean and hard and young he looked in his immaculate linens.

"I think we'll have to blame that on the moon," she said with a valiant effort at casualness.

He returned her look, steadily. "Do you?" he said. "Personally I'd have felt the same in a crowded street car."

"But you wouldn't have acted on it, and neither would I." The intensity of her feeling had frightened her, and she was trying to regain her perspective. "You'd think I had never been on a ship before. Let's go down and find a bridge game."

Dugan Weeks paid no attention to her suggestion. He put his hands on her shoulders and searched her face in the thin light. "We haven't got very long," he said roughly. "Is there any use in kidding ourselves?"

She gave up then, and went back to his arms. They stood close together and watched the white ship cut her shining wedge in the path of the moon.

Marta said finally: "I don't know a thing but your name. Where do you come from and what do you do?"

IT WAS too dark, this time, to see the shadow on his face. "I came from Georgia, once, but it was hard to realize it when I went back this summer. One of us had moved on and the other stood still—I don't know which. And I do what the other half-dozen Americans do in Telos: the Consolidated Sugar."

"Have you been there long?"

"Four years: since I was twenty-two. God knows why, unless the virus has gotten me. And then there aren't any jobs in the States—haven't been, since I've been away. At least I eat, here."

She said thoughtfully: "You don't look like the victim of a virus."

And his answer came with disarming frankness: "No, but I'm young yet."

He veered suddenly. "Where do you come from and what do you do?" He knew most of the answer, but he wanted to hear her tell it.

"I come from New Orleans, and I don't do a darn' thing but play bridge and dance. There's no real excuse for me."

"No?" His voice was gently humorous, and the question ended on a rising inflection. "I always thought beauty was its own excuse."

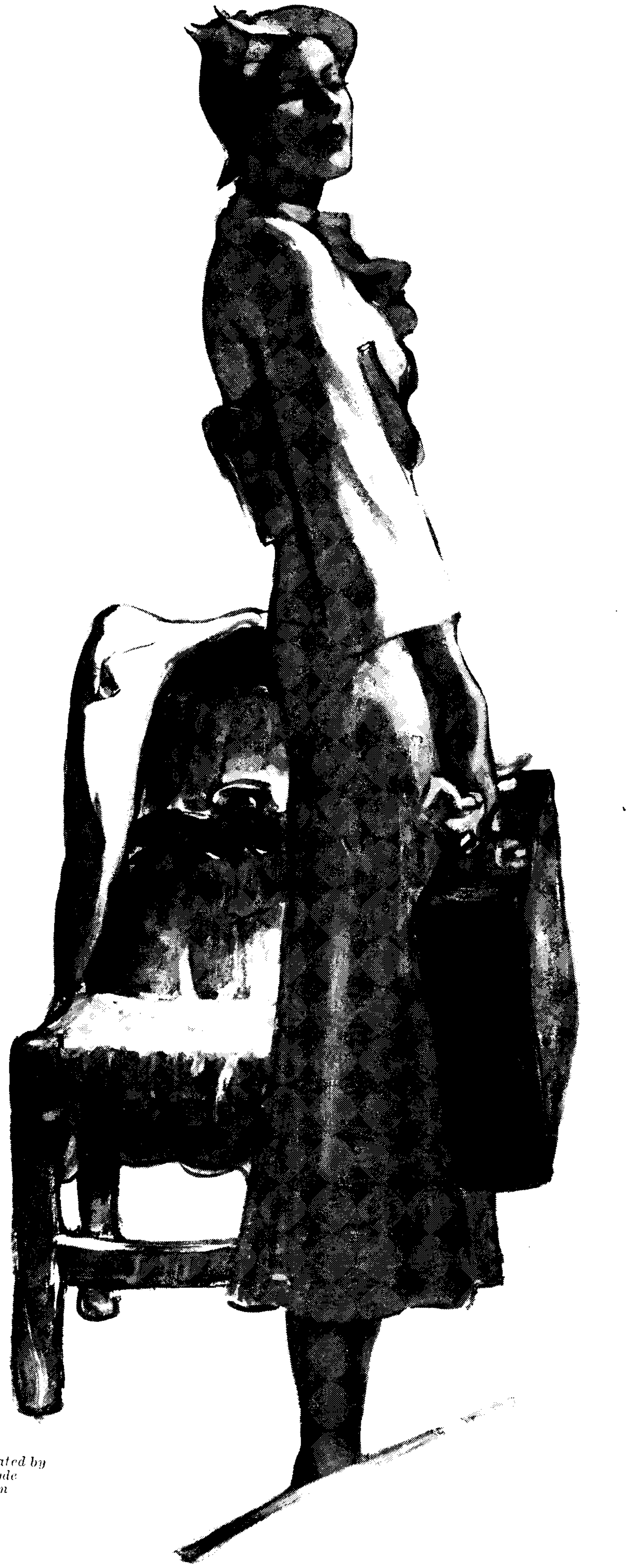
"I doubt it. But since I've reached the age of usefulness I haven't dared try anything for fear I'd cut out somebody who really had to work. Maybe some day I'll find my métier."

He kept on smiling. "You found it the day you were born."

IT TAKES four days to reach Telos. Marta and Dugan Weeks scarcely slept because the time was so short. Mr. LeGrande, for whom the queen could do no wrong, ventured a humorous protest:

"I thought you came along as company for me, but I seem to have been mistaken."

Marta grinned at him, an apologetic, small-boy grin. "After tomorrow night,



Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

Pete, I'll be your shadow. Right now I've got things to do."

He was too wise to say more. Marta was very like him in temperament, and he knew better than to crowd her. But he waited anxiously for tomorrow night.

The Locano left the Gulf behind and entered the gray-green waters of the Caribbean, headed for the Straits of Yucatan. The weather stayed perfect, but Marta and Dugan Weeks grew graver, and silence lay oftener between them.

They went back to the boat deck that night after dinner, and found a bench in the shadow of a great funnel. Marta said in a hushed voice:

"Telos tomorrow. When do we dock?"

"Five o'clock. And the ship sails again at eleven." He put an arm around her and pressed her head into the hollow of his shoulder. "It's been the grandest thing that ever happened to me, Marta."

SHE shivered at the finality in his tone, and waited to see if he would go on. But he let it go at that, so she protested in a voice that was desperately light:

"I don't care for the valedictory note, Dugan. Are you—giving me the air?"

The arm tightened. "What else is there? You haven't seen Telos yet."

"But there are so many other places besides Telos. And—you'll be coming back soon, won't you?"

"Just a year; that's all." His voice was so harsh it was almost unrecognizable.

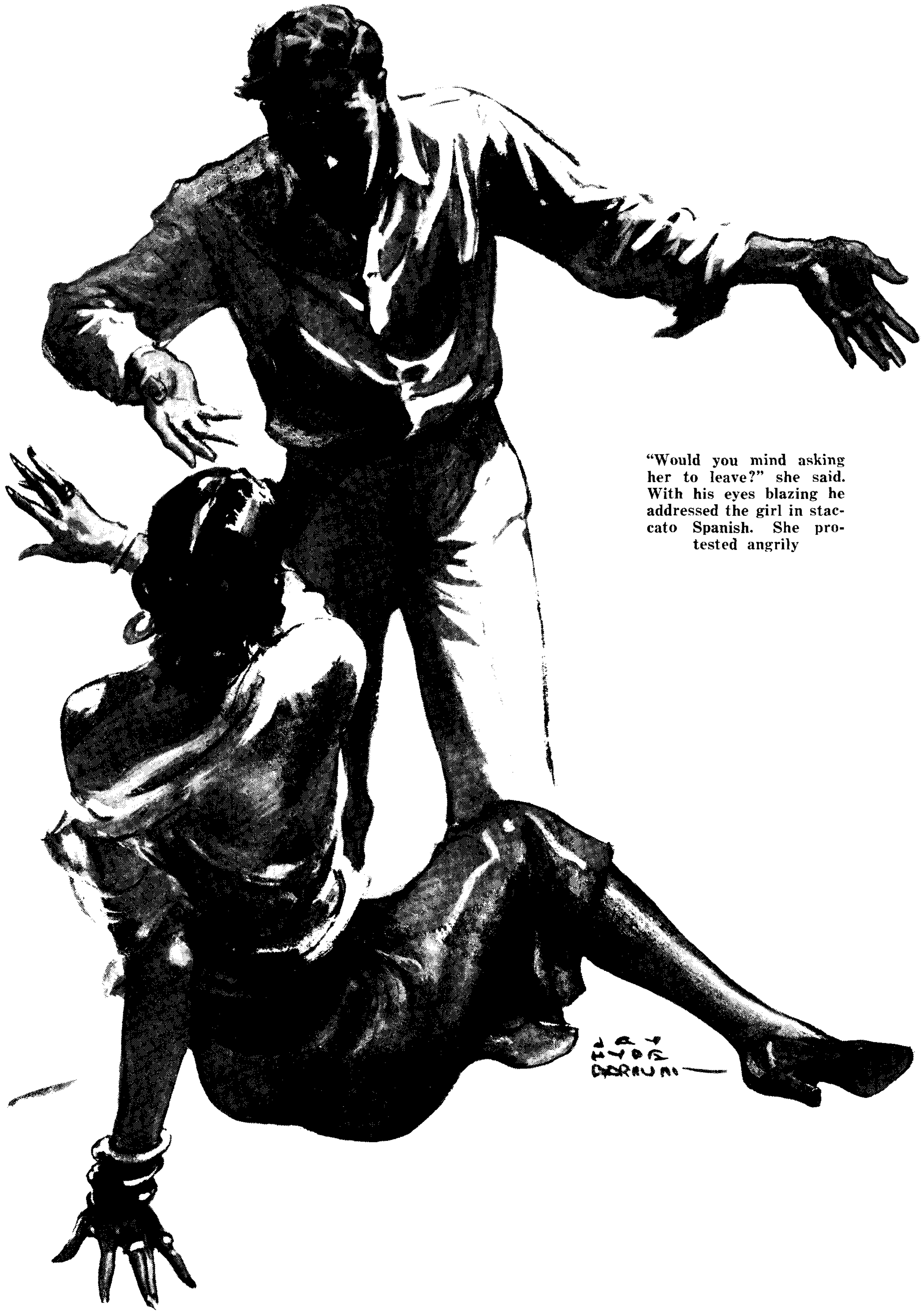
Marta was her father's daughter, and her father had begun as a penniless orphan and ended with one third of a steamship line. She sat up and looked at him, hard.

"Of course I'm not throwing myself at you, or anything like that, but—the job could be arranged."

When he answered his voice was still harsh. "Your father would love that, wouldn't he? No, darling, we won't spoil it. I'll stop and see you next fall, and you'll wonder what the devil you ever saw in me!"

She frowned. "Don't be an Airedale. Unless that's your way of letting me down easy."

He swore under his breath, but his only answer was to pull her into his arms and kiss her until she couldn't breathe.



"Would you mind asking her to leave?" she said. With his eyes blazing he addressed the girl in staccato Spanish. She protested angrily

THE harbor of Telos is very beautiful: a smooth green bowl surrounded by a narrow strip of jungle and sheltered by mountains that stretch beyond a man's vision. But the town is a spot that God may have made, but which He speedily regretted and forgot. It clings to the shore by its toes, in a feeble effort to keep from being pushed into the water by the encroaching jungle behind and the mountains above.

Marta and Dugan stood close together at the rail, watching the ship swing its unwieldy bulk into the dock.

Marta said lightly: "Are you having dinner on board?"

He shook his head. "My vacation ends the minute the gangplank goes down. Reports, and God knows what else."

"Then I won't see you again?"

"Unless you'll walk over with me and let me show you the town: it may help to convince you. I'll bring you back for dinner." His voice was harsh again.

She nodded. "Wait till I get a landing card and tell Dad I'm going."

A few minutes later she was back and they went silently down the gangplank. Three white men dressed in the inevitable linens and cork helmets greeted Dugan heartily. He returned the greeting, presented them to Marta and then extricated her skillfully.

They left the wharf and walked up the railroad tracks toward the town. A sign on the tiny station informed them that this was Puerto Telos, and that it had an elevation of five pies.

Marta frowned. "That's a very sloppy way of measuring. Pies vary so in height." She was making a desperate attempt at gayety.

Dugan laughed, and waved a hand at the huge yellow frame building on their left. "And this, precious, is my abode. The Consolidated Club."

Marta shivered a little at the bleakness. A rat as large as a half-grown rabbit stared at them and then slid deliberately into the damp blackness beneath the building.

"It might be a lot worse, darling."

"It might." He led her into a tiny plaza, flanked on one side by the clubhouse and on the other by filthy little shops, among them the American Drug Store. A fountain played in the plaza, and brilliant flowers bloomed along the walks that crossed it. On a court beside the clubhouse two young men played tennis in their undershirts.

"Come in and have one last drink," he said.

THE big living-room was bare except for oak tables and rockers and a news stand at one end. At the other, and the sight tightened Marta's heart, was an artificial fireplace with red paper painted to represent bricks. I can't bear it, she thought: I can't leave him with that fireplace—it's the last touch of desolation. . . .

"What'll you have?" he was asking.

"A planter's punch." It didn't matter, really.

He ordered a Scotch and soda, listlessly, and sat looking at the two men who played tennis outside the window.

Marta made conversation, gallantly. "Where do you live?"

"Upstairs, in a room just like this, only a tenth as large." He dragged his eyes from the tennis players and looked

(Continued on page 26)

Straight from the Feed Box

By Quentin Reynolds

Come on—we're off to the race track. But not for the races. We're going to have a look back of the paddock, a look at the horses while they're individuals and not just racing machines. You'll have to get up early, but it's worth it. Now just take Tropical Park—

I WANNA be in Tennesseeeeee . . ." Four Negro stable boys are harmonizing softly and their voices carry through the dawn borne on the wings of a soft breeze which is helping to usher in a new Florida day.

"You boys will be back in Tennessee if you don't get a hustle on there." The trainer has started growling already and it's only five-thirty in the morning, but trainer and Negro boys understand one another and the boys only grin and pick up brooms. They've just had huge cups of coffee and thick slices of bread and butter and they know that in another three hours big plates of ham and eggs will be forthcoming.

Red Cap wore a "bib" to prevent him from biting at his sore leg

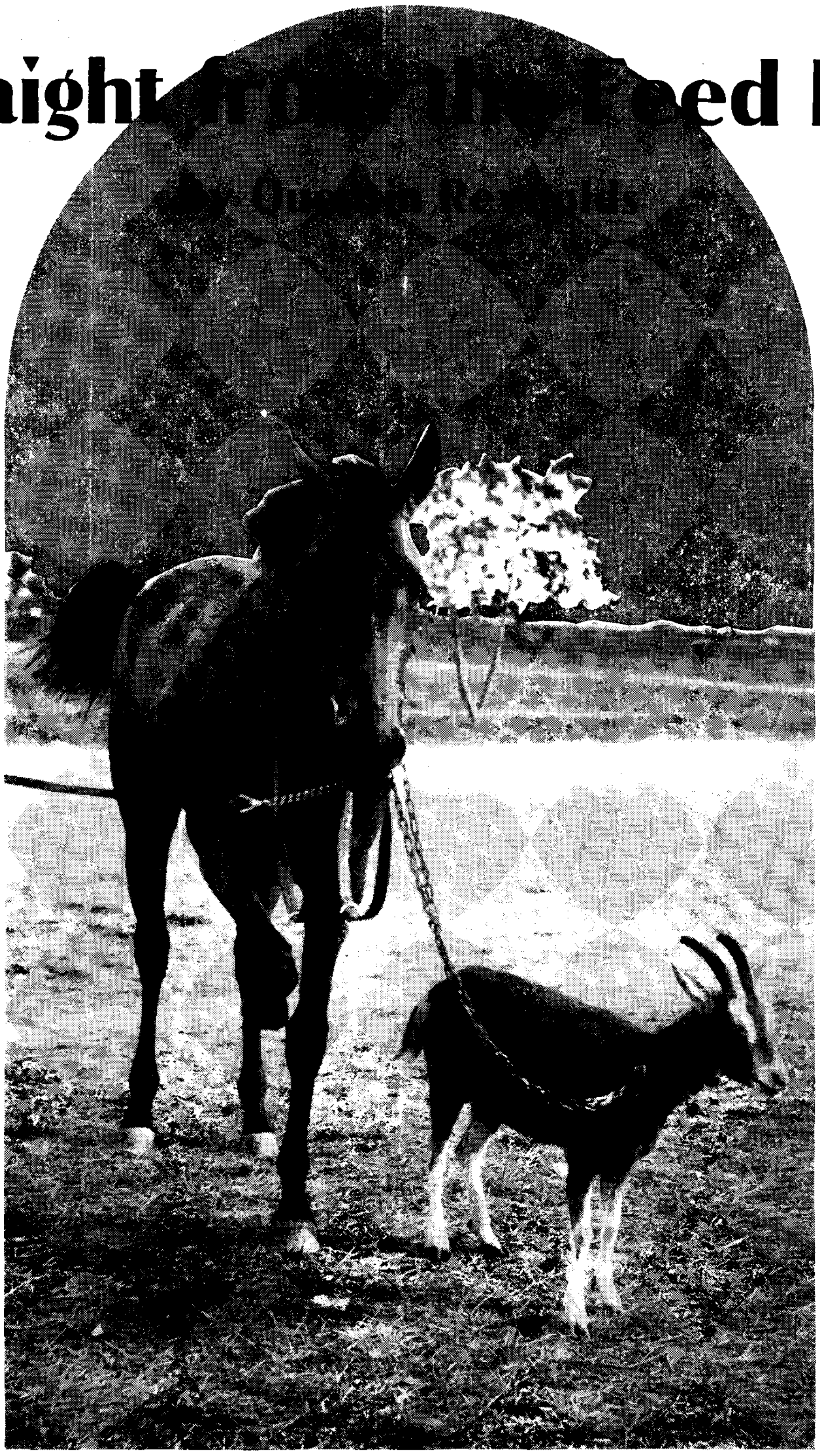
"Where's Jockey Jones?" the trainer snaps.

"Right here, sir." Little Jones, ninety-four pounds of sixteen-year-old boy, appears, rubbing sleepy eyes.

"Run Waterspout through a fast mile," the trainer says sharply. "I want to see what he can do."

The sleep leaves the eyes of the stable boys. Jockey Jones raises his head, fills his lungs with the air of this dawn, and suddenly he isn't just a sleepy-eyed sixteen-year-old kid. He's Jockey Jones. Now Waterspout is led out of his ten-by-twelve stall and he blinks his eyes to shake the sun out of them. A heavy saddle is placed on him. In a race he wears a postage-stamp saddle that weighs less than a pound but when exercising or going through a time trial, they put a heavy saddle on him.

Waterspout gazes around serenely. A stable boy rubs his nose. "You feel like runnin' this morning, race horse?" he whispers, and Waterspout neighs softly. He hears the familiar multitude of sounds which indicate that the world of the track is awakening.



Above: Lawless Lady and her stable mate. If the goat accepts you, Lawless Lady will be your friend. Below: Jack, Hyphen, Domino and Whitey, stable boys for William Gallagher

Jockey Jones is hoisted on his back. He looks very small indeed but he also looks very much at home.

"Come on, big boy, we're going places." Jockey Jones strokes the silken neck of the horse.

Waterspout picks his way daintily across the field, through the paddock, and now he is on the track. He raises his arched head and seems to look around to see who is racing against him. The 'dobe-colored grandstand of Tropical Park is empty, but a group of "clockers," trainers and stable boys are in the judges' stand.

"Going to send Waterspout through a mile," the trainer tells them.

"Too far for him, ain't it, Joe?" a clocker asks.

"Waterspout's got plenty of early speed but can he stay for a mile, Joe?" another asks.

"We'll see," the trainer says, and he walks to the starting line. Jockey Jones is talking softly to Waterspout. The trainer takes out his stop watch, barks a few commands and Waterspout is off, his hoofs beating a thundering roar on the hard track. Everyone on the place is watching closely. Stable boys lean on the rail of the infield, their eyes big with excitement. Waterspout takes the first turn hugging the rail. He passes the three-eighths-of-a-mile post.

Moralist just wasn't happy until he was given a cribbing bit to chew on

"Thirty-six three," the trainer thinks aloud. "Too fast. Hold him in, boy."

Now Waterspout is at the far turn and Jockey Jones raises his whip. The horse is straining every muscle. His lips flecked with foam, his nose stretched far out, his long brown body fairly hurling itself through the air of this Florida dawn, Waterspout crosses the finish line.

"How'd he do, boss?" a stable boy looks up at the trainer.

"Fair, fair," the trainer growls.

"Fair my eye," one of the clockers snorts. "I catch him in 1:38."

"One thirty-eight!" the stable boy repeats. The magic numbers fly from mouth to mouth. "One thirty-eight." Down in the big kitchen under the stand a dishwasher says, "Waterspout just breezed a mile in 1:38." In the mutuel rooms where five men are racking up the tickets to be sold that afternoon the word comes, "Waterspout went a mile in 1:38." Over at the stables you

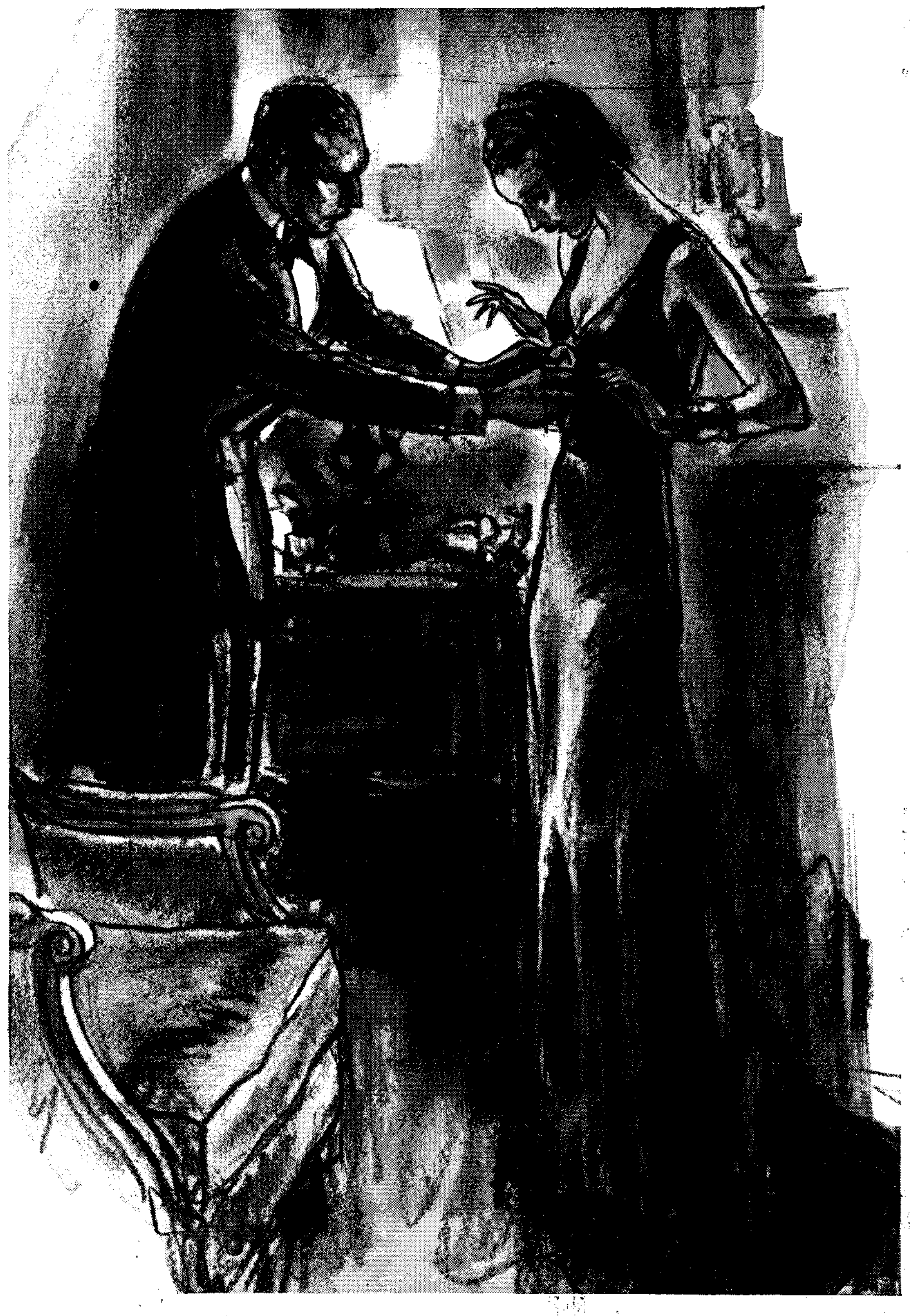
(Continued on page 44)

Not for Sale

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Bernice Brown

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan



With fingers that his will alone kept from trembling, he pinned the brooch

GROVER DAHLGREN remembered Connie Danton first as a little girl of fourteen with a fringe of straight black hair across her forehead and arresting gray-green eyes. She was the only child of a widower—Henri Danton, who was head of the French department in the small New England college through which Dahlgren had worked his way. Dahlgren thought she was charming.

Then, after Dahlgren was graduated, he forgot her, forgot completely until he received an invitation to her wedding. She was marrying Paul Wetherill and Paul came as near to being a friend of Dahlgren's as Dahlgren was destined ever to possess.

The invitation had been addressed to Dahlgren's office in Wall Street, for Wetherill had known no other. Dahlgren's first reaction on receiving it was one of shock that so many years had passed. A pang of something that was ridiculously like jealousy shot through him. Had that wildly delectable little girl grown into a woman and was Paul going to marry her? After all, nothing could be more natural. Paul had stayed on after graduation, in the chemistry department. He was associate professor now.

Dahlgren ordered his secretary to send the usual silver tea service. Then he wrote Paul a letter. He said that if they came to New York he'd like to see them.

But Paul and Connie didn't come to New York. They were too poor. Two years later, however, they all three met in England. It was Paul's sabbatical year and he and Connie invited Dahlgren to spend a week-end with them at Cambridge in the tiny cottage which a fellow professor had loaned them.

Dahlgren had already been a month in London. He would be there two months more. By this time he was wealthy.

In just two minutes after he saw Connie he knew he was in love with her. She wasn't beautiful. She was bewitching. She didn't remember him. But she was glad to see him and welcomed him with hearty unself-consciousness to the meager, slap-dash hospitality of their cottage.

The three of them laughed a good deal. But Dahlgren knew at once how hideously lonely he was, and he didn't laugh sometimes for the very pain that something so preciously gay and lovely as Connie had escaped him.

Before he left he managed a bitter quarrel with Paul because Paul allowed Connie to ride a wobbly, second-hand bicycle every day to market.

"You fool," he thundered, "don't you know she'll break her neck on that thing?"

But Connie had laughed at both of them. She explained it was a game to ride it and still keep alive. She said she'd be bored with a "safety brake."

Two weeks later Paul went to Brussels for ten days; and Connie came up to London. Paul wrote Dahlgren she was coming and gave him the address of the dreary, middle-class hotel where she would stay. "If you've time," he said, "I hope you'll look her up. She'll be lonely—she doesn't know anyone in London."

Those ten days were the happiest Dahlgren had ever known. She was his alone to admire, to protect, to be warmed by as the earth is warmed by the first rich suns of April. He knew vaguely his money didn't impress her. He took her to the Ritz, to the Savoy, to the Opera. He put his car at her disposal. But he guessed with disquieting certainty she would be just as happy dining in a little restaurant in Soho and going to a cinema.

He wondered if she knew how much he loved her. He counted those days as though they were the only days left to him of life. And as they slipped away he felt as though death marched that much nearer to him. He didn't care that her clothes and her "jewelry" (little things which she bought at the cheapest stores) were outlandish. . . .

The evening of her last day they dined alone in Dahlgren's apartment. She wore a dress of black velvet, that trailed a little, and was cut in a wide V in front. Her only coat was a dark gray ulster, which she dropped on the floor in the hallway with a childish gesture of pretending she didn't own it.

Dahlgren watched her smooth down her hair before the mirror. Then, with a look of dismay, she turned to him. "I forgot my jewels!"

He knew she expected him to laugh. But he didn't. Instead, from the pocket of his dinner jacket, he took out a small white box and with fingers that his will alone kept from trembling, pinned a brooch with a scarlet jewel at the base of the little V.

Connie looked down at it. "How simply gorgeous." Her eyes danced like a child's. "Did you get it the other day at that store while I was trying on those shilling earrings?"

For a moment he looked at her, too stunned to speak. Then he heard himself say slowly, "That stone is what they call a pigeon-blood ruby. The brooch cost two thousand pounds."

For a second it seemed almost as though he had struck her. Then, suddenly, she covered her face with her hands and he knew she was crying. He didn't move. Something in her stillness terrified him.

He groaned softly, for, in a blinding flash, he guessed he might have had her, all her gentleness and witchery, if he'd been content to give her gifts of flowers, bought from street venders, wired into foolish, stiff bouquets; give her trumpery that cost a shilling. She didn't want his money. And in his blindness he had thought that he could buy her, as he'd bought so many things before.

Then, at once, she came over to him and pulled his head down to her. Half fearful, his arms went around her. "Don't be unhappy," she whispered. "I suppose you couldn't help being stupid. You see, some people can't. . . ."

AFTER Connie was killed coasting down a hill in Cambridge on her wobbly, second-hand bicycle, Dahlgren didn't go to the funeral. But when Paul wired him for money, Dahlgren had his secretary wire back five hundred pounds. Dahlgren hoped he'd never see Paul again. But he did. Paul came to see him in his office in London.

"She recognized me before she died," his quiet voice was saying. "She smiled at me. She said," he stopped suddenly, "she said—what an awfully good time we'd had together."

Dahlgren got up and walked to the window. When he came back he saw Paul put two checks and a box upon his desk.

"I got an advance from the magazine I'm doing some articles for." Paul pointed to a check. "And there was a dividend on some stock."

Dahlgren made an impatient gesture.

But Paul went on, "Then there's this. I want you to have it too." He opened the box. "There's some jewelry here that belonged to her mother, opals and garnets." His fingers touched it absently. "A necklace of my grandmother's."

"Listen to me, Paul." Dahlgren's voice was a shout. He hated Paul. Paul had possessed the most precious thing in all the world. And he had let her kill herself.

But something in Paul's expression stopped him. "I can't let you bury my wife." His eyes went back to the little heap of jewelry. "We loved each other."

Dahlgren stopped, like a man turned to iron. But Paul went on, "I don't suppose any of this has much value." He smiled vaguely. "She loved to buy silly things. Silly things." His voice repeated it. But Dahlgren knew Paul's mind had gone away, back into that gracious past that had held such friendliness and such delight. "I used to buy silly things for her too." He picked up a brooch with a stone that burned like a glowing coal. "I don't suppose this is worth two shillings, is it?"

Dahlgren looked down at the jewel in Paul's hand that had lost him the only thing in life that would ever be worth having. His mind went back too, as Paul's had done. Then he remembered suddenly—Paul had asked him a question. "No," his voice was surprisingly matter-of-fact, "I don't suppose it's worth two shillings."

My Love to Marcia

By James Gould Cozzens

A young-love story by the author of "The Last Adam"

THE day that Curtis Bard was appointed an assistant vice president in the Personal Trust Department, Mr. Fitzmorris produced the photostats and portfolios of the Iddings trust agreements. He looked at them with dignified satisfaction. He touched the several flat strands of whitened hair on his clean, shapely skull and said: "Curtis, eventually you'll be taking these over altogether. You might do an analysis of the holdings to give us a basis on which to discuss them. And I'd like you to start signing the routine correspondence." Mr. Fitzmorris glanced needlessly at the photostats. "Ah—young John Clayton Iddings went to school with you, didn't he?"

"I haven't seen him for several years," Curtis Bard answered. This was not of any importance to Mr. Fitzmorris. From the Premier Union Trust Company's standpoint, what could best be called acceptability was the important thing. Without special planning, it would usually so happen that the executives of the company and most of the more important clients had been at schools and universities together.

Soon enough, regarding his finger tips, Curtis Bard was saying to Miss Ames: "Now, to Mr. Iddings. John Clayton, junior, that is. Er— Dear Johnny. . . ."

It couldn't be called a good letter. It jerked stiffly from paragraph to paragraph, but it had all the facts. Relieved, he recited, making a sharp gesture: "Hope to see you if you come to town—er; my love to Marcia. Yours—just 'yours' that is. That'll be all, thanks."

Miss Ames, however, said: "Oh, Mr. Bard, may I have that name again?"

"Iddings, Iddings," Curtis told her.

She looked at him with mild reproach. "I mean"—she inspected her notes—"my love to—"

"Marcia," he said. He spelled it for her.

CURTIS BARD was not only at liberty, but in duty bound, to examine the trust agreements. Five years back they had been completely redrawn. It must have been just before the old man died. "—to Marcia Hoyt Kerwin Iddings, so long as she shall remain his wife or widow." However, he read next that the severe-sounding provision was inoperative already, because of the child, here only a hypothesis. In the event of Johnny's death the funds were entailed past Marcia to the child or children, who were required as long as she should live to support her "suitably." Suitably in the Premier Union's opinion, he was glad to see.

In the portfolio was a memorandum three years old—Claire Kerwin Iddings; and—trust Fitzmorris!—a copy of the birth certificate clipped to it. Curtis spread out the sheaf of sheets listing holdings as of the end of the past month and ran down them expertly. There was nothing outside the usual Premier Union run of picked securities. Their past, present and, he could not too rashly hope, future were perfectly familiar to him. He could have dictated his analysis right off to Miss Ames. Except that Mr. Fitzmorris would have been shocked by such promptness, so he might better wait a week or two and then dictate it right off.

"Well," he found himself thinking, and he was aware that his philosophic attitude was self-conscious, for he was really saying the words in his mind instead of simply thinking the thought, "that's that! It's a good thing for everyone."

And so it was. Everything was good about it, except, perhaps, that there could never be another Marcia. He had not thought about Marcia for months. For literally years he had not only got on without her, but got on very well and comfortably, charmed and amused by other young women; indeed, engaged to Mary; yet he sat still, looking at the pale white letters on the stiff gray-black photostat sheets, and thought: "I wouldn't be such a fool if it were all to do over again!"

THERE had been a time, shortly after her marriage to Johnny, when Curtis Bard thought of Marcia a great deal. He had stopped seeing her many months before, and naturally he had not attended the wedding. After she and Johnny returned from Europe he had been careful to go nowhere—to dinner, to any entertainment—where she might be.

He never did meet her; but once or twice, on the street, he thought he saw her approaching, and looked away, suddenly shaky, to collect himself. His relief had been uppermost, but he was oppressed, too, with a conflicting disappointment, ill at ease. He would like to think, sadly, but with some dignity, that Johnny, who had wanted her without hope even when they were at college, had got her because Marcia's mature choice was finally and wisely Johnny; that Marcia had refused Curtis, not that he—how ugly and ignoble the simple truth sounded!—had reluctantly refused Marcia.

At the time the simple truth couldn't have seemed quite that. Curtis did not view himself when young with indulgence, but obviously, had the truth been plain, no degree of callowness could have made him see his behavior as anything but contemptible. In a way, it was probably Marcia who kept him from seeing it. If Marcia abased herself, if she did the next thing to kneeling in the dust, she did it gracefully. "Darling," she said, "why be such a fool? What earthly difference does it make if we're poor?"

"All the difference in the world," Curtis declared heavily. He had been strongly fortified by the decorum, the conventional propriety, of his position. "I'm not going to let you in for anything like that. Not you—" Ah, but what he meant, you could see now, was: "Not me! Not me!"

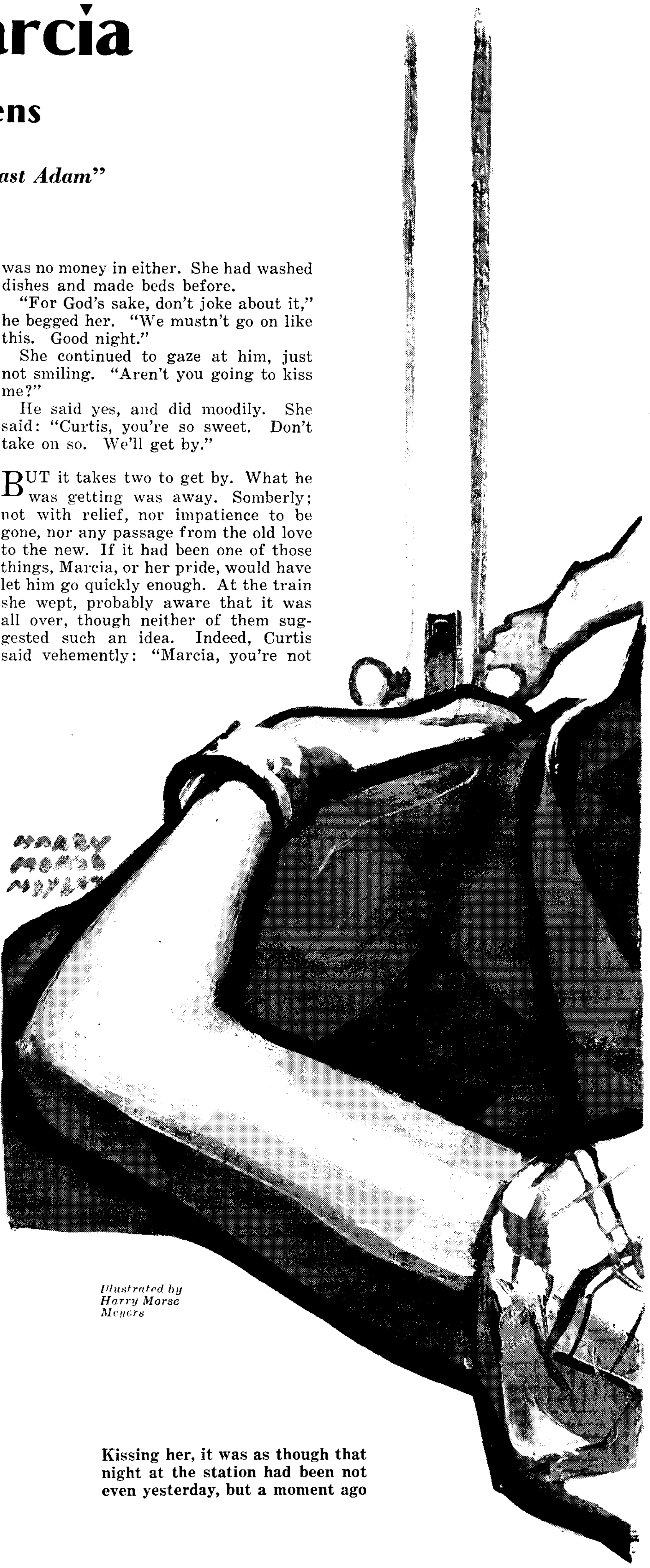
Marcia had managed to laugh. "Beloved," she said, "you just can't be going to tell me that you're unable to support me in the style to which I am accustomed!" Marcia came from what could be called a professional family, a long succession of college professors and clergymen who had contented themselves with learning and piety. There was no money in either. She had washed dishes and made beds before.

"For God's sake, don't joke about it," he begged her. "We mustn't go on like this. Good night."

She continued to gaze at him, just not smiling. "Aren't you going to kiss me?"

He said yes, and did moodily. She said: "Curtis, you're so sweet. Don't take on so. We'll get by."

BUT it takes two to get by. What he was getting was away. Somberly; not with relief, nor impatience to be gone, nor any passage from the old love to the new. If it had been one of those things, Marcia, or her pride, would have let him go quickly enough. At the train she wept, probably aware that it was all over, though neither of them suggested such an idea. Indeed, Curtis said vehemently: "Marcia, you're not



Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers

Kissing her, it was as though that night at the station had been not even yesterday, but a moment ago

going. We're going to get married."

It was then that she had begun to weep, regardless of porters and conductors and other passengers trailing their luggage past into the car vestibule. "Don't, don't, don't," she sobbed. "You know I can't now. I telegraphed Mother—"

Curtis Bard was abruptly conscious that they had attracted attention. In great pain he said: "I know. I'm sorry. I just thought—"

He did not know what he had just thought, except that she was overwhelmingly sweet and so all else was of little consequence. He would have married her if she had said yes, so, in one sense, she had refused him. He bent and kissed her wet face. He said, "Write me," and walked away.

That was the last time he saw her. A few letters saying things they had already said were written; and then he heard nothing until, about a year later, he got the wedding invitation.

Not seeing Marcia, he did eventually see Johnny again. He was living at the club and Johnny came there to play squash. Stepping from a residential floor into the elevator rising from the dressing-rooms to the courts, Curtis Bard walked fairly into Johnny—sweat shirt over his shoulders, a pair of rackets under his arm. Johnny put a hand hard into his and exclaimed cordially: "Well, I'm darned! Hello, Curtis. How are you?"

"Fine, thanks," Curtis answered in confusion. He must say at once, if he meant to, "Congratulations. Give Marcia my love." Unable to say anything for a moment, it was then subtly too late—for that matter, had it ever been early enough? Why hadn't he been at the wedding to say it? "Got a game?" Johnny asked.

"I was going to pick one up, or just bat a ball."

"My man couldn't make it. Have you got too good for me, living here?"

"Probably," Curtis said, grinning.

As it proved, he was not in form and Johnny beat him. Shining with sweat, flushed with exercise, they were almost on natural terms going down to the showers. "Let's try it again Friday," Johnny said.

"Like to."

"That's a date." He paused. "You've got to come up and see us."

Curtis realized that Johnny, and surely Johnny was, after all, right, regarded him with the greatest delicacy as a defeated rival who might feel—he found himself warming toward Johnny with a sort of impulsive surprise. He said, "I'd like to, thanks. Give Marcia my love."

JOHNNY was peeling the sweat shirt over his head. "Always a bunch in Sundays," he said, muffled. "Come any time. And don't forget."

Under his shower Curtis decided that he ought to do it. He ought to see Marcia, accept her in his mind as Johnny's wife; what they called in smaller communities, where it was constantly necessary to deal with such a situation, an old flame of his; a kind of quiet, friendly joke between them.

One or two Sunday afternoons Curtis went out, meaning to walk up to Johnny's and drop in. Quite resolved on it while he was dressing carefully, he was less resolved when he nodded to the fat club doorman. On the chill autumn street, heels and stick clicking, the closer he came to the Iddings' address, the more his mind changed, and presently he had walked by, at loss, casting about for somewhere else he could or should call. He and Johnny played squash a few more times, uneasily, and not with much pleasure. This couldn't have been kept up very long, but old Mr. Iddings died before it became entirely impossible. Johnny and Marcia went out to live in the Iddings place, somewhere near Cleveland.

Since she had nothing to reproach herself with, Marcia would long ago have forgotten; but Curtis might reflect, so uselessly late, how much better it would have been if, instead of insulting her with all those disgraceful lies, he had said: "I want to marry you, but not enough. As it is, I have no money, but I can stay at the club. If I made any change, I would have to give up (because I would not be able to live suitably to entertain them, nor dress my wife properly to present them to her) acquaintances who will be important to me in my plan for becoming, sooner than Mr. Fitzmorris or any of them expect, a vice president of the Premier Union Bank & Trust Company. I cannot tell you how dearly I love you, yet, after all, I seem to love myself a little better."

GIVEN the Iddings' trusts, Curtis Bard had been able to foresee a chance, though surely a remote one—say, if Johnny should die—of finally meeting Marcia again. He did not specially consider it. Certainly it did not move him. In that distant future nothing had reality. They would probably both be amazed to think that they could ever have meant anything to each other. So much would have happened between—he found himself thinking specifically of Mary—that they would be complete strangers. Marcia was gone already; she was practically forgotten.

He had come downstairs one December day about three o'clock and was passing, intent on some errand, under the great marble arches of the main banking floor when a guard intercepted him. "Excuse me, Mr. Bard. I think Mr. Duffy is trying to get you to identify a signature."

Curtis turned and saw the chief teller signaling him behind the breast-high, very wide marble counter. Duffy held a check in his hand. He slapped it across the polished stone to Curtis. "Just telephoned up for you, Mr. Bard," he said. "You handle these trusts now, don't you? I thought you might be able to identify—"

The check was for three thousand dollars on Johnny Iddings' signature. Curtis turned it and, stunned, beheld a script he had not forgotten: *Marcia Kerwin Iddings.*

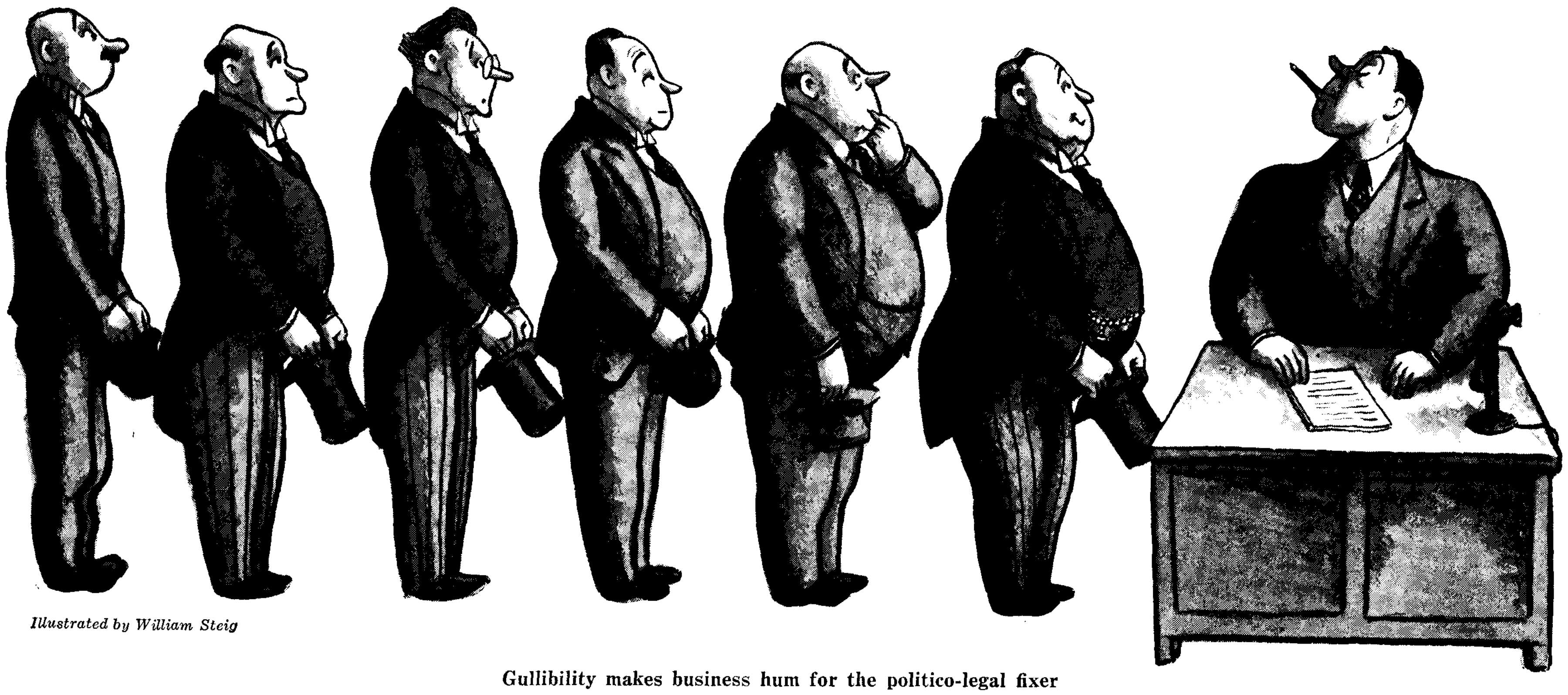
"Yes," he nodded automatically, "that's all right. I know the writing."

"Well, you could identify Mrs. Iddings, couldn't you? We don't know her. Just tip Faulkner off if it's all right."

Curtis said, since there was nothing else to say, "All right. I'll see her."

Carrying the check, he walked composedly down the long counter, turned into the deep oblong recess of the women's alcove, furnished with good reproduction Sheraton chairs, sofas and writing desks. There was a silver vase full of white roses on the table and, looking past, he saw Marcia seated on the far sofa. Voluminous folds of mink fur, shaken back a little, surrounded her. She had one hand ungloved and was holding a lighted cigarette. On one finger was the dark green square of an obviously fine emerald. Curtis Bard let his eyes slide toward the watching teller

(Continued on page 46)



Illustrated by William Steig

Gullibility makes business hum for the politico-legal fixer

The Gravy Boat

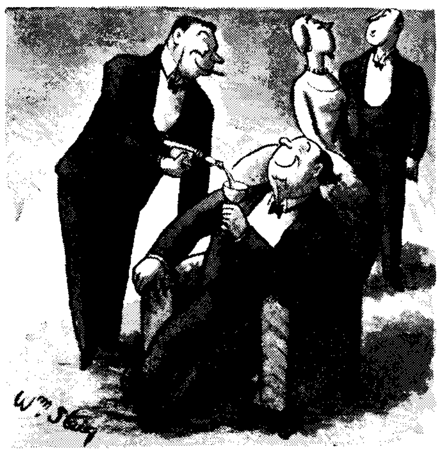
By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

The lobbyist is dead—well, almost dead—and in his place is The Democratic Lawyer. His manner is urbane, his offices are luxurious, and the perennially credulous American business man is paying for both

IN HIS dealings with a night club or Uncle Sam, the American business man is quite often just what the late Texas Guinan called him—a sucker.

The name was never more applicable than now, for thousands of these seekers after public works contracts, liquor quotas, industrial codes, agricultural agreements and R. F. C. loans are still begging lawyers, lobbyists and tipsters to take big money for political influence and information that is nonexistent. The fees these innocents have shelled out to the politico-legal coterie which has been operating on the doorsteps of federal departments and in the hallways of emergency agencies make the ancient and avowed order of lobbyists look like pikers.



Some of the boys have been the victims of clever hospitality

Not even President Roosevelt's public criticism has completely routed these men who practiced law and politics at the same time. It did precipitate several prompt resignations from the Democratic national committee, revealing that devotion to party did not match love of lucrative law, but it did not drive them away from Washington. They are still here, they still play golf and hobnob with some Cabinet officers, preserving their political ties and friendships, and it needs more than presidential denunciation to discourage them and a gullible public.

Moreover, the blow-up came only after millions in unnecessary fees had been paid; it was like closing the barn doors after the horses were stolen. Many of these lawyers can, although they don't plan to, retire from law and the capital with the satisfaction of knowing that it is a pleasant and glorious thing to practice law for your party.

Nor does the proposed Vandenberg bill, which bars national committeemen from practicing law before federal departments, go far enough, for these lawyers did not "practice" in the legal sense; they just hung around. Acute legislators insist the bill should be widened so as to prevent former political and federal officials from such activities for eight years after they have quit public life. By that time new faces, presumably, would be holding public office, and the temptation to favor a friendly politician might be removed. The public, as recent disclosures show, must be protected against itself.

Whether you call them lawyers or lobbyists, the pickings have never been more easy or plentiful, and their services never more useless and fruitless. It cost $5,000 just to talk to some of them, and reports of fees ranging from $25,000 to $75,000 are common; the fees and administrative expenses on one $23,000,000 project amounted to $1,500,000, and they have run higher, proportionally. It paid to be a Democratic lawyer, or to have a political name.

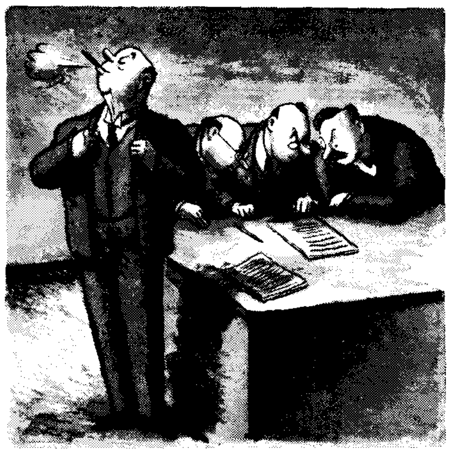
Arthur Mullen of Nebraska, whose post of national committeeman undoubtedly commended him to clients, shifted his law office to Washington around inauguration, declined a $7,500 federal judgeship with the plea that in these tragic times he could serve the President better as a private citizen, and became a leading lawyer in his new environment.

Robert H. Jackson, then secretary of the national committee, joined the Democratic migration Washingtonward after inauguration, got into the big money and soon moved to a lavish office suite. Orman Ewing, Utah national committeeman, looked around the capital, found that his lack of a legal degree handicapped him and crammed fast enough to take the District of Columbia bar examinations.

Many others, all loyal Democrats and "before-Chicago Roosevelt men," found that their home towns did not offer a large enough field for their expanding talents, and their legal business here apparently justifies their rosiest expectations. Nor does a formal resignation wipe out the memories and associations with which a man enriches himself in a long and intense political career.

Nobody doubts that their supposed standing in the party brought them clients who refused to take seriously the warning of Secretary Ickes that there is "no inside track" to federal largesse, or to heed the actions of other officials who will not talk or tea with politicians, resigned or otherwise. The common suspicion that all public men are susceptible to political pull died hard, although the fact that departments with the most favors to hand out were headed by such austere Republicans and Progressives as Messrs. Ickes, Wallace, Richberg, Johnson and Morgenthau ought to have been disillusioning. P. T. Barnum must have been thinking of the Washington scene when he discussed the birth rate.

These New Deal lawyers bore no resemblance to the old-fashioned lobbyist in appearance, technique or profits. In the old days, when there was more "invisible government" than there seems to be now, the lobbygows performed only intermittently and silently, treading Congressional corridors to feed or wheedle, bribe or bully legislators into voting right on tariff, railroad, banking, financial and water-power legislation. Their employers were suckers, too, for most Congresses of the past did not have to be lobbied into voting right.



"Recommended" propositions get a close scrutiny nowadays

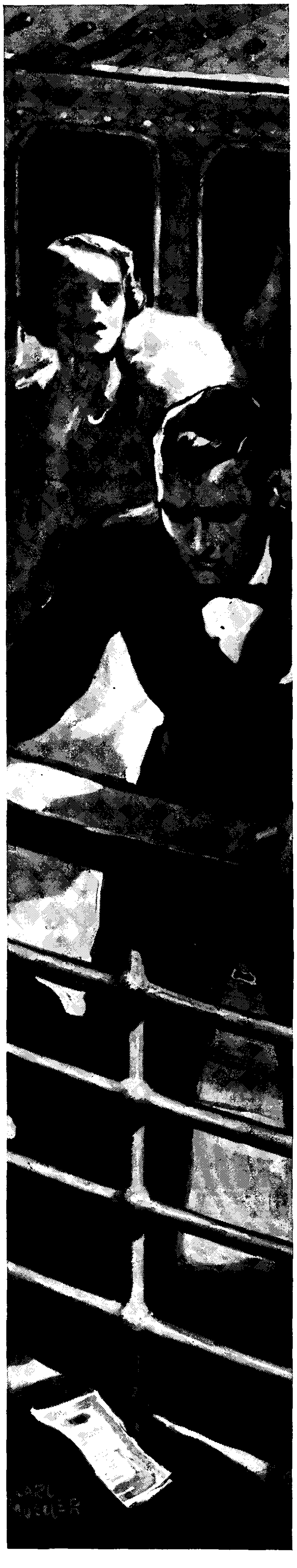
The older school wore out more shoe leather on its unofficial round-ups. It did not have such a market—the modern phrase is "gravy boat"—to dangle before prospective clients as a $3,300,000,000 public works fund, NRA codes, AAA agreements and all the other

(Continued on page 43)

Marriage for Revenue

By George Agnew Chamberlain

Illustrated by Carl Mueller



The ship veered and a sudden gust of wind snatched the square of paper from Raglan's trembling fingers. It ducked and planed sharply downward

The Story Thus Far:

LARRY RAGLAN, Wall Street broker, has a serious problem to solve. With Tony Allerton, a young aide, he has made a fortune. Allerton, plunging, has lost his share. And Raglan, too, is on the verge of losing his. How can he save himself?

A suggestion comes from an unexpected source. His secretary—Regis Mulholland who, since the death of her brother, has been making her own living—has secretly analyzed certain securities which, bought in bulk now, will yield millions. She gives him the list. Whereupon Raglan kisses her!

Regis Mulholland has stood by and watched Larry Raglan divorce two unworthy wives: Eleanor, No. 1, and Regis' own sister-in-law, Dora, No. 2. She loves him. But, shocked by that impetuous kiss, she promptly resigns. Eleanor and Dora have gone to Paris; she, too, goes there, gets a job. Her departure leaves Raglan disconsolate. Heretofore he has taken his secretary for granted, given her little thought: now, of a sudden, he knows that he loves her. Wretched, desperate, he follows a wild impulse—goes to Paris, after *giving* his business to three employees: Tony Allerton, Kit Bilderback and one "Happy," an office boy. Regis has recommended a certain railroad stock: Savannah, Eastern & Western preferred. If, he is well aware, he can obtain fifty-one per cent of the outstanding shares, he can make a fortune. A wealthy baron, to whom Bertran, the baron's nephew, introduces him, agrees to back him, become a "partner." Then, searching for Regis, he finds her, persuades her to work with him again. . . . At a restaurant Raglan sees his two former wives dining with two men: Dirck Reuter, a notorious sponge, and Adsit Abbott. He dislikes both men; he *hates* Abbott, once his partner in New York. Watching, he sees the women pay the bill—*with his alimony money!* Furious, he strides over to the table, has a fight with Reuter and Abbott, and is promptly thrown out.

In the morning, the newspapers shout the story. One of Raglan's adversaries, it seems, is severely injured, may die. While working with Regis, Raglan is arrested. Another shock follows: Tony Allerton phones from New York that he can buy no more S. E. & W. at any price. And Bertran reports that his uncle wishes the "partnership" dissolved at once. "Tell the Baron," says Raglan, "it is dissolved." Then, to Regis: "I want you to sail for New York as soon as possible." And, when the girl demurs: "You can stay if you like. But I'm sailing!"

Conclusion

HAD Raglan been arrested immediately after the fight he would have been taken to the nearest police station to await a formal charge. But every restaurant, hating an arrest the way a hotel hates a funeral, subscribes to a time-honored policy of hurling out a disturber so fast that oblivion has its chance to close in over his identity before the law or the press can step in. Larry's misfortune consisted in the fact that he had done his work too well; both Abbott and Reuter had had to be rushed to a hospital, the former for treatment of his wounds, the latter for resuscitation. Hence the scandalous publicity. Hence the unavoidable intervention of the law. Hence Inspecteur Dufrenet and his silent running mates, with Larry between them, hailing a taxi.

"Where are we going?" asked Raglan. "To the Commissariat?"

"No, m'sieur; to the Police Judiciaire and then to the Tribunal Correctionnel at the Palais de Justice."

"It's in the *cité*, isn't it?"

"Yes, m'sieur."

"If I remember rightly that rates me higher than a police station but below a jury."

"Correct, m'sieur. The best you can hope for is to persuade the Commissaire to send you before three judges—a president and his two confreres. Is there anybody with whom you would like to communicate before we go? Your counsel, perhaps?"

"No; nobody," said Raglan promptly.

"Wouldn't you wish to be accompanied by counsel?" persisted Dufrenet, apparently bent on being helpful.

"No, thanks," said Raglan with a grateful smile. "I'll tell you what you might do, though. Where are the wounded? At Neuilly?"

"Oh, no. The restaurant and the parties concerned preferred the private hospital of Doctor Gite in the Faubourg St. Honoré."

"That's not so far," said Raglan; "I suggest we stop there on our way."

"It's not on our way," said the plain-clothes man uneasily. "Besides, the procedure would be highly irregular."

Larry smiled steadily down into M'sieur Dufrenet's sorrowful black eyes. "Friendship," he said, "is composed of irregularities."

The inspecteur exchanged glances with his colleagues. "True, m'sieur. We will proceed via the Faubourg St. Honoré."

TEN minutes later, the other men remaining in the cab, Raglan was having trouble with the *gardien* in charge of the nursing home, but he made short work of the opposition.

"By order of the court," he stated. "I present Inspecteur Dufrenet of the Police Judiciaire."

They were admitted at once. They found the two patients occupying twin beds in the same large room. Abbott's head was heavily bandaged, with only a peephole left through which he peered with one glazed eye. Reuter was not bandaged, nor was he unconscious. He sat propped against pillows and stared fixedly at the intruders over a bowl of broth. Presently a look of panic began to dawn in his eyes but before it could translate itself into motion Raglan had turned his back and was gone.

"You said nothing; you did nothing," murmured Dufrenet. "I thank you."

"No," said Raglan, "but we saw a lot."

Before the Commissaire de la Police Judiciaire in the Quai des Orfévres, Raglan collided with both the intricacies and the peculiar humanity of French law. The charge against him was "blows and wounds." If he accepted bail the case could not come up for weeks; on the other hand, if he refused, there was no alternative to going to jail for two days. He stated his predicament with so much feeling that the Commissaire became his ally and together they searched for a way out.

"Ah, comrade, I have it!" exclaimed the official at the end of an hour of anxious debate. "You admit you struck these men; therefore, I transfer you to today's audience of *flagrants delits!*"

They beamed at each other and Raglan was promptly led through half a mile of marble halls to the Chambre Correctionnelle where a trial was just concluding.

The place had a cleaner and far friendlier air than a magistrate's court at home. The three judges occupied one side of a quadrangle and were faced by counsel and the benches allotted to spectators. The remaining two sides were devoted one to the accused and the other to the *substitut*, or prosecuting attorney. The judges were not above chatting with the defense, suggesting an added point or asking for further elucidation. Advocates, male and female, in their black robes and white bibs, wandered in and out. Urbanity reigned supreme.

RAGLAN'S case was called. The charge and evidence having been concluded, he was asked if he had anything to say through counsel or otherwise. He elected to make his own defense.

"M'sieurs le President and Judges, I take this opportunity to compliment the prosecutor on the accuracy of his charge and the faithfulness with which he has related the incidents leading up to my presence before this tribunal. There are cases, however, as Your Honors well know, where facts obscure an underlying truth of vital importance. To tell the truth, I require the aid of no counsel. I submit the following: The Mesdames Raglan accompanying the two victims of my assault were formerly my wives, subsidized at the time of their divorce in monthly amounts of twenty-five thousand and twelve thousand five hundred francs respectively out of my rapidly emptying pocket."

A gasp of admiration, wonder or envy swept the room, but was promptly stilled. Raglan continued:

"I call the attention of the court to a grave omission in the otherwise complete relation of incidents placed before it. I refer to the fact, possibly perceived only by myself, that the meal consumed by my ex-wives and their accompanying chattels was paid for with my money. The word chattels suggests a line of defense which had not before occurred to me. I leave it to the greater wisdom of the court whether the rights extended under French law to a husband to visit merited corporal punishment on his spouse cannot be justifiably extended to include her poodle."

He was interrupted by a splutter and then a roar of laughter.

"WHILE confessing my fault," he proceeded as soon as he could be heard, "I still cannot refrain from seeing it in the guise of a virtue. What would you have had me do? What would any man present have done in my place? Beholding my hard-earned money being fed to a couple of lap dogs, I was overcome by resentment and from that moment merely obeyed the blind reflexes of my nature as is evidenced by the fact that I not only outraged the dignity of a worthy establishment but foolishly exposed myself to the risk of being beaten up by two men and half a dozen waiters."

He paused, again interrupted by a demonstration. One of the assistant judges raised a restraining hand. "It is unfortunate, m'sieur," he stated sonorously, "that you should have carried chastisement to the verge of homicide."

(Continued on page 49)

Rough Air

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

CAROL CASTAINE, regarded by millions as the world's most beautiful motion picture actress, gives a party at her elaborate château. Many of Hollywood's celebrities are present: Ferd Gottschalk, who is directing her new picture, Wings Over Hell; Barry Trent, her leading man; and scores of others. But Carol has eyes for one man only: Jim Breed.

Breed—Captain Jim Breed—World War ace and most daring of all the movie flyers—has just returned from Oregon, where, during an attempt to make a border-to-border flight, he had been forced down. He remembers a girl he had met in Oregon—a girl who had fascinated him from the first moment he had seen her. And again, at the party, he meets her—Anne Carson, Hollywood reporter for a Los Angeles newspaper. Carol divines the situation. That Anne is in love with Breed is quite obvious. But, in love with Breed herself, she is sure of herself—is certain he is hers, if she wants him. . . . At midnight, Breed leaves the party, with Anne. Two hours later, Carol telephones him, implores him to come to her. And presently Breed arrives.

Until that night Jim Breed had never dreamed he would ever marry anyone. To him it had always seemed unthinkable that he—a stunt-flyer whose life might end at any moment—should ask any girl to become his wife. But— "Carol," he says as he enters the room, "I've just told Anne Carson I love her. We are engaged."

Carol smiles. "I'm *not* worried," she says gayly. "I always get what I want—and this time I want you. Now listen, darling. Gottschalk has planned some stunts for you. They are far too dangerous. Promise *me*"—*she throws her arms about him;* kisses him—"promise me you'll get somebody else to take your place.". . . The following day some flying episodes are shot for Wings Over Hell. Working with Breed are Slim McKay, a charming young daredevil, and Sunshine Smith, a hard-boiled veteran. With Anne, who is present, they listen appalled while Gottschalk describes an extraordinarily perilous stunt Breed is expected to perform. "You got two weeks," he concludes. "Think it over.". . .

Anne and Breed decide to be married, with McKay and Smith as witnesses. Anne is gloriously happy. The day before the ceremony, she answers the phone. "Steady," —it is Jim speaking—"we've just had a crash. *Slim McKay's dead.*"

III

THAT was all. Jim was off the wire. Anne said, into the dead line, "but, you—" and then stood holding the receiver. She said to herself, out of horror and physical sickness: "Surely not Slim!" Then she hung up and turned away from the wall, and afterwards one cold thought crept through the shock. This was the way it was to be from now on. She was a fixed satellite to Jim's world, which was all chance and uncertainty. You had a moment of happiness and then you held your breath for fear of having too greatly dared the capricious and unrelenting gods that ordered flyers' lives.

ANNE said, "I'll go on home," and waited while Sam Wein and Sunshine Smith and Breed got out of the taxi. They stood at the curb momentarily, with the shadow of the funeral on them. Breed took off his hat, looking in at her.

"I'd like to drop over tonight."

"All right," she said gently, and motioned the driver to pull away. The three men swung into the apartment house and went up to Breed's room. Sam Wein settled in a corner chair and pinched off the end of a new cigar and let his eyes follow Sunshine and Breed as they turned restlessly around the room. His heavy lids left a thin aperture for sight; he sat there like a spectator, missing nothing. He said: "A closed coffin."

Sunshine stopped his tramping. "You wouldn't want to have seen him, Sam. A thousand-foot drop. Figure it out."

Breed, slipping out of his coat and vest, had his back to them. The leather suspender straps bit into the suddenly reared stiffness of his shoulders. He stared at the wall; and then he dropped his coat on a chair and pivoted. Sam pulled his glance away from Breed's features, for what he saw was not pleasant for a friend to see—a bleak and savage emptiness.

"A good boy," murmured Sam. "A very good boy."

Breed crossed to a cabinet, brought out a bottle and three glasses. He poured himself a slug of liquor. "A damn-fool stunt of two planes coming down side by side to rake a German trench. We hit some hot air rising off the desert and his wing locked into me. Well, it was nothing. We both bailed out. But he pulled too soon. He pulled too soon and the chute snarled his ship."

"So—like that," whispered Sam. He watched the flyers drink and he made a faint, negative gesture with his head, but he didn't speak. Wrinkles of worry plowed across his forehead as he saw Breed fill up again.

"Sure," said Sunshine. "But he wasn't married." Then he met Breed's eyes and the smooth, bitter face displayed an odd resentment. "And he wasn't engaged. There's that much clear, anyhow."

BREED said: "You brought it up, so we'll talk about it. What made you think it would be better not to tell Anne the other night I was hung up on the job?"

"Carry your own messages."

"Don't lie!" said Breed contemptuously.

"Why, by God!" exclaimed Sunshine Smith, and slowly put down his glass. It was the way he closed his mouth that made Sam Wein feel an instant dread. They were the salt of the earth. They were big, laughing men afraid of nothing under that sun which warmed the hot, generous blood in their veins. And this was what made him feel fear. No friendship could stand up under the reckless blows struck here; the cruel hurt of the day had stirred the latent wildness in them.

"No," said Breed coldly, "you didn't deliver the message because you want to break this affair up. I don't like the kind meddling of friends. I'll vote this ticket the way I see it, Sunshine."

"Sure," breathed Sunshine. "Sure you will. So if you want to go to hell, Captain Breed, just do that. But when you fall, fall in the clear. Don't bring the roof down on a girl like Anne Carson. Stick to the camp followers. It's all you or I or any fool making crashes for a living has got any right to expect. That girl doesn't know what misery you're bringing in her window. But you're old enough to know. I have damned little regard for any man that deliberately invites a woman to share a crack-up."

"I may take that, Sunshine," said Breed, dry-voiced. "And I may not."

"That's up to you," was Sunshine Smith's stony reply.

They were on the ragged edge, outraged and bruised, beyond all cool reasoning. There had to be release for men such as they were; and unexpectedly release came this dangerous way. Sunshine's skeptical, brooding eyes gleamed with anger; Breed stared out

of a face drawn into a bony mask. His hands hung straight down, the fingers curved in until the knuckles paled. But then he said in a sudden, gentle tone: "All right, Sunshine, I'll take it."

Sunshine's head dropped forward. Relief rushed across his cheeks. "You damned fool, you know I'd go to hell for you. Wash out what's been said, kid."

"Let it stand. It's right. But you can't stop a man from hoping."

SAM WEIN lighted his cigar, and curled his lips at the shake of his fingers. He said urgently, "Don't do this to me no more, boys. I got a heart condition." He smoothed the sweat off his forehead and watched them drink the quarrel away.

Breed said: "Flying's all I've got. But as long as I fly there's nothing in the future. The famous Captain Breed—and hardly better than a bum. There's nothing in test jobs or stunts any more. Can't you think of something, Sam?"

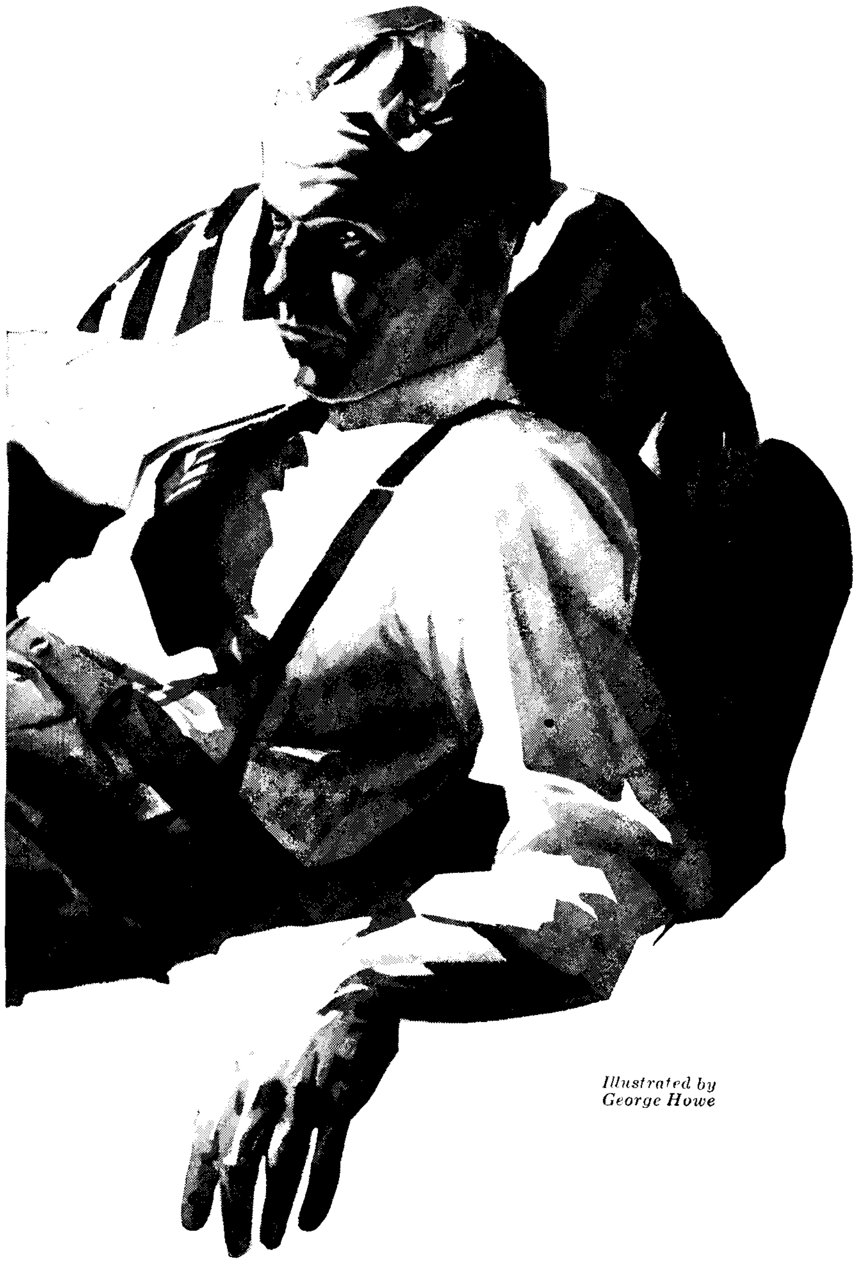
"Transport pilot, maybe. That's steady."

Both men looked at him; Sunshine smiled sadly. "I can name you half a dozen transatlantic flyers walking on their socks, Sam. Transport companies don't want prima donnas. They want youngsters broken into the passenger business."

"Anyhow," Sam broke in shrewdly, "*you* don't want it. I know you boys."

Jim Breed spoke soberly. "The only way is out." He nursed the idea in silence, through another drink. "The pioneering's over. All the oceans have been crossed. The dawn-to-dusk stuff is only a matter now of chiseling minutes from the last record. Endurance flights are dead. Speed stuff belongs to the Army. Altitude records wait for new designs, new engines. Our stuff is all washed up. It's the age of refinement and safety and comfort. Well, a good clean-up, and out. Can't you think of something, Sam?"

"If there's an angle I'll find it."



Her husky voice was full of emotion. "Don't you suppose I know you? Don't you think I know what it is to be all cut up? I came because you needed me"

Illustrated by George Howe

BREED sat down and laid his arms idly across his thighs. He was thinking outside the room again, gone from them; the darkness of his thoughts showed on his face. "Slim," he mused, "knew a week ago. Animals smell death coming; so do flyers."

The whisky had got hold of Sunshine and had turned him gloomy. "This rotten crash Gottschalk's—"

"Sure. Low into the camera. Two trees, some wire and a trench. That will be done, my lad. No son of a Polish immigrant can figure a crash I'll back out of."

"One accident means two accidents."

"He wants a climax. We'll put on the crash pads, kid, and set her down."

"You're nuts."

"A famous aviator. Get that, Sunshine. Captain Jim Breed—snapped on the beach at Malibu with another black-headed woman." He was idle, narrowly watching the blunt points of his shoes. He drifted out on the ebb tide of his reflections, into blackness that had no compass points. "Another day done, another fine boy dead, another woman, another bottle. It's a pretty complete pattern—all the way back to the Marne in 1918. But it doesn't mean anything."

"Hell, you're drunker than I am," said Sunshine, and rose and went out, nodding at Sam Wein. Sam got up to follow. He looked back, openly worried. "Rumsen," he said, "wants to see you," and then closed the door gently.

Breed presently realized he was alone in a crawling dusk. Rising, he snapped on the lights and went to his desk and sorted out the loose accumulation of bills there. He pulled his check book from the drawer.

Only in flying did Breed demand exactness. Outside of flying the details of living claimed very little of his interest. He collected his fees and banked them; he let his bills pile up until the mood of housecleaning drove him to the desk, and then he signed away his money with a feeling of frustration. For Breed needed to have the edges of his existence sharply defined; he was annoyed by loose ends, and each bill-paying period reminded him he could not stay square with the world. He was not economical, he could not pare and contrive; and though he might discharge his debts in one furious evening's bookkeeping, the demands of the sort of life he led soon brought them back. At bottom, Breed was a simple man-animal whose first reactions were apt to be his final ones. He despised the sharp reasoning, the conditioned judgments and all the forms of intellectual subtlety of the Hollywood set. He liked a thing or a person; or he didn't. But at the check book this environment caught up with him; he felt then vaguely there was no true place for him in such a confused, unstable, complex world.

THE phone whirred. Breed went over to it slowly and said, "Yes." Silence met him at the other end of the wire. "Breed speaking," he added, and then heard a receiver click. He hung up and stopped to have another drink. He settled at the desk again, his shoulders bowed over, scratching idle lines with the pen. He had made, he presumed, around three hundred thousand dollars during his active career. Well, it had been spent, and it had been lent and nothing remained but the balance sum in the check book. A young fortune scattered without thought. He tried unsuccessfully to trace it back; and then, his mind more lucid and relentless than in a long while, he tried to see the future—and could not. One thing was alone certain: the flush days for individual flyers were over. Advertising had gone out of the sky and there wasn't really anything left now but risk stuff; something only the Captain Breeds were fools enough to do.

He sat there unconscious of the time or of the darkness outside, spirit traveling down the long spiral of loneliness beyond power to describe. And so absorbed and lost in it he was that the light rap on the door went unheeded; and only when Carol Castaine stepped in and said, "Jim," in a strange, agitated voice did he look up, and stand up.

He walked toward her; but she closed the door—and sprung the latch—and came on to him. She took off her hat, the gesture oddly reckless, and threw it to the table; and then her eyes saw the whisky bottle and traveled back to the heavy, plowed-up gauntness of his face and to the red somberness of his eyes. She put her arm against his chest and pushed him to the divan and watched him settle. She turned swiftly and snapped out the lights, and sat beside him on the edge of the divan.

"Carol," he said, "what for?"

Her husky voice was irregular, full of emotion. "Don't you suppose I know you? Don't you think *I* know what it means to be all cut up? You don't have to believe it, but I came because you needed me."

"You're a clever woman, Carol," he said heavily.

"Clever!" she cried. Her face was a white oval in the dark, marked by the long stained streak of her mouth. Her hand, white too, touched her heart. "Do you call that clever? I'm a fool, Jim. I'm the biggest fool born. That's why I'm here. Maybe I don't know much. Maybe I'm only another dumb and pretty girl built up to box office by Gottschalk. But I know what a man needs when he's in trouble."

"Carol, get this. There's no percentage for you here. Take it or leave it like that. You get nothing out of this."

She was shaking. She said, faintly, "I guess it will have to be all right, Jim," and bent down and put her lips fully against his mouth.

ANNE'S taxi stopped against a red light on Hollywood Boulevard. Barry Trent, swinging along the street, saw her and cut instantly out through the traffic. The light changed when he got to the cab, and he opened the door and slid in beside her, quite pleased with his luck.

"You don't mind?"

"Not at all," said Anne. "Where may I drop you?"

"That's the point. At your place, if you'll permit it."

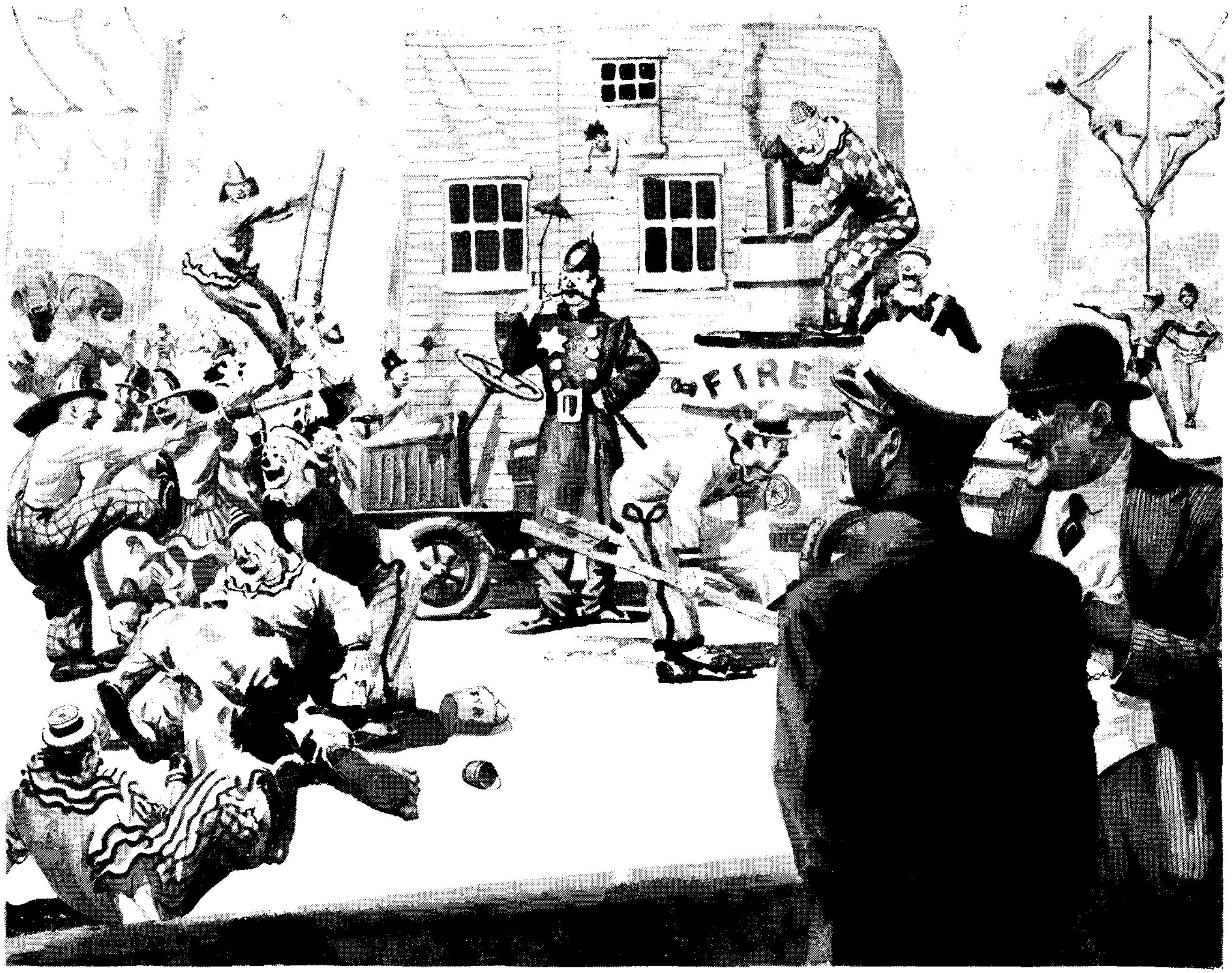
She looked at him thoughtfully. "You *are* a persistent cuss." But she smiled faintly, which was permission. Barry Trent relaxed in his corner and clasped his very long fingers together. All America knew that gesture which came, she guessed, from a desire to get his hands into repose. His steel-gray suit admirably reflected a California tan which he had soon acquired after discovering how pallid a New York stage complexion looked on the coast; and for once she was not reminded of the flexibility of his features. He was tall, barely escaping boniness. His eyes were sharp and normally a little amused and there was a touch of dry strain about his face. But many men in Hollywood

(Continued on page 38)

Clown Alley

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Courtney Ryley Cooper



Courtney Allen

"That's the best I ever saw," he chuckled. "A person gets his money's worth here, Mr. Hepp"

JOE HEPP, owner of the Great Antwerp Shows, scowled down at the chiseled features of Milwaukee Whitey.

"Listen, egg," he announced, "didn't I tell you we was runnin' Sunday school in this town?"

"Yeh, you told me." Milwaukee Whitey was rebellious. "But when I seen a chance to fan a guy for three thousand smackers, I grabbed it. And it stays grabbed!"

Joe Hepp growled.

"Yeh—in a thistle-chin town where the Burnell Shows had a hey rube last year. What d'you think I closed all the gamblin' stores down for—for fun? And cut out the cooch dance? An' left all the lucky boys behind in the last stand? For exercise? Now you go out and pick a sucker's pocket for three grand!"

"Well, what do I do? Give it back?"

"No. Not three grand. But we got to be careful. The guy may be able to describe you. Duck into Clown Alley and put on a clown suit and make-up. Don't take no chances; fix that mug of yours so your own brother wouldn't know you!"

Whitey grinned.

"I ain't ever failed at it yet," he said, and hurried away.

An hour passed. Then an old man in a blue uniform, with "Chief" on his cap, came hesitantly to the front gate. A girl was with him. She had been crying.

Joe Hepp moved swiftly and pleasantly forward.

"Well, Chief," he announced, "anything I can do for you?"

The officer rubbed at his chin.

"Well, I guess I'd like to see the owner."

"You're lookin' at him, Chief. Joe Hepp's my name. Any little thing I can do for you?" The old man looked up at him with mild blue eyes.

"Well, I'd sure love to see the show," he confessed. "But—" Then suddenly, "This is Nancy Merlin. She's the postmistress here."

The girl shook hands with him. She did not speak. Her lips were trembling.

"I guess I might as well tell you the straight of this," the chief said. The girl nodded. "You see, Miss Merlin's brother ain't overly bright. She gave him some money—postal savin's—to take to the bank. But he didn't go to the bank. He came out here. And a fellow named Milwaukee Whitey robbed him. I thought maybe he might be with your circus."

"Say, we're Sunday school," snapped Joe Hepp. "You won't find no rough stuff around this circus. Must have been some crook passin' through town and wantin' to give the circus a bad name. Milwaukee Whitey, eh? Never heard of him. How'd you get the identity?"

"One of my men saw it happen and tried to catch him. Recognized him as Milwaukee Whitey, an old-time crook. But he's a slick fellow, I guess, this Whitey. Lost himself in the crowd. I got his rogue's-gallery picture here."

Joe Hepp frowned at the picture.

"That's the way it goes. You can count on me, Chief. I'll bust things wide open to help you." He flared. "Maybe the dirty crook's hidin' around here somewhere!"

The chief rubbed his chin.

"Maybe you'd better go back to town, Nancy," he said at last. "Mr. Hepp and I'll look around a bit. You see," he explained to Joe Hepp, "if we don't find that money, it'll mean Miss Merlin's job."

"Or they might slap an embezzlement charge against her," said Joe Hepp with great agitation. "Don't I know all that? Where would you like to look first, Chief?"

A HALF-HOUR later, Joe Hepp and the chief moved through the menagerie toward the big top. Behind them ushers, ticket-sellers and concession men signaled one another; ordinarily these men worked roll-down games, or dealt monte, or sold things which did not exist.

"You've got a mighty nice circus," the chief confessed as they reached the big top. "Yes, sir, this is just about as neat a circus as I've ever seen."

"It's more than that," said Joe Hepp. "It's an *honest* circus. Look in that center ring. How many elephants do you see?"

"Eight."

"And we advertised eight. Remember. Not ten or fifty or thirty-six elephants. The posters said we'd have eight, and we've got eight."

The chief nodded.

"That's right. I remember lookin' at the posters."

A concessionaire passed. Joe Hepp flashed him a glance. It traveled through the circus. Another squawk was being rounded; a tough cop no longer hostile.

"Go all the way through the show and you'll find the same thing," boasted Joe Hepp. "Look up there on the flying trapeze. The posters said we'd have that act—and there it is. You can't find a thing here, Chief, that ain't just as it's advertised. Why—"

Noise broke the sentence, the ringing of bells and roaring of diminutive motors. Red fire glowed. The band blared. With yells and shouts and tumbling, the clowns piled into the arena for the clown fire scene without which no circus could exist. Joe Hepp laughed and the chief laughed with him, while the man he sought whisked about without even being noticed. The clown baby was rescued from the clown house. Clown firemen splashed water everywhere except toward the fire.

The clown police department herded up clown spectators, brawling in a sudden fight. The clown cop fell on the hippodrome track and couldn't get up again. All this while the real chief beside Joe Hepp laughed until his cheeks were wet. "That's the best I ever saw," he chuckled. "A person gets his money's worth here all right, Mr. Hepp. And then some!"

"Only one rule to follow in the circus business," said Joe Hepp. "Run a good show an' a clean one. An' always live up to your promises. Where shall we go now, Chief? Can't forget that little girl and her three thousand bucks, you know."

The chief rubbed his chin.

"Yeh," he admitted. "I guess we'd better make the whole rounds—even if it don't seem much use."

Ten minutes later, happy, friendly, the two strolled into the dressing tent. The chief glanced about him. Suddenly he moved toward the row of trunks where a group of men with splotched and motley faces loafed at their trunks. Clown Alley. His arm shot under his blue coat, the return motion brought the ugly gleam of a long-barreled revolver.

"All right you, there!" he commanded. "Line up."

Astonished clowns faced him, gaped, then obeyed. Joe Hepp raced beside the officer.

"Say, what's eatin' you?" he asked. The chief did not answer.

"Milwaukee Whitey!" he commanded. "Step out!"

THERE was no answer. The old chief, his wrinkled lips grim now, centered his cold gaze on first one, then another. He jerked his head, signaling Joe Hepp beside him.

"Just tell Milwaukee Whitey, whichever one of those clown make-ups he's hidin' behind, to step out." There was no request in the tone, only command. "Either that, or I'll take the whole gang to headquarters and search them there."

Joe Hepp gasped.

"But what about my show?" pleaded Joe Hepp.

"To hell with your good, clean show," answered the old chief. "I'm thinking about Nancy Merlin's money. Does Milwaukee Whitey step out?"

Joe Hepp ground his teeth.

"Step out, Whitey," he said at last.

"And hand over that money," the chief supplemented. He turned then to Joe Hepp. "And I'm taking you along too, for aiding and abetting a known criminal."

Down in the post office, with Nancy Merlin—a happier Nancy Merlin now—the old chief glanced across the street toward a circus poster.

"Yes, sir," he said, "that was a darned nice show. Gave exactly what it advertised, except once. There it is, on that poster—twenty—count 'em—twenty clowns. So when they all come in in the fire scene, I did count 'em. And I'll be hanged if there wasn't twenty-one!"

"DIVING TAKES HEALTHY NERVES— AND SO DOES MY OFFICE JOB!"

Frank Crilley, Champion Deep-Sea Diver, *says:* "Deep down under 300 feet of water, working feverishly under terrific pressure—no place for a nervous man! A diver's nerves must *always* be in perfect condition. I smoke Camels and have smoked them for years. They are a milder cigarette and they taste better. They never upset my nervous system."

Miss Elizabeth Harben,
Garden City, L. I., *says:*

"I know that deep-sea diving calls for healthy nerves. But, believe me, you can also feel plenty of real nerve strain being a secretary to a busy office executive! Telephones, callers, dictation, and a million other demands all take their toll. As to smoking—I smoke a great deal, but I'm careful in the choice of my cigarettes. I prefer Camels. They don't make my nerves jumpy, and I like their flavor better."

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How Are Your Nerves?

Do *your* responsibilities give you that "dragged through a knot hole" feeling? Do you come home tired, irritable, with nerves all askew?

Whatever your job or place in life, healthy nerves are worth any effort. Check up on your habits—your eating, your sleeping, your recreation—and do not overlook the subject of smoking. Turn to Camels, for the sake of your nerves. Any impartial leaf-tobacco expert will tell you that

☛ **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand. An important fact to nervous people!**

Camel pays millions more—for your enjoyment. And how much better Camels taste—mild, rich in flavor, delightful. They never get on your nerves . . . never tire your taste.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CHOICE QUALITY

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES . . NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

Trouping Alone

By Kyle Crichton

The story of Cornelia Otis Skinner, the one-woman theatrical company, who does pieces and makes people like them—to the tune of $30,000 a year

Photographs by Ben Pinchot

Cornelia Otis Skinner, in her new solo drama, The Loves of Charles II, portraying the characters of Louise Queroalle (left, above), Nell Gwynn, and, below, a Dutch tavern girl

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER is the young lady who has made a success by the mere device of walking out on a stage and pretending to be eight other people. In those sad theatrical days of 1932-33 when regular dramatic companies were doing everything but selling candy in the aisles between the acts in an effort to make ends meet, Miss Skinner was netting $30,000 a year with no other equipment than a table and two chairs, so arranged as to represent everything from the Tower of London to the beach at Barbados. In brief, Miss Skinner is a one-woman dramatic company who gathers her own material, writes her own sketches, assembles her own costumes and does her own acting. She has never tried selling tickets although there is no reason why it couldn't be done.

This state of affairs was brought about by two happenings: (a) She was fired by her father, Otis Skinner, after appearing with him in Blood and Sand. (b) She attended a party at which the guests were expected to do stunts. Not being able to hang from the chandelier by her toes and having been warned that the death rate among those attempting card tricks was mounting with startling rapidity, she did one of the sketches she had been amusing herself with since her school days. Several days later she was called by a lady who had also been a guest at the party and asked if she would repeat the performance for a fee. The fee was not great—something like fifteen dollars and car fare—but it was a fee nevertheless. From this has grown one of the smaller and sounder American Industries.

During the present season Miss Skinner has been playing The Loves of Charles II. Charles, it seems, had a very nice time as King of England, despite the fact that his father had been beheaded while occupying the same throne. It appears that the people became a bit irritated by the way the original Charles had been carrying on. Between the father Charles and the son Charles had come Oliver Cromwell and life was serious, with anybody caught laughing in the streets being asked to wipe that smile off. When young Charley came bounding back at the head of the Restoration Court, things took on a lighter air and morals were temporarily lost in the shuffle. Miss Skinner has been re-creating the ladies who were kind to Charles and the one-woman company has been having another good year of it.

In the two previous seasons she has been doing The Wives of Henry the Eighth and The Empress Eugénie, and the paying patrons have insisted on laying the money on the line for the sake of seeing the beautiful young lady do her elocution.

The Great Theatrical Mystery

Just why patrons of the drama would pay regular theater prices to see a one-woman dramatic company when for twenty-five cents and up they can see seven movie stars, the Battle of the Marne, the San Francisco Fire and the Fall of Rome is more than Miss Skinner can figure out herself and she has given some thought to it. As it stands, it constitutes one of the miracles of the American theater, and just as soon as Miss Skinner can get a minute to spare from her acting she's going to do a little investigating on her own. For the time being it can be considered as a definite scientific verification of the theory that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points—a matter of one actor dealing directly with each customer and no monkey business.

As a child Miss Skinner had little to do with the theater. She went to school, saw an occasional show and led the life of the average city child. Any real taste of the theater came at Christmas time when her mother led her in the general direction of Chicago or Oskaloosa, Iowa, where Otis Skinner was playing Kismet. Her memory of that is of a Christmas tree set up in a hotel room and a lot of jolly people trooping up there after the performance on Christmas eve, often in their stage costumes and with the grease paint still on their faces.

But that was soon over and she went back to school. When it came time to leave home she was sent to Baldwin School, Bryn Mawr, and later to Bryn Mawr College. Things were quite all right there. As the daughter of Otis Skinner, she had parts in all the school plays whether she wanted them or not. It happened that she wanted them. She could also act wearily wise with stage-struck young women who thought that life behind the footlights must be the only bearable existence. Yes, actors were fascinating people, admitted Miss Skinner. Yes, they traveled all over the world and met the most distinguished people (including bell-hops, Pullman porters, stage hands and station agents trying to keep awake at three o'clock in the morning while the company waited at a lonely junction to take another train). No, they were just like ordinary people when they were at home. You'd never know they had their names on billboards and all that. They ate and slept and got mad when a fuse blew out and only rarely appeared at dinner in the coat of armor they had used in their last play. At Christmas time, instead of going home, Cornelia Skinner went off to Texarkana or Little Rock to visit her father, who was playing Kismet. This was held to be unfortunate or romantic, according to the mind of the observer.

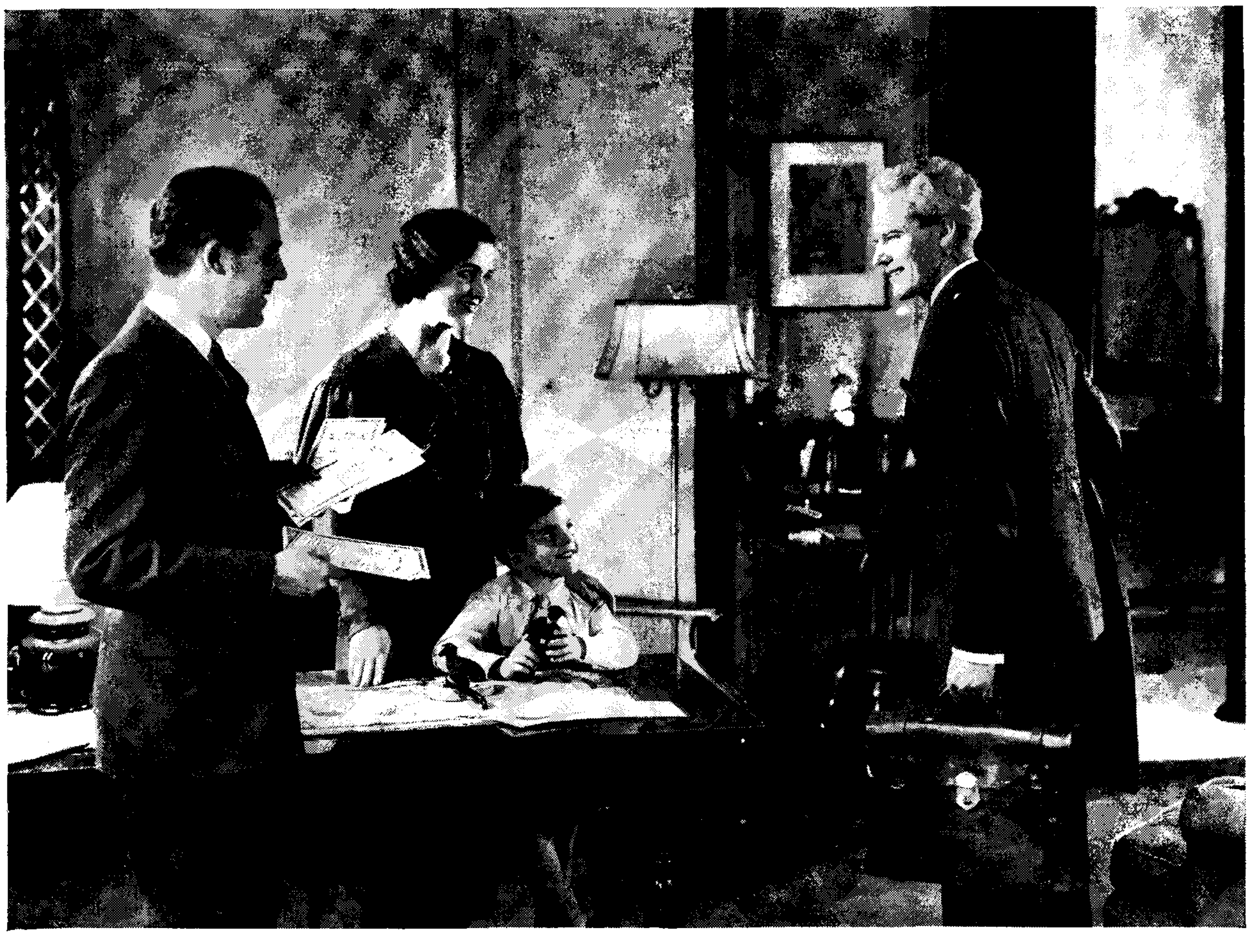
A Lady or Nothing

At Baldwin School she played male parts because of her height, but she let it be known at Bryn Mawr that, although she adored Hamlet and the other gentlemen of Shakespeare, she was going to be a lady from now on or nothing. This led to a production of Macbeth in which she played Lady Macbeth, and a young lady named Ann Harding played Macduff. Since there is no indication that Miss Harding was any more Carnera-like than at present in Hollywood, it is hard to see what fears could have been entertained by her opponent in the duel, but having been assigned to play Macduff, Macduff is what she played. It was at Baldwin that Miss Skinner began writing monologues and, what was worse, giving them. "I would write one in the morning and get it off to the girls in the evening. It must have been awful," she says.

When that period was ended, Otis Skinner decided that if his daughter insisted on going on the stage she might as well know something about the theater and she was forthwith bundled off to Paris where she studied under Dehelly and Jean Herve at the Comédie Française and later with Jacques Copeau at the Theater du Vieux Colombier. It was here that she learned to act and got that start at languages which makes it dangerous for people to be about in the streets of foreign cities when she is abroad. She speaks English, French and German, and has added Spanish and Italian and a dash of Chinese, getting most of her knowledge by buttonholing individuals in public places and entangling them in a conversation which may be baffling to them but highly instructive to her.

(*Continued on page 48*)

Financial Independence through Life Insurance



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- *—stabilize business organizations by indemnifying them against the loss of key-men*
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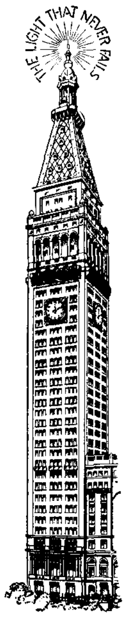
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All Questions Answered

Continued from page 13

at her long and silently. She met the look and her color mounted swiftly.

"I'd stay, even now," she said just above a whisper.

His face seemed to crumple. "For God's sake, Marta, don't say things like that. I—can't bear 'em."

Dusk was falling as they walked back to the ship, the quick, treacherous dusk of the tropics. Dugan would have left her on deck, but she drew him downstairs to her stateroom and closed the door behind them.

"Very forward of me," she said unsteadily, "but I won't say goodby like that."

He gave a choking cry as his arms went round her. "You're the sweetest thing I ever knew," he muttered between kisses.

She drew off and looked at him curiously. "Do you honestly love me?"

He shrugged. "I don't know how honest it is, but I worship you."

She went back to his arms, and closed her eyes for fear he'd read them.

"I THINK," Marta told her father soon after ten that night, "that I'll turn in and catch up on some of the sleep I've lost."

She kissed him, a lingering kiss that should have warned him, but didn't. Ten minutes later, carrying an overnight bag, she slipped unnoticed down the gangplank and walked swiftly to Telos. Her mouth curiously set she crossed the plaza and entered the Consolidated Club.

Two Americans stared at her in astonishment, but she walked past them and sought the bartender. "I want to go to Mr. Weeks' room," she told him.

The bartender's face was unreadable. "I think he is not here."

"Where is he?" Marta demanded.

The man's reticence collapsed before the look in Marta's eyes. "He is at the hotel," he admitted.

She knew the hotel, an unpainted barn across the plaza. She thanked him and went out.

There was only a ragged boy at the hotel desk, but he had a few words of English and knew the name Dugan Weeks. "I think he is not here," he said hurriedly. "I see."

Marta followed him.

They mounted uncarpeted steps and walked down an interminable corridor to an unpainted door. Marta held out a coin to the boy. "You can go back now. Thank you."

She knocked lightly. Dugan opened the door. He was coatless; his hair was rumpled and his face flushed. He stood frozen for an instant, then moved quickly as if to hide something behind him.

He was too late. Over his shoulder Marta had seen the girl in the orange skirt; seen that she too was flushed, and that her white blouse was slipping from one shoulder.

Marta closed her eyes for a second and fought off the nausea that swept over her. Then very deliberately she pushed past Dugan Weeks and entered the room.

"Would you mind asking her to leave?" she said.

With his eyes blazing he addressed the girl in staccato Spanish. She protested angrily and he answered her sharply. The girl shrugged and walked slowly and insolently from the room.

When she had gone Marta and Dugan Weeks faced each other across a chasm of bitter anger. Dugan spoke first: "Will you tell me what you're doing here? You'll miss your boat."

She laughed once, and the sound was short and hard. "I've already missed it. I came to—offer you my all. With benefit of clergy, of course."

He winced as if he had been struck. "You were—pretty sure, weren't you?"

"I was." She accented the past tense, significantly. "I'll never be again."

His face twisted. The shock of her presence had sobered him, and his head was beginning to clear. "I'll send a radio right away. The ship can't be far. We'll say you missed it: my watch was slow, or something."

She smiled. "I left a note in my cabin. They'll find that. . . . I think, Dugan, that you'll have to marry me. I'm perfectly willing to tell Dad that I forced it on you by coming back uninvited, but I don't care to tell him you refused."

"But, Marta, why? When you've just—found me out?"

Therein, she knew, lay the reason for his anger. She was still sure he had cared a few hours ago, but she had found him out, and no man can forgive that. She tried to speak coolly, but the sentence was torn in half by a sob.

"Because, you fool, I love you in spite of myself!"

She went on in a steadier voice: "I never knew before that I had a missionary complex, but I must have. I won't detain you but a few months, then you can come back and—wallow—to your heart's content. Dad will see that you get your job back." Pain had sharpened her tongue and she lashed out at him mercilessly.

"Nice of him," he said, and added listlessly: "I'll arrange for the wedding." He accented the word ironically. "It may be difficult tonight, but I'll do it."

He put on his coat and stood punctiliously aside for her to go through the door.

PETER LEGRANDE sat in his massive living-room and looked at Marta and Dugan Weeks. "I hope we'll be friends, Dugan."

Dugan Weeks' set mouth relaxed. "Thank you, sir. I'll—try to rate a friendship." He glanced without expression at Marta. "Would you like for me to clear out so you two can talk me over?"

She nodded, and Peter LeGrande was filled anew with wonder at the directness of her generation. "If you don't mind."

"I've found where he hides his money since you started robbing his bank! Come, listen!" *Frank Owen*

When he had gone Marta went and sat on the arm of her father's chair and laid her cheek against his rough gray hair. "It wasn't his fault, Pete; it was mine. I hope you'll give him as decent a break as you can."

"What's he like?" Mr. LeGrande demanded abruptly.

Marta's chin quivered but her face was hidden from him. Pete mustn't know, of course, what had happened. "I'm a fool about him," she said honestly.

And then she slipped from the arm of the chair and was sobbing with her face against his coat. "Oh, God, Pete, I'm sorry. I never realized what it would do to you!"

He held her close and his face was gray. To his knowledge it was the first time Marta had cried since her mother's death six years ago.

MARTA found an apartment just off St. Charles Avenue, near the hideous big house in which she had grown up. She hated leaving Pete alone, but this, she knew, was her only chance of success. Dugan would never have been comfortable there. The apartment was small and simply furnished; she told Dugan, not quite truthfully, that the things had been bought on the installment plan and that they would pay for them by the month, from his salary. She wanted him to feel that it was as much his home as hers.

"And then," she added with a smile, "they can take it back if we—don't need it." It was a dangerous remark, but she *wanted him to know that escape was always possible.* He smiled briefly and said nothing.

He accepted, without comment, a job in Mr. LeGrande's office, and worked steadily and hard. Peter told Marta about it with relief in his voice.

"The boy's got ability, Marta. I apologize to both of you."

Marta looked gravely at him. "That's a help. It bears out at least one of my hunches and makes me a little less of a fool."

But in the little apartment on Cecilia Street she wasn't at all sure. Dugan was courteous but withdrawn, and occasionally his eyes were far away. She knew then that he was seeing the hot, green hills behind Telos, and perhaps the girl in the orange skirt. She gathered her courage once and asked him:

"The girl that night—do you love her, Dugan?"

He stood with his back to her, looking down into the quiet little street. "Oh, God, no! She was nothing but a phase of my—depravity."

His tone twisted a knife in her heart. "Then are you like this because you hate me so much?"

"I don't hate you," he said softly. "If I were worth it I'd love you. I wasn't lying to you on shipboard, Marta; it was *real. But on a ship a cat can look at a* queen, and even love her. It's knowing what I am and what your father thinks of me that makes me this way."

"But he likes you," she insisted. "He told me so today. He said he—apologized to both of us."

Dugan's shoulders squared for an instant and Marta's heart beat faster. She went and stood beside him, so close that her hair brushed his cheek.

"If I can forget it, can't you?" Her body was against his, and she heard him catch his breath. He put his arms about her and kissed her with a passion that left her shaken, then his arms dropped.

"I can't," he said dully. "With you it means just forgiveness, and that's easy when you care about a person, but with me it's humiliation and self-disgust. I get hot all over when I think about it and realize what I'm like."

She slipped an arm under his coat and stood close to him again, but the fragile thread had already snapped.

MARTA'S friends liked Dugan Weeks, and accepted him with the casualness accorded to one of their own kind. They had never acquired full details of the marriage, but that wasn't important as long as they were obviously married. Ralph, Marta's brother, had guessed and would have told them if he had dared, but Peter LeGrande entertained no illusions about his only son, and he used the one weapon Ralph feared.

"If you say anything about this," he remarked coolly, "I'll cut off every damn' cent of your allowance. I'd enjoy seeing you try to live on that salary you don't earn."

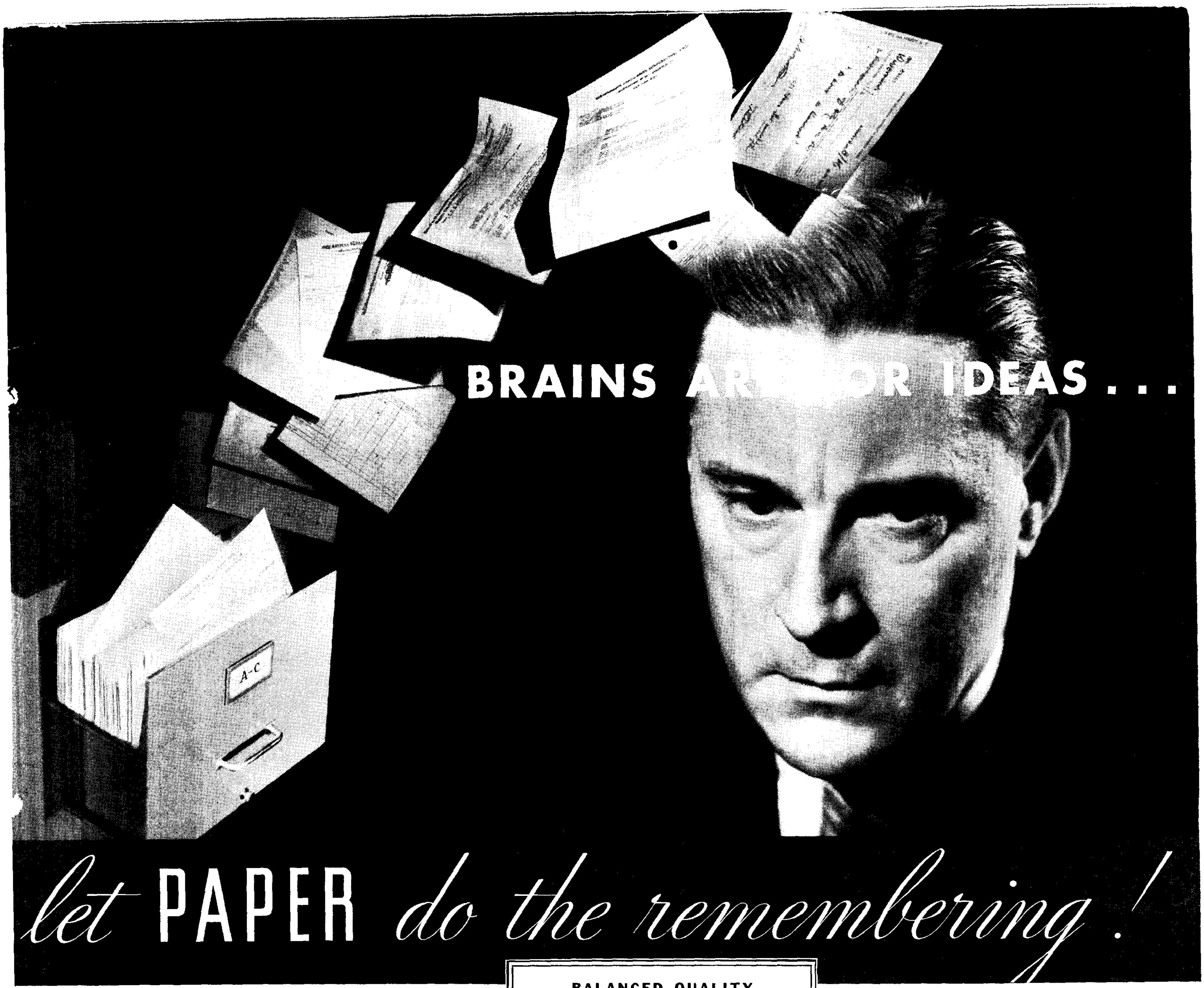
Ralph shrugged. He hated Dugan Weeks for a usurper: nothing but a tropical tramp, he told himself, who had married Marta for her money. Of course the bum had encouraged her or she would never have lost her head to that extent—she wasn't the flighty kind. And now he was working his head off to get in the old man's good graces. Ralph knew his sort thoroughly and some day, in spite of his father's warning, he might tell him off. . . .

Summer slipped almost unnoticed into fall, and suddenly it was Christmas. Marta, her father noticed, looked thin and highly keyed, like an overtrained thoroughbred, and his heart ached for her. Dugan worked as hard as ever and his manner toward his wife was always courtesy itself, but courtesy, Peter thought, was hardly enough: a woman preferred to be beaten occasionally if only she were loved in the intervals. He wanted to ask questions, but something in their attitude prevented him, and so he raised Dugan's salary instead. The boy had earned it, and perhaps he needed that added assurance that he was making the grade.

He said wistfully to Marta: "It won't be very exciting, but I hope you two will have dinner with me Christmas."

Marta grinned valiantly at him. "If you hadn't suggested it I was going to. Of course we'll come." She hesitated an instant and then added: "There's an-

(Continued on page 30)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AUBURN (8- and 12-cyl.)	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
BUICK	AF	AF	BB	BB	BB
CADILLAC	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
CHEVROLET.	A	A	A	AF	AF
CHRYSLER (70, 77, Imperial 80 and 8-cyl.)	AF	AF	AF	BB	BB
CHRYSLER. . . . . . (All Other Models)	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
DE SOTO.	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
DODGE	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
FORD	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
FRANKLIN.	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
GRAHAM	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
HUDSON	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
HUPMOBILE.	AF	AF	BB	BB	BB

Make and Model	1934	1933	1932	1931	1930
LAFAYETTE	AF	—	—	—	—
LA SALLE	AF	BB	BB	BB	BB
LINCOLN	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
NASH (Models 10-90, 11-90, Ambassador 8) . .	BB	BB	BB	—	—
NASH (490 Series Twin Ignition 6 and 8, 8-90, 9-90)	—	—	BB	BB	BB
NASH (All Other Models)	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
OLDSMOBILE	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PACKARD	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PIERCE-ARROW . .	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PLYMOUTH	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
PONTIAC.	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
REO	A	A	AF	AF	AF
STUDEBAKER. . . .	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF
TERRAPLANE (Essex)	AF	AF	AF	AF	AF

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New Aluminum Pistons Demand Lighter Oil
New aluminum pistons and ring clearances are placing ... on lubricating oil, ... Development Director ... automobile manufacturer ... today," he ... only 1/10 ... former 5 ... mean, ... lubric... stam...
Quality ... Car
HEAT REACHES 600° IN NEW BEARINGS
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All Questions Answered

Continued from page 26

other thing, Pete. I wonder if you'd mind letting us have a New Year's party here? Our apartment's not big enough to sling a cat in, much less a party, and I'd like to repay some obligations."

He nodded vigorously. "Of course. It'll seem like old times. What sort of party?"

"I don't know yet: maybe a dance with bridge on the side. I'll let you know later." She kissed him impulsively. "Gosh, I love you!"

His eyes brightened. No matter what happened, a man could still carry on with a daughter like Marta.

MARTA gave her dance the night after New Year's and Peter LeGrande, watching, decided he'd been an anxious old woman. She looked radiant in a severe black velvet dress, and Dugan seemed momentarily to have lost his reserve. Or perhaps, Peter reminded himself, it was because courtesy was so rare in these times that Dugan's manner had seemed unnatural. At any rate, they were the handsomest couple in the crowd and everybody liked them: a blind man could see that. He saw his bedtime approach with regret, and cursed his doctor for a fussy old maid. If he hadn't known about his heart he would have stayed on anyhow, but he didn't intend to give Paul Sauselle the satisfaction of saying "I told you so." He said good night to the people near him, patted Marta and Dugan, and departed, feeling happier than he had in four months.

And then, during supper, the thing happened.

Marta was utterly unprepared, but she realized afterward that the feud must have been smoldering from the beginning, and wondered at her own blindness.

Ralph was drunk, and Dugan had had enough to make him reckless; otherwise she felt sure he would never have lost his control under such circumstances. Dugan's control was at times inhuman.

There were sixty people at the dance and the supper was served buffet, which made the thing possible. Marta moved lightly about, supervising the service, and Dugan looked after the drinks. She was standing near him when he addressed Ralph, cordially:

"What'll yours be—cocktail or highball?"

Ralph was silent for a moment, then very deliberately he drew a flask from his pocket. "Neither one," he said very low—and swayed slightly. "I don't care about accepting my father's liquor from a bum that married my sister for her money."

Dugan stood motionless for an instant, then his fist shot out and caught Ralph's chin. Marta saw her brother rise under the impact, and then fold up like a rag doll on the polished floor.

THE rest was a nightmare. Several men got Ralph out and to bed, and Marta heard herself saying into a deathly stillness:

"Please finish your supper, everybody. If Dugan hadn't hit him for that I would have. Ralph was drunk, but that was no excuse."

They hadn't heard Ralph's remark, but they knew Ralph, and so they stayed on, out of sympathy for Marta's tortured eyes and Dugan Weeks' frozen, white face. It would be easier on these two if they pretended that such things happened every day. . . .

An hour later Marta and Dugan faced each other in the little apartment. Dugan spoke first.

"Don't look like that, please. I'm going now."

"Going?" She was barely able to get the word out.

"Yes. I ought to have gone before I let you in for something like this. It was bound to come."

She gripped the back of a chair to steady herself. "But—he deserved to be thrashed. I heard what he said to you."

"He was drunk, and even if he hadn't been it was beyond the pale for me to hit him in your father's house. If I'd been cold sober I'd have realized it, even in the face of a remark like that. I wasn't drunk, but I'd had too much to think straight. Do you suppose I can go on taking a job from your father after *that?*" They were in the bedroom and he began slowly to gather up his belongings.

Marta put out her hand imploringly. "Please, Dugan. Dad will understand; he despises Ralph as much as I do, I think. He knows it's partly his own fault, but he knows too that that doesn't explain or excuse Ralph."

"Him? He puts ice in his champagne!" *Lawrence La Riar*

He shook his head. "He might understand the provocation, but not my giving way to it—*I* wouldn't, in his place. I told you I wasn't worth a minute of your time; maybe you'll believe me now."

She crossed the room and put her arms about his neck. "Will you wait until morning to talk it over? I—can't stand any more tonight. But I love you, Dugan." Her slim body went suddenly limp with exhaustion and his arms caught her as she fell. He carried her across the room and laid her on her bed.

"Lie still," he ordered gently, "and let me put you to bed." He was thinking that it was the last time he'd ever see her, and that for once he was going to indulge his own tenderness.

When he had tucked her in he went to the bathroom and came back with a glass of water and a tablet. "Take this," he ordered.

She took it like a child, grateful for the prospect of oblivion. She couldn't bear thinking about tomorrow. She held up a hand to him.

"Good night, Dugan."

He took the hand and laid it for an instant against his face, then slipped it beneath the cover. "Good night, sweetest." . . .

The morning was far advanced when Marta woke. She sat up suddenly and looked at the bed beside hers. It had been slept in, but it was empty.

With a thudding heart she sprang up and ran to the living-room, swept it with a glance. Then she moved like a somnambulist toward the envelope on her desk. The note was short:

"My dear:

"I told you it wasn't possible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. I've written your father and tried to explain it, but of course I've failed. It wasn't that I was afraid to see him—although God knows it wouldn't have been pleasant—it was just that I could imagine what having to see me and talk to me would mean to him. But I couldn't see you; there's a limit to everything. I wonder if you know just how wonderful you really are?

"I'll be in Telos—or leave a forwarding address—if you want to serve me with any sort of papers."

She stood for several seconds without moving, then she crumpled silently, like a puppet when the string is broken, upon the floor.

JANUARY dragged its interminable length across the calendar. Marta was thinner than ever, and Peter LeGrande's step was a little heavy. The big house seemed emptier since Ralph had taken an apartment, but they were glad to be rid of him.

The suggestion had been Mr. LeGrande's. "I think it would be a good idea," he had said, "if you'd live in some place where you paid your own board. You can keep your job as long as you work at it, but I'm tired of being sponged on." And Ralph had managed an almost convincing swagger as he departed.

Marta made no explanations to her friends, and something in her eyes discouraged questions. They speculated among themselves, but that was all; for the rest they took her out with them as often as she would go, and confided to each other that somebody should have punched off Ralph LeGrande's head when he was an infant.

Peter discussed it with her only once—the morning of Dugan's departure.

"He's a stubborn devil," was the conclusion he reached. "Hadn't we better wire and tell him to come on home? As far as Ralph's concerned I don't see why somebody hasn't done it before this." Not even Marta knew what it cost him to say that, but Peter LeGrande was a realist.

But Marta shook her head. He didn't know it all, and even when the thing was over she couldn't tell him—not about the scene in the hotel in Telos. That scene, seared on her mind, was the reason she couldn't wire; for all she knew, Dugan might be using this as an excuse.

"No, darling; we've got to let nature take its course."

She moved into the big house but she couldn't give up the apartment—yet. Mr. LeGrande was willing for her to keep it; anything, he thought desperately, to drive that haunted look from her eyes. He proposed a trip: New York, Europe, anywhere, but she refused gently. She wanted to be where Dugan could find her—if he should try. And January died with a sigh, and made way for February. . . .

Peter laid aside his paper and groaned. "Bedtime comes earlier every night, damn it. I feel like I was an infant again."

Marta stopped knitting and laughed at him.

"But you know Paul's right. That's why you mind him."

He grunted scornfully. "I guess so, but I'd like to punch his face." He kissed her and went heavily from the room and her eyes followed him anxiously.

The room was very quiet when he had gone. Marta laid aside her knitting and opened a workbag, but her hands fell idly into her lap. Almost five weeks, and it took eight days to reach Telos and return. Surely a man could find the answer to himself in that time. . . . She closed her eyes, praying wordlessly to something she couldn't name.

SHE didn't hear Dugan come, but she felt him, standing in the open doorway. She lifted incredulous eyes to find his, waiting.

She couldn't speak, and she couldn't go to him because of the look on his drawn face. She simply sat and watched him as he crossed the room and came to stand before the log fire, one arm on the mantel and his head resting on his hand.

"I wasn't coming to see you," he said, "but I went by the apartment—fool sentimental notion—and you hadn't given it up. I had to find out why not." He stopped and waited.

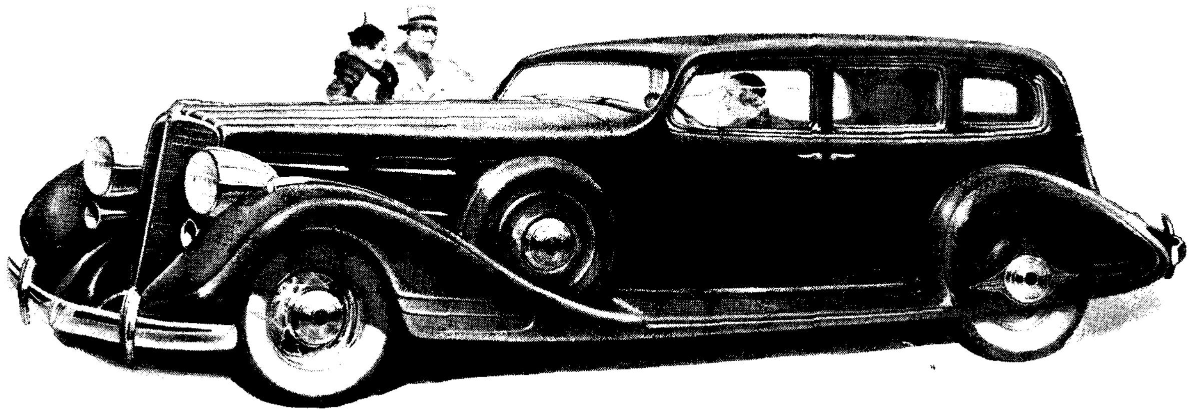
"I didn't know why not," she made herself say, "until now. Do you suppose this is the reason?"

He hadn't moved. He was still staring at the fire. "I've got to tell you this. Living with you spoiled me for—depravity. I went back to Telos, and the first night I discovered I couldn't—wallow, as you so graphically put it. I stuck it out three weeks and caught a ship for the States. I was going on through without worrying you, and then I went by the apartment—I'd kept a key—and your things and—and mine were still there." He turned and looked at her, noticing the immobility of her pose and the white flame in her face. "You've been ill," he said huskily.

Her smile was like a banner. "Not really. Pete wanted to take me away, but I was afraid you might come back and I wouldn't—be here."

Dugan Weeks stood perfectly still for a minute, because he didn't dare believe it. Then he whispered, "Oh, my darling . . ." and stumbled forward, to bury his face in her lap.

What!



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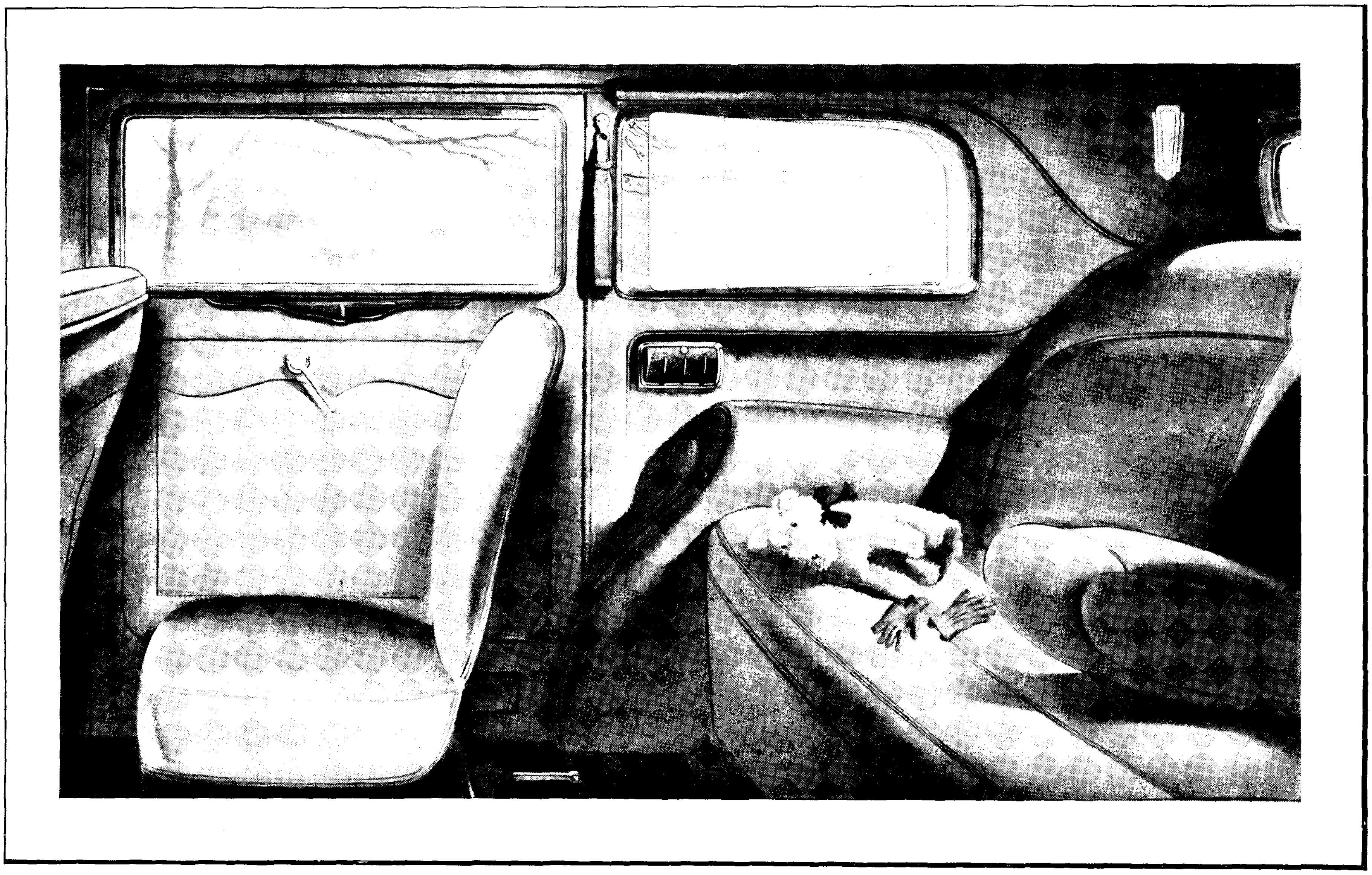

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Scalping the Indian

Continued from page 11

Blackfeet had already been handed to the whites. And why get excited over such a petty larceny scalping job as that when we have before us such a wholesale operation as the one done on the Osages?

Reeking as it does, not with the manly gore of the old days but with bureaucracy's three modern graces of incompetence, political connivance and breach of trust, this Osage transaction provides us with the makings for a really characteristic story. Here are a few high spots:

The Osages are native Kansans and until after the Civil War they lived happily, on juicy buffalo meat, within the confines of that state. Then, as too many white men appeared, they sold their land to the federal government for $10,000,000, with $2,000,000 of which they at once bought for themselves a new reservation down in the Indian Territory. Moving their tepees onto this fresh domain, they were again able to take life easy. The interest on their remaining eight million, which Uncle Sam had borrowed from them at five per cent, brought in $200 per Osage per year, and thus they had nothing to worry about. But their white friends did.

Eight million dollars is quite a desirable chunk of cash, and consequently it wasn't very long until the Indian Bureau, prodded from the rear by a lot of hungry politicians, dissipated that entire capital fund in a series of per capita payments. That settled that.

With each individual Osage handling his own finances, the eight million quickly evaporated, and so the tribe finally had to go to work. But not permanently. Other things were in store for them. To begin with, in 1906 they became allotted Indians, which meant that, under government guardianship, every brave, squaw and papoose in the tribe became the owner of 660 acres of land. The oil and mineral rights, however, were not divided. These remained tribal property and, presumably for the protection of its wards, Congress said that neither these rights nor any of the Osage lands could be sold or mortgaged for a period of twenty-five years.

When Congress passed the aforementioned law, though, it didn't really have oil in mind. In those days, it didn't, in fact, know much about oil anyhow, and then suddenly oil was struck. It was struck right. It literally poured out of the pores of the Osages' land and thus, before they knew it, but not before their ever-solicitous white friends had taken proper precautions to protect white interests, the Osages became the richest people, per capita, on earth.

The Golden Deluge

From 1915 to 1932 the Osage oil royalties amounted to approximately $100,000 for every brave, squaw and papoose in the nation, or for the entire tribe of about 2,400 defenseless individuals to the staggering total of $243,138,671. You can imagine what took place. Never before have gangsters and racketeers, disguised of course as business men, lawyers, politicians and even clergymen, had such a fine chance for legalized stealing laid before them, and naturally they hopped happily to it.

It was indeed a lovely spectacle. Every device for separating an Osage from his money that the astute Oklahoma mind could think of, from the comparatively moral shell game to the highly immoral one of inducing them to dig up huge sums for foreign missions, was resorted to in the robbery of the Osages. And they all worked. They couldn't help but work because, under the set-up for his financial destruction that had been arranged by Oklahoma politicians and connived at and agreed to by Congress, various Secretaries of the Interior and the Indian Bureau, the poor Osage had no more chance of coming out of the golden deluge with any of it sticking to him than he would have of swimming the Atlantic and not getting wet.

It was like this: Under the general federal law, all allotted Indians own their lands under the actual, definite guardianship of the Secretary of the Interior. Without his consent, or rather without his doing it for them, they cannot enter into any contracts of any kind in connection with property that is presumably their own, and neither can they contract debts or do anything else that would render them legally liable in civil actions. Obviously the intent of this law was to safeguard the Indian, in case his property became worth stealing, against white aggressions in the states by placing him under the immediate protection of the federal government.

In most states that law still stands, but not in Oklahoma; because, just as soon as the people in that grand commonwealth began to suspect from the odor in the atmosphere that their Indians were about to become oil wealthy, they had their national legislators get busy and railroad a bill through Congress to the effect that all minor and incompetent Indians in the state who had or who might become possessed of anything of value had to have all their business transacted for them by individual guardians appointed in each instance by the poor helpless devil's local county court. The court also had the power, of course, to declare them incompetent.

Fixing the Papers

The intent of this law, which was to strip the Secretary of the Interior of his power to protect the Oklahoma Indians, and at the same time to invest a lot of cheap local politicians and business men with the authority to rob them, is as obvious as the intent of the original federal statute itself, according to Senator King of Utah. Nowhere does it appear that any Secretary of the Interior, or any Indian Commissioner, has, until now, ever entered one word of protest against it. On the contrary it is quite clear, says the senator, that the accepted theory, both of Oklahoma and Washington, has been that the Osages should be liberally aided in dissipating their vast wealth. Here then is a typical example of the crude way in which that highly commendable scheme has been carried out.

Mr. Will I. Graft, one of those alleged attorneys at law, who knows not the meaning of the word equity, calls upon his county judge and has a talk with him. His Honor hesitates and stutters, and finally after he has shifted his quid a few times, he blurts out:

"Yes, Bill, I reckon I oughta appoint you, but-a, well, you see, Bill . . ."

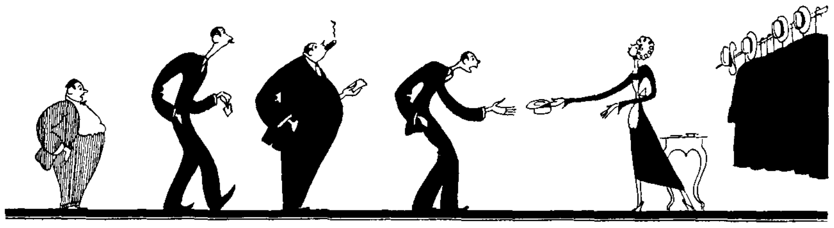
"Forget it, Judge," interrupts Mr. Graft. "I know what you're drivin' at and you needn't worry none. I'll fix you up all right and so all you gotta do is fix up the papers."

That's that. The papers are fixed; Mr. John Crumplehorn, a good old Osage who, having a squaw and three papooses, is destined to come in for half a million in royalties, is notified that he and his family are incompetent; that Mr. Graft has been appointed as their guardian, and at once—that is, as soon as Mr. Graft can invite the rest of the white braves to assemble for the scalp dance—the festivity starts.

Now that white men in Oklahoma have become guardians, and Indians wards, the skinning of the latter is a feat that any pusillanimous citizen can accomplish with perfect safety. To illustrate, let us continue with the case of Mr. Crumplehorn.

Under the guidance, then, of Mr. Graft, John affixes "his mark" to many, many documents which he can't read, and immediately he begins to become the owner of many, many things for which he has no more use than for a nail in his foot. For a $60,000 contract price, for instance, an honest Oklahoma builder is induced to erect for John, out on his allotment, a $30,000 jerry-built mansion, into which, for another twenty grand, another honest business man is persuaded to crowd about $10,000 worth of cheap furniture.

(Continued on page 35)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Hat-check and coat-room concessions are often sold at very high prices. Those in many restaurants and night clubs in the bigger cities bring $5,000 a year, and several large New York and Chicago hotels have been known to sell their annual coat-room contracts for as much as $50,000, or $962 a week.

A recent survey shows that official lotteries are held today in 30 foreign countries and that the citizens of the United States spend an average of $575,000 a week on tickets for them. *—By Martin Sommers, New York City.*

One of the greatest shocks ever received by the Christian world was the discovery—by the anatomists of the Middle Ages—that man did not lack a rib, as everyone had been led to believe for many centuries by the Biblical story of the creation of Eye.

The recent death of Solomon, King of the 300,000 Sulus, marks the passing of the last influential native ruler in Africa. He left 67 wives, six costly cars and his favorite court uniform, which consisted of a leopard-skin girdle, a gold-braided coat and a bus conductor's cap.

The official world's record for the running high jump is 6 feet 8¼ inches, which was made by a student of the University of Illinois in 1924. Yet there are today, and have been for years, many East African natives who have no trouble at all in clearing a bar set at 8 feet 5 inches. *—By Agnes H. W. Bancroft, Addis Ababa, Abyssinia.*

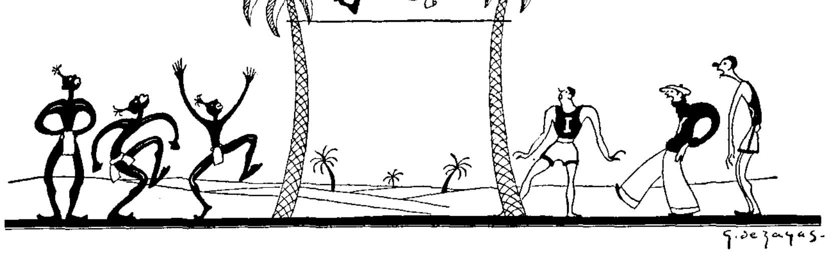
Despite the fact that there are 40 different methods of estimating the age of the earth, scientists still know little about it. They now mention 1,852 million years. Yet there is much evidence that its actual age exceeds this figure by hundreds of millions of years.

The natives of Liberia, who discovered the principle of the gyroscope long before it was known to civilized peoples, perform an almost incredible trick with a gyroscopic top. An expert can keep it spinning above his head for any length of time by repeated strokes with a small whip held in his right hand.

A rare phenomenon of the sky is the green ray sunrise, a lasting phosphorescent glow that must not be confused with the common "green flash" which is momentary and due to refraction. This green sunrise is usually seen over mountains and it inevitably portends the coming of an intense electrical storm. *—By D. M. White, New York City.*

In Yemen, Arabia, nearly every man, woman and child chews daily a bunch of khat, a native shrub, which gives them such a revived and stimulated feeling that they call it "The Flower of Paradise." All towns have their *mabrazes*, or public chewing houses, where those who can afford it rent a rug and a pillow and do their chewing to the strains of soft music.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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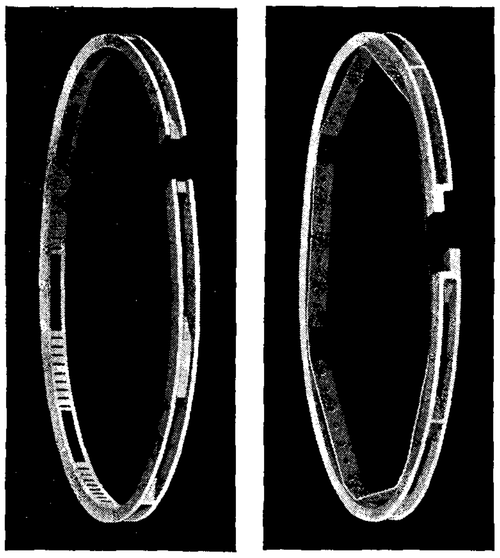

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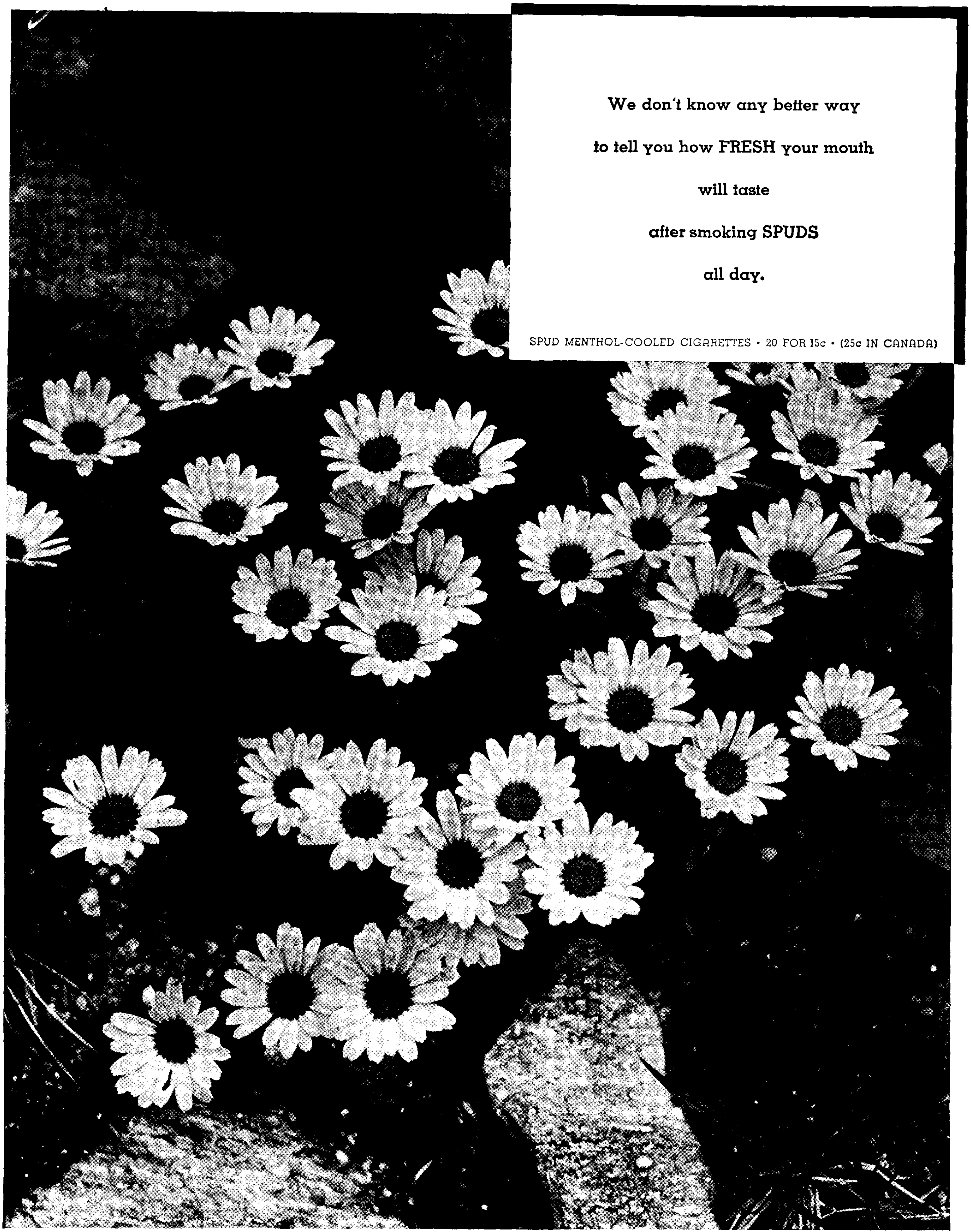

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Scalping the Indian

Continued from page 32

For $6,000 each Mr. Graft next supplies his ward with several $4,000 automobiles, one perhaps being a hearse that John likes the looks of because he and his friends can sit on the floor of it when they go riding; and then, following that, the lawyer's next move is to make John's squaw ridiculous by dolling her up in about $5,000 worth of cheap finery and jewels for which the "guardian account" gets nicked for twenty.

This, however, is only the beginning of the cruelty. John's income continues to be income; and, as buying things with it has now become a bore to Mr. Graft—who has, by the way, been foresighted enough to lay in a $2,000 coffin for John, although it didn't really cost Mr. Graft but half that—he now calls in the assistance of the banker and the preacher. The aid that this pair of experts can render is most helpful because it is continuous.

To the Last Penny

It works this way: By arrangement with the banker, who of course would never participate in the profits of the deal, Mr. Will I. Graft personally can every so often buy in at a heavy discount batches of worthless paper which he can immediately sell at par to Will I. Graft, Guardian, while at the same time poor John Crumplehorn's well-known interest in the conversion of the heathen of foreign lands, as expressed for him by Mr. Graft and the preacher, can be relied on to account for a substantial part of his now dwindling oil royalties.

Thus poor John hasn't and never has had a chance. Neither have any of the rest of the Osages. Having been literally thrown to their enemies by one administration after another, they have for fifteen years been consistently swindled, until today, out of more than two hundred and forty millions that the members of this small tribe have received, they have, relatively, nothing left, unless it be, as in some cases, their coffins.

At the present time, then, the situation of about ninety-five per cent of the Osages is this: They have no income; their high-priced autos are wrecks; their squaws' jewels and their bank securities are worthless; their jerry-built mansions, which rise up all over the "nation" as monuments to lawful theft, are rapidly falling apart, while they, themselves, horrible and amazing as it may seem, are, both as individuals and a tribe, prisoners within the state of Oklahoma.

When that last statement was made to me a few weeks ago I could hardly believe it. But it's true. Oklahoma's white men are not overlooking any bets. If an Indian has a dime or even a penny remaining they are out to get it, and consequently, fearful that some honest guardians might accidentally be appointed and that through them some few Indians might accumulate some cash, they high-pressured Congress into passing a law which practically prohibits any Oklahoma Indian from investing any of his money outside the state.

Thus the Osages, who have had a few honest guardians, and who have therefore saved a few out of their many, many millions, are up against it. As a tribe they have located two reservation sites, one in Texas and one in Montana, that they have long wanted to buy and move onto, but never yet have they been able even to begin to escape from their tormentors. Perhaps now they can do so. At least, so I am reliably informed, it is the intention of the present administration to do all it can to rescue not only the Osages but also all the other Oklahoma tribes from the clutches of the state.

That, however, may not be an easy thing for anybody to accomplish. You understand why. Greed and selfishness. Having been long accustomed to battening off the Indians, the business organizations and municipalities of Oklahoma will put up a strong fight against any liberalization of their laws which will give an Indian even a semblance of control over his own property.

In this respect, though, except that with them the business of robbing Indians is of such magnitude that they have tried to make a state monopoly out of it, the whites of Oklahoma are not different from the whites of any other state. Wherever you find Indians you will also find that they have been victimized. This has been especially true, so it seems, for the last three or four administrations. The Pueblos of New Mexico, for example, ever since Albert B. Fall opened the way for it, have been systematically swindled out of lands they were cultivating at the time Columbus discovered this continent, while only recently the poor Navajos have had to sit idly by and see an official of the government sell to his friends for a paltry $1,000 an oil structure of theirs which those friends immediately disposed of for several millions.

From now on, though, there is a good chance that this policy will be changed, because when I asked Mr. Collier if such was not the case he replied:

"Perhaps it will, but as you are probably already aware, whenever we try to do anything to help the Indians we are going to meet, automatically, with plenty of white opposition. Let me give you a case in point, and a most outrageous one. Up in Canton, South Dakota, there is an Indian insane asylum which has always been a disgrace to the Indian Service. Four years ago Dr. Silk, of Saint Elizabeth's here in Washington, visited this institution and made a report on it to the Secretary of the Interior in which he said that the conditions under which the Indians were confined were sickening and intolerable, and that furthermore a large percentage of the inmates were not insane, never had been and should be released.

White Men's Sins

"But nothing was done about it. Secretary Wilbur pigeon-holed the report; the cruelty at Canton was allowed to continue, and then, as soon as Mr. Ickes came into office he sent Dr. Silk back for another investigation. His new report is almost a duplicate of his previous one. The surroundings, he says, are filthy, inhuman and revolting. Many of the patients are chained to water-pipes and iron cots. Some are in strait-jackets. One man has been kept in solitary confinement for three years, and also, on top of all this, Dr. Silk repeats his former grave charge that a large proportion of these Indians, twenty out of a total of ninety-four, to be exact, are not insane and are only in the asylum because years ago they had had some slight difficulty either at a school or on a reservation.

"An example of this, given by Dr. Silk, is that of a male patient whose incarceration began eleven years ago and whose entire clinical record is that his mother was an alcoholic and that once he had a fight with a white man.

"But," went on Mr. Collier grimly, "just to bring out the point I am trying to make, do you think that the citizens of Canton are coöperating with Secretary Ickes and myself in the effort we are making to wipe out a disgraceful condition that has existed for years? They are not. On the contrary they have enjoined me from closing the institution, liberating the sane Indians and transferring the others to another government asylum. From which action," he concluded, "I would assume, and so would most people, that Canton is more interested in the paltry income it gets from the institution than in the welfare of its inmates."

From the foregoing specific examples, which have been carefully selected because they typify a number of sins: misapplication of funds, breach of trust, confiscation of land, neglect and actual cruelty, it is easy to see why *certain* Indian groups are not very grateful to the Bureau. But neither are *any* Indians grateful. In fact, no such thing as a contented Indian community any longer exists in this country.

What Are They?

Two things have been done to the Indians, both of which they bitterly resent. First, in place of being allowed to live in settlements of their own, where they could govern themselves and retain some of their old habits and ways of life, three fourths of the red men of this country have been forced to accept allotments of reservation land on which, without cash or credit, they have been told to try to make a living. While, second, nearly everywhere they have had their children taken away from them, practically kidnapped in many cases, and sent to boarding-schools where the education they receive only serves, in the vast majority of cases, to make them unhappy. It tends to unfit them to be Indians, it doesn't fit them to be whites, and so what are they? What will they become?

In another article this problem of allotted lands and boarding-schools, as well as what the present administration plans to do to remedy the evils that have grown out of them, will be discussed. But in the meantime, and so as not to leave with you the idea that nothing constructive has been developed in connection with the Indians, let me give you one last glimpse of the Indian Bureau. It is a truly inspiring one.

Seated at mahogany-topped desks in Washington, with their feet on many of them, or living in comfortable Agency quarters and school dormitories on the reservations, or romping around the country in automobiles, the Indian Bureau has one employee for every twenty-three and a half Indians in this country. And only last year, as was forcibly pointed out to Congress (and Congress did nothing about it, when it came to making up its annual pay roll), the Bureau found that to make the thing balance after it had used up every penny of the tribal income of all its ninety-nine reservations, it had to dig into the capital funds of its wards to the extent of more than nine hundred thousand dollars.

Is it any wonder, then, as you may recall, that a good many Western Indians almost starved to death last winter? And again, as Senator King said in discussing the Indian problem, what has become of that federal statute which prohibits deficits and imposes a penalty upon any government official who creates one by incurring obligations beyond those for which appropriations are made?

They can't
RUN UP
shoe bills
with these
SOLES

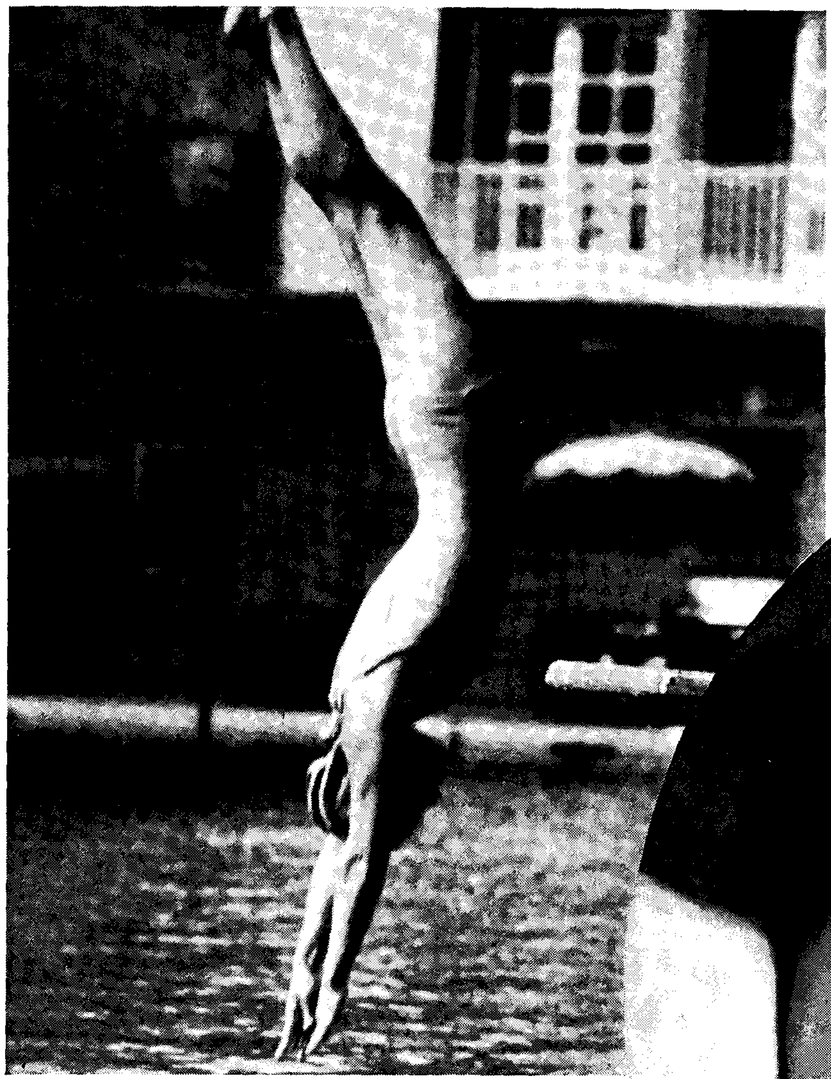
HEALTHY boys and girls just have to race and romp—but it certainly wrecks the budget when they run through shoes faster than you can buy them.

Spare your pocketbook—*save money*—by putting their restless feet in shoes with tough, sure-footed, waterproof Goodyear Wingfoot Soles. *No sole ever built will outwear them!*

Because a shoe stands up as long as its sole is good, these longer-wearing soles make shoes last longer—give weeks and weeks of extra service. For thrift's sake, look for them on new shoes—ask for them at repair shops. They cost no more.

GOODYEAR
Wingfoot
SOLES and HEELS
Quality products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio

Sleep



"THEY SLICE THROUGH THE AIR LIKE A GRACEFUL DIVER"

Pictured is the world renowned Miss Georgia Coleman, attractive Olympic Diving Champion. Writing from the swank Miami Biltmore Hotel at Coral Gables, Miss Coleman says, "The new skyway style Studebakers are the talk of the Florida smart spots—and what a thrill they are to drive. They seem to slice right through the air currents just like a graceful diver."

THIS DETROIT BUSINESS HEAD LIKES THEIR ECONOMY

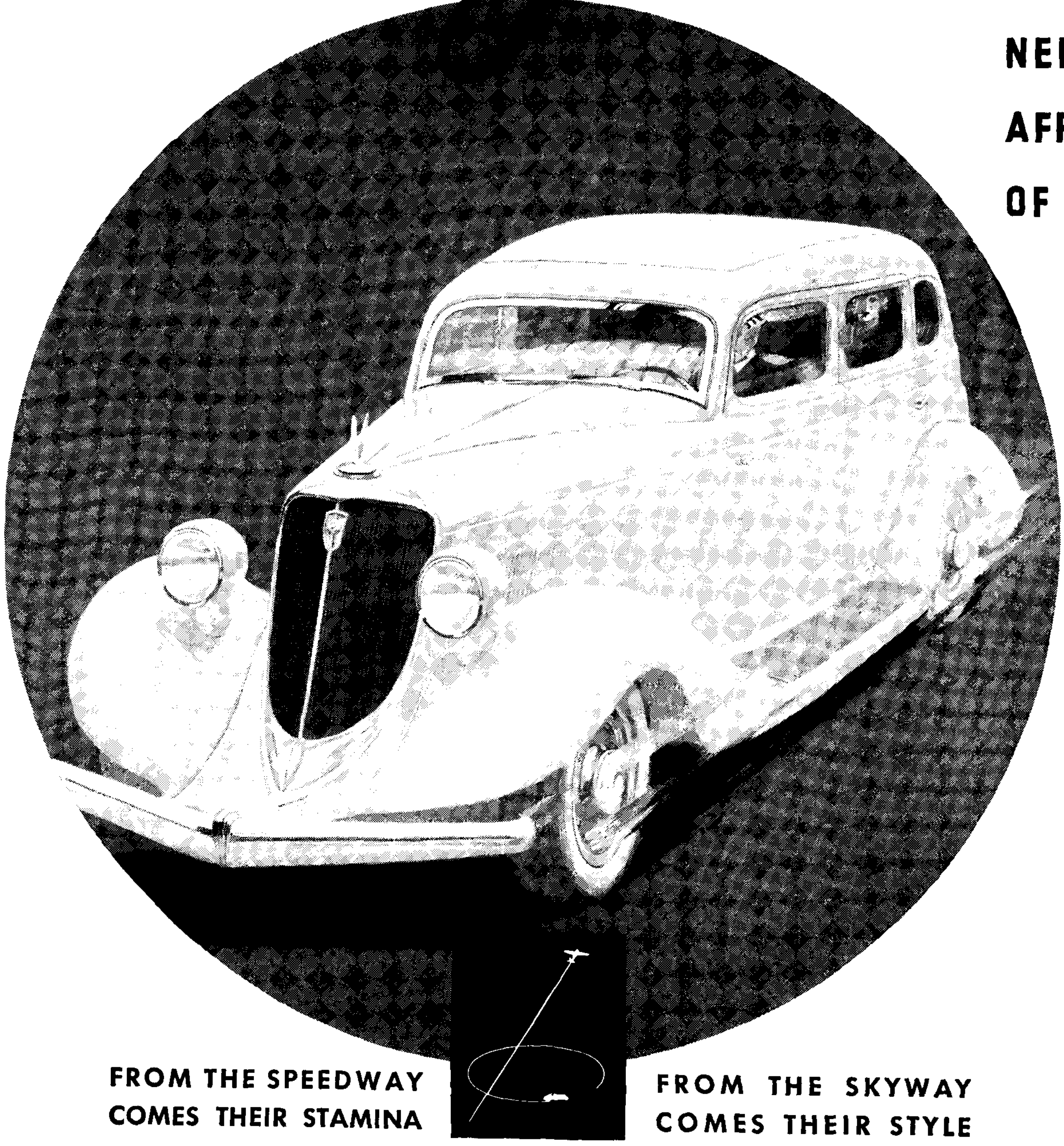
"I drive as much as 40,000 miles a year," states William A. Maher, general manager of Detroit's Precision Products Company. "You can't imagine how pleased I am with the performance and economy of my new Dictator. It gave me 18 miles to the gallon in the first 500 miles—and that average is constantly increasing. You're actually building and delivering a better automobile than you're claiming."

SPEEDWAY STAMINA AND CRASH-PROOF BODIES

The chassis stamina that gave Studebaker powered cars 7 of the first 12 places in the last Indianapolis Speedway race is matched by the new Studebaker bodies of steel reinforced by steel. Even two test drops from a 104-foot cliff recently failed to do serious harm to a new skyway style Studebaker. Fenders crumpled and hood loosened but every door opened and closed perfectly—car started instantly and was driven away under its own power.

baby sleep...

NEITHER SPEED NOR ROADS AFFECT THE AMAZING COMFORT OF STUDEBAKER REAR SEATS!



FROM THE SPEEDWAY
COMES THEIR STAMINA

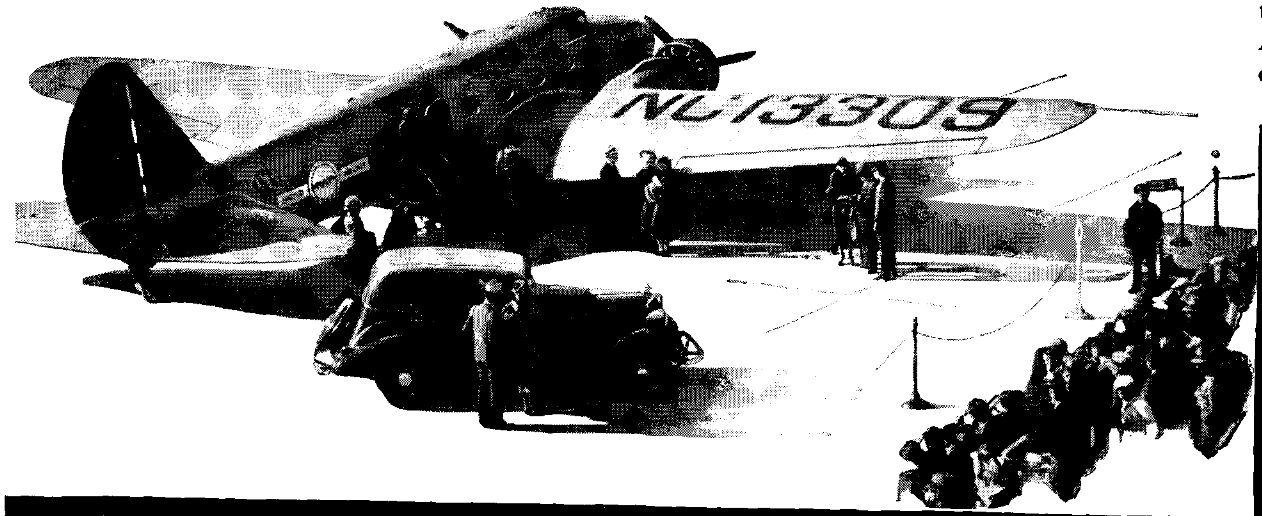
FROM THE SKYWAY
COMES THEIR STYLE

IN these startling new automobiles Studebaker has given the motoring public a double thrill! The world's first standard production cars of genuine skyway style! Comfort beyond anything in previous experience!

Confirmed rear seat riders have learned to their delight that these roomy, low swung new Studebakers successfully subdue pitching, jouncing and side-sway. This new-found riding ease is due largely to quadripoise suspension—Studebaker's own million-dollar engineering development. Quadripoise suspension keeps *all four,* not merely two, extremities of the chassis in balance regardless of speed or roads.

Mothers have found that infants can sleep in a new Studebaker almost as restfully as in bed. Older folks, and others to whom long motoring trips had been exhausting, look forward with real pleasure to the prospect of a Studebaker ride. Comparative demonstration convincingly proves that nothing in the entire realm of motoring matches Studebaker riding comfort.

These skyway style Studebakers are the finest cars Studebaker has ever built. They're priced $180 to $700 less than their brilliant predecessors. They're built like battleships—of steel reinforced by steel. They're upholstered and fitted like the costliest of cars—and provided throughout with uncanny "mechanical brains" that make driving almost entirely automatic. Arrange today for the great motoring thrill of the day—a Studebaker demonstration drive!



$645

AND UP, AT THE FACTORY

Startling **NEW STUDEBAKERS**

DICTATOR	$ 645	*Base prices at the factory. Bumpers, spare tires and special equipment extra.*
COMMANDER . . .	895	
PRESIDENT	1095	

Exposure may be a hazard to people with low resistance

They may take the obvious precautions, such as avoiding crowds, bundling up, and wearing rubbers when they go outdoors. But do they think of the other *kind* of protection they need? Are they doing anything to build up their *inner* forces? What are they doing ***to increase their resistance?***

People should not wait until *after* they are sick to think about their physical condition. The time for them to build up a reserve is *while they are well!* This is a modern idea of advance protection which has taken hold among thoughtful people.

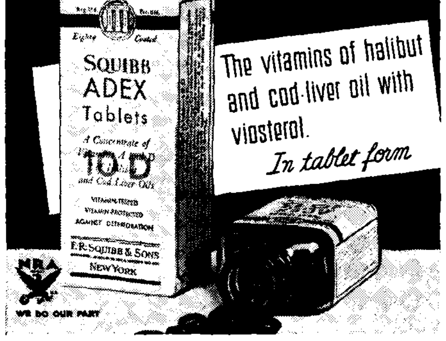
And they have found a convenient, pleasant way to practice it. By using a special resistance-builder every day—*Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D!*

Squibb Adex tablets offer the important factors which help build up good general resistance—Vitamins A and D. These are the vitamins for which so many physicians recommend halibut and cod-liver oils with Viosterol.

But people who do not like to take the oils prefer to obtain Vitamins A and D with *Adex*. They are so pleasant to take! And they are the *only* tablets made from *all three* important vitamin sources.

People who begin with *Adex* should make it a point to keep it up ***regularly every day***. Results are worth it. The regular use of *Adex* adds to comfort and efficiency all winter.

Now—at any reliable drug store—Squibb Adex. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.



Rough Air

Continued from page 21

were like that, driven on until their nerves balked. He worked tremendously hard on the lot, for acting meant everything to him, but otherwise she was not sure of his sincerity. There had been a great many stories about Barry Trent and Barry Trent's women.

He said: "You are analyzing me. What is it you wish to find?"

"Truth, perhaps."

"Most women are content to see what they see and let it go at that. You keep digging deeper."

"Female curiosity."

The cab drew in at her apartment. Barry Trent gave Anne a hand out and paid the fare and went up with her. She took off her hat, poking up the flattened edges of her shining hair. "Would you care for a drink?"

"A small spot, please," he said, and followed her into the kitchen with his talk. "Not simply curiosity. You're looking for something. You always are."

SHE came out presently with a highball for him and a glass of lime rickey for herself. She felt his quick eyes touch her head to foot and show a quick appreciation. It was something she wanted to resent, but could not.

"What am I looking for, Barry?"

"People in their own surroundings don't ask questions. Put them into a strange scene and they want to know what it's all about. This isn't your particular world, so you wonder."

"I've been here three years. Why shouldn't it be my world?"

"Time doesn't matter. Temperament does. I could tell you something about yourself, Anne."

"Shoot," said Anne, and settled on an opposite divan.

"Well, you are a fastidious packet. You pick up your skirts at the first sight of mud. Show people can be a free and easy bunch. We can be indiscriminate at times—which is a way of breaking the tension. You recoil from that sort of business. I think your own personal standards—which you try to conceal from us, by the way—are extremely rigorous."

"A prim and vinegary sort of a spinster? Not so, Barry."

"Vinegary?" he echoed, and raised his head. "God forbid. No, Anne. You pack a punch. When you do fall in love it will be without any reservations and it will be for good, and there won't ever be anybody else."

"Knowing that much, here you sit."

"Breed? Yes, if you were in love with him, I'd be wasting my time. Only," he said in a softer voice, "I'm not sure yet if *you're* sure you do love him. So there's my thin margin."

She didn't answer, and finally he shook his head. "No, of course you wouldn't open up. I should have known that." He looked at his watch and said, uncertainly, "Past six. I suppose I ought to go."

"Yes, Barry."

"All right, I will."

"Irrespective of the compliment—which never does any harm with women—would it help if I said I like you better? A lot better than I did."

"So we progress."

"You're quite clever," she retorted. "You've changed your tactics. You're not pressing the point, as you tried once to do."

"There you go—analyzing me."

"I can't help wondering. I am not even remotely within your orbit. You don't like permanency, or anything that looks like fireside and slippers. Yet here you are. Why, Barry?"

He bent forward. "Anne, you know utterly nothing about me. I wish you did."

"Look," said Sam Wein's voice, beyond the door. "Anybody in?"

"Enter."

He came through the door, saying rapidly, "Hello, hello, hello." Then his alert eyes caught Barry Trent and his good cheer perceptibly thinned. He grunted, "H'ya, Trent." Like that.

"Would you care for a drink, Sam?" said Anne.

"Am I asking?" Sam got hold of a chair and sat reversed on it, his arms hanging over the back. He sighed from the bottom of his stomach. "This is a day like I want no more of."

Anne brought him a highball and watched this flushed and uncomfortably fat man sip at it. Ease relaxed him. He made a gesture around the room. "Why can't Hollywood be peaceful once in a while, like this?"

"Anything on your mind, Sam?"

"Why, no," said Sam Wein. He merely touched Trent with his glance. "Maybe I had—and forgot. Sunshine wanted to come, but I sent him home. That boy's drunk. Like that this business hits him. So much old Sam can stand, and then no more. Try to keep up with a flyer. You got no idea."

"Jim's coming over?"

Sam Wein finished his drink. "I wouldn't be sure."

"It has hit him too," said Anne. "I never saw a man look so tired."

"Listen. I know flyers. They're up or they're down. See? Full of hell or full of misery—always like that. But I tell you, when Jim Breed gets low, he gets low. I can feel sad. Why not—what's there always to laugh at? But that boy just sits there and slides into a hole that ain't got no bottom."

"Perhaps," murmured Anne, "I ought to go over."

"I wouldn't. Tomorrow he'll be all right." Sam whirled his empty glass and a faint embarrassment reached his homely cheeks. "Y'know," he said, "that boy's great." Then he rose with an air of briskness. "I got to go." But he stopped and laid a silent inquiry on Barry Trent. Trent rose, grinning.

"Sure," he said. "But you don't need to protect this girl, Sam. She's got a better set of defenses than either you or I."

"She needs 'em," Sam observed, briefly.

They went out and Anne turned into the kitchenette with the empty glasses. It was suddenly dark and she turned to the light switch; the phone rang then. A woman's high-pitched tones came over the wire, too hurried, too friendless.

"Is Mr. Trent there."

"No," said Anne.

"You're sure?"

Anne's eyes narrowed on the wall. She said: "Of course. Mr. Trent left a little while ago." Afterwards her mind warned her and she added with unusual distinctness, "He left with Mr. Wein."

The woman hung up without thanks, that far receiver clashing on its hook. Anne stood there, alert and wondering, and a little disturbed. This was Hollywood, a vast sounding board of gossip. It didn't matter—but then it might matter, with a man like Barry Trent; for there was no kindliness in this colony. Its rumors, once started, stuck to you like filth.

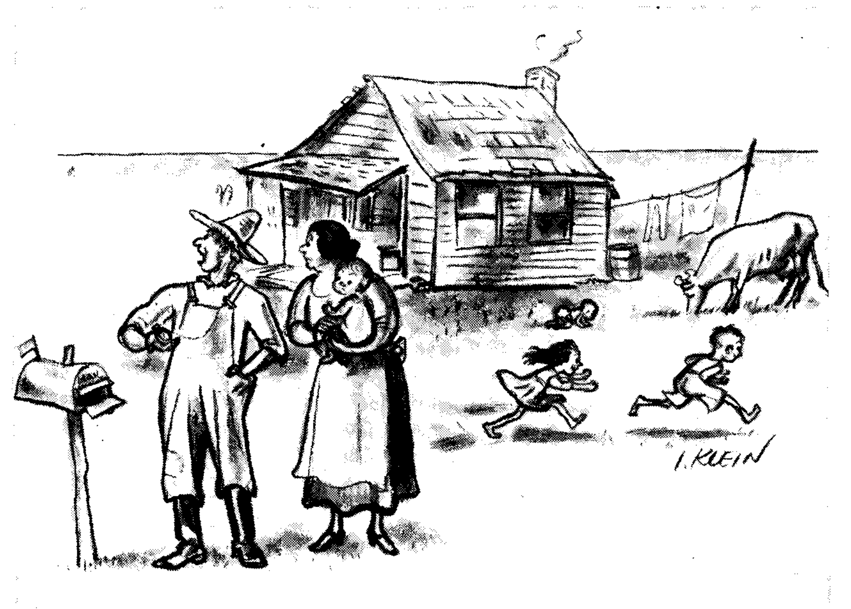
She went back to the kitchenette and laid out a cold meal and ate it. It was soon past seven, and very suddenly a quick, unreasonable longing got hold of her and took her back to the phone. She dialed Jim's number, faintly happy as she listened to the intermittent buzzing in the receiver. It seemed a long wait until the far end answered; a woman's voice, slow and drowsy, spoke:

"Yes?"

Anne pulled her mouth from the phone, and caught her breath. The next moment she hung up. That husky, faintly slurred and faintly possessive tone belonged only to Carol Castaine.

"IT'S ready for the test," said Rumsen.

Breed's half-closed eyes stared at the chart lying on the chief designer's plot table. This was what Rumsen and Rumsen's designer guaranteed the ship would do, though it lay in the hangar beyond them as purely experimental as anything turned out of a shop. There was that residual doubt none of them could shake. Would those precise calculations jell in the air, or had the final quality of flying been left out of the jobs? You never knew until you took it up. Breed kept his eyes on the chart,



"If the mail man isn't around in fifteen more minutes then it must be Sunday" *I. Klein* finger slowly following the graph lines while Rumsen said, with a great deal of positiveness:

"Two hundred and forty-five miles, level flight. Four hundred in a power dive. She'll answer to a whisper. She'll whip in and out of the tightest vertical bank you ever saw. She'll make every other fighting ship in the world so many pieces of ancient scrap."

"Yeah?" said Breed, gently. "So you know it'll fly?" He looked up after that faintly ironic question, not at Rumsen but at the designer, whose face had the dry, drawn absorption of a laboratory expert. This designer, Harnza, possessed none of the boisterous enthusiasms of his chief; there was a faint shadow across his return glance that would not leave until the ship had been taken up and put down, tested.

"I've shot the works on it, Jim," he said, very quiet of manner.

"Well, let's see it."

The three of them left the office and walked across the edge of the field to an adjacent hangar. It lay there in the shadows, with one hard shaft of sunlight reaching under the hangar roof to splash a yellow streak across the wasp-like fuselage. It was a wickedly beautiful job—that was his first reaction, and he stopped and laid his hand on a wing's leading edge with a stir of responsiveness. This was a military ship, an enormous power plant around which one man's clever mind had schemed to place as little as necessary to make it fly. Beautiful and wicked—and odd.

He sighted along the fuselage, he laid a bead from the underside of the wing to the tail surfaces, his reactions quick but not quite certain. You never knew in radical jobs like this. A mechanic idled in and wiped imaginary dust from the tip of the prop. He looked at Breed, but said nothing. The designer was silent, offering no suggestions; Rumsen watched Breed. It was up to Breed. They built a ship, but it was his hand that lifted it to the heavens and, in the interests of safety, tried to tear it apart.

He said: "I've got a crash on the lot tomorrow. Then I'm through there. Day after tomorrow, Rumsen."

"She'll fly," Rumsen said heartily.

"We'll soon find out," qualified Breed, and met Harnza's glance. It was tough on designers, for sometimes ships went wrong and sometimes the pilot didn't get clear—and then it was the designer who had that thing on his mind for the rest of life. Going back to the driveway, he reflected that Harnza would age a year while he stood on the earth and watched the flash earthward in the great, cruel test of a plane—the power dive. Breed settled himself in the car and grinned at Harnza.

"Sure you shot the works. You always do."

"The Army's sending over some men," said Rumsen. "If that job works they can junk all the stuff they got."

BREED nodded and drove away. But his mind remained a little while behind, on the ship. When he came down out of the sky, ten thousand feet vertically, how cleanly would the elevators bite into that howling hurricane of air hissing like steam along the fuselage? Science had transmuted metal and fabric into something as near animate as man would ever devise. But science had no answer to the ultimate question. You took it up and then you found out whether or not life had been breathed into it. There was always a feeling about ships; and the feeling evoked by this one was odd. It roused him from the even run of his thinking, it left him wondering. Premonition? Maybe. As long as you trusted instinct you were safe; yet you were always a little ashamed of instinct and you reasoned yourself out of it. As Slim had done—and all those men who were dim shapes in the yonder mists now. Luck ran out. You got your breaks; but there was always a last break to the bad. It wasn't a matter of skill, for behind skill lay the inscrutable law, against the certain operation of which nothing stood.

He left the main highway beyond town and cut his engine and coasted behind the French farmyard set. He got out and went through a false door and found the cameras banked to command a bench beside the pool wherein the seven ducks floated. Castaine sat on the bench, with her make-up box. Barry Trent smoked a cigarette near-by, obviously on edge, while Gottschalk stormed gutturally with the sound men in the rear.

IT WAS a close-up love scene. Interlude to war while the American ace made love to another Madelon in the smiling, intense Trent manner. Hunger beneath nonchalance, which was a superb box-office technique. Flimsy, yet the genius of the surly German, Gottschalk, would lift it out of all cheapness to the tune of two million dollars' worth of business.

Carol saw him and beckoned. Trent came up, too, and stood there, unable to keep his shoulders and hands still. The delay made him irritable. Carol Castaine's eyes touched Breed with a pleased, personal warmth. "Watch this scene, Jim. And trade the characters around a little in your mind."

"Him and Her—just before the battle," said Breed, grinning a little.

"You can be too skeptical an animal, darling. What does it buy you? Watch the scene. Stand over on the far left where I can see you—and remember."

Breed's deep tan showed an extra redness. He said, almost curt: "Everything's grist for your mill, Carol."

Gottschalk came up, lips petulant. "This damned sound has ruined pitchers. They don't want a director. They want Einstein and a couple trap drummers. Breed, we shoot the crash tomorrow at two. At two."

"All right." Breed turned off, and stopped. "Don't forget tonight." He went on then, going to the hangar beyond the farmyard set. Half a dozen idle hands stood by a war-time Spad and Sunshine Smith reared his head from the cockpit and slushed the sweat off his cheeks.

"Look it over, Jim."

Breed stepped up and stared into the cockpit. Half the instruments had been taken out; crash pads lay along the board. "Thick as I could make 'em," added Sunshine. "It'll be bad enough. You want to go over and look at the two trees?"

"Tomorrow's soon enough."

"Any time's too soon. Gottschalk strung enough barb wire to hold in a herd of cattle. He had a trench eight feet deep. I wouldn't stand for it. What the hell?"

"Sure. Don't forget tonight."

"Oke," said Sunshine, and then laid his hands on the cockpit's edge and stared down. "Look. Wash out what I said the other night."

"How do you wash out the truth, kid?"

"Well, you're entitled to a break."

"How do you get breaks?"

Sunshine wiped his hands along his jumper. The high-bred, faintly intolerant face didn't change, but there was doubt in his eyes. "One accident means another. When you set this crate down, you set it down right."

Breed strolled out. He paused to scratch a light on the tin sides of the hangar; and stared through the hot, gold brightness of the day. Gottschalk had gone back to the sound people; all

(Continued on page 40)

"Look what I found when I lost the 7 stains"

"YES, that gorgeous ring means I'm engaged!—to the man I've always loved—and almost lost.

"For a time, he seemed to avoid me. I wondered why, until . . .

". . . he sent some flowers to my chum, and I . . . I read the card. It said 'To the girl with the loveliest smile I ever saw'!

"That day I spent crying—and gazing into my mirror. Realizing how frightfully dull my teeth had become—wondering how my chum kept *her* teeth so sparkling white.

"Well, trust *me.* I found out. 'The things you eat and drink,' she told me, 'leave 7 kinds of stains on teeth. Mere hints of stains, at first, that you can't see. But most toothpastes don't remove them all, so your teeth gradually grow duller. Use Colgate's Dental Cream—it's specially made to remove *all seven kinds of stains!*'

"Well, you can see I took her advice. See how my teeth gleam—how gorgeously white they are.

"We're being married in June."

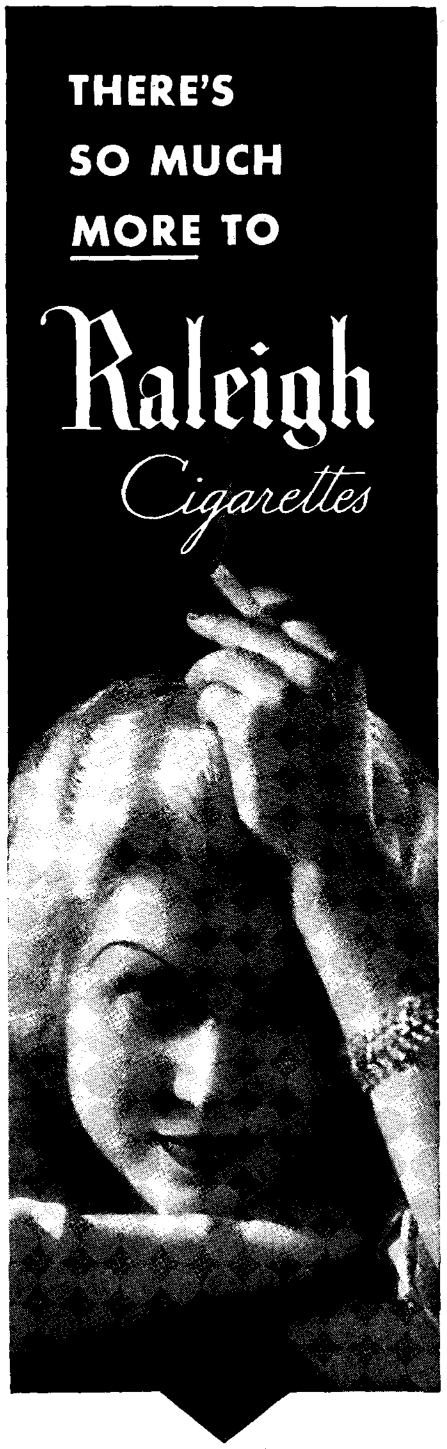
Don't let the 7 stains mar your beauty . . . your happiness

Would you love to see your teeth whiter, more sparkling? Then get a tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Let its *two* cleansing actions remove all 7 kinds of stains that come from food and drink—stains that no dental cream with only *one* cleansing action *can* remove.

And ten days from now, see what a difference this two-action dental cream can make. Gives sweeter breath, too. And Colgate's at 20¢ is the most economical of all good toothpastes . . . the least expensive of all beauty aids. Buy a tube today.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder also has TWO cleansing actions. It gives the same remarkable results and sells at the same prices.

COLGATE'S
RIBBON
DENTAL
CREAM
LARGE TUBE
NOW
20c
GIANT TUBE
(Double quantity)
35c



A little more character to the tobaccos. A little more to the way they're blended. A little more in the choice of plain or cork tips (which don't stick to my lips). It all adds up to much more of a smoke. And then, the FREE coupon in each pack. 85 bring a bridge set, two decks of gilt-edged, initialed Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards. Other attractive premiums. (Offer good only in U. S. A.)

PLAYING CARDS—FREE

SAVE THIS VALUABLE B&W COUPON
TIPPED
Raleigh
CIGARETTES

PLAIN OR CORK

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

(Continued from page 39)

the extras were taking a philosophic ease in such shade as was to be found. But Trent and Castaine remained by the pool, with a prop man holding a beach umbrella over Castaine. She saw Breed and beckoned again. Breed only waved back and went to his car. He drove off immediately.

Castaine spoke irritably to the prop man. “Take that damn' umbrella away. It collects heat. My make-up's running now.” She watched the prop men go, watched Barry Trent move nearer. She turned her back to Trent, pursing her lips at the make-up box mirror as she touched the outline of her lips with a pencil. Over her shoulder she said to Trent:

“You're trying to make Carson, Barry.”

“Lay off, Carol.”

“All women are experiments to you. The more difficult the woman, the more interesting the experiment.”

“So?” he said distantly.

“Oh, don't be so grand!” she flashed out. “I'm not dumb. But *you* are if you think you're getting by unnoticed. I could lay the details of your last affair on the line—do you know that?”

He was silent; and she shifted the make-up box slightly to catch his face in the mirror. His mouth was sullen-shaped, but he recovered his poise; spoke casually: “Well, what?”

“You're not as clever as Carson. She can smell acting a mile off. You've got only one bet. Be your natural, charming self—and try to find something in you which will do for sincerity. She'd like that.”

“Am I being helped?” he asked, malice edging his words.

She put the make-up box down and swung about. Gottschalk was walking up from the background. Carol spoke swiftly:

“You are, and if you don't see why, you're not very bright. But sophistication won't do. What's in that to reach a woman's feelings? Make her sorry for you, Barry.”

“Ready,” said Gottschalk.

“About time,” retorted Carol Castaine. “This grease is frying on me.”

“All right,” called Gottschalk.

“Quiet please! Quiet! Mr. Gottschalk is ready. . . .”

JIM'S voice came easily over the wire. “It's six-thirty. How would some beer and cold cuts go?”

“Five minutes.”

“I'll be leaning by the pasture fence. The boy on the end of the line, with the store shoes.”

She locked her machine and went into the morgue to repair the havoc of this hot day in a hot office. One small bead of sweat lay in the center of her forehead; she felt wrecked and clammy, but she went out through the local room with her heels tapping rhythm and her shoulders up. Bill Gaynor lifted his eyes. He had a slip of paper in his fingers which he casually folded together and laid beneath one palm. He was, she saw, worn ragged. It showed at the corners of his lips.

“When you're my age,” he said glumly, “you won't be so indecently alive.”

“The old man of thirty.”

“I was born old.”

She went on, smiling, and he watched her turn through the doors and pause to say good night to the boy at the gate. He picked up the slip of paper and stared at it noncommittally; he called across the aisle to a thin young man angularly drooped over a typewriter. Cigarette smoke trailed from the fellow's nostrils, and apparently from his eyes; he was stripped down to a violent blue shirt.

“Peck.”

Peck came over. Peck was the man on the police beat, with a silver “Press” badge pinned to one suspender. Bill Gaynor handed him the slip.

“Another one of those anonymous *pro bono publico* things. But find out about it.”

Peck's eyes flicked across the page. “Up Carson's alley, ain't it? Not mine.”

“Turn the old mind over. If I didn't give it to Carson there must be a reason. You find out. Have a dick put on it. Now don't tell more than seventeen people. This is private information I want.”

“Oke.”

“Hollywood,” said Bill Gaynor, venomously.

ANNE walked through the lower lobby and into the street. Jim Breed, standing at the building's entrance, fell in step and watched for the quick, slanting smile. He put his arm out and blocked off the stream of the crowd until she swung into his machine illegally parked at the curb. She looked back through the rear window and saw the intersection officer start nimbly forward; he had recognized the car. Breed got out of there fast, the whistle cursing him from behind. They were caught up by the traffic flow and carried through center town's deep gorge, Anne relaxed against the leather seat. Jim was one man, it was good to know, you never had to keep up an idle conversation with. Out twenty blocks, they parked in a quieter street and went down a half-flight of steps into a basement restaurant filled with booths and people and German music coming from a nickel-slot machine. An expansive waiter bowed them back to a corner. There was sawdust on the floor and smoke in the dark-timbered ceiling. A red checkered cloth covered the table.

The waiter came up with two steins of beer and two platters of cold supper cradled on his arm. Anne clinked her stein with Jim's. “To what?”

He said, not smiling: “To whatever there is.”

It was strong, bitter beer, but it was cold. She ate a little of her salad and relaxed against the booth wall. Indolence had hold of her, and an introspective curiosity. Jim offered her a cigarette, which she refused; and he lit one for himself and sat with his heavy head supported by the heel of his palm. His eyes studied the table, his thick thumbnail cut patterns idly across the cloth. He looked tired and rumpled.

“Hard day?” she asked.

“No. Nothing much done. I looked at a couple ships.”

“The crash?”

“Tomorrow.”

She put her stein down. She said, “Jim—” and when he raised his eyes, she added, “I'll have a cigarette now.” This was not what she had meant to say. He instantly understood that.

“What was it?” he asked.

But she shook her head. “I took my vows when I got engaged to you, mister. I can't change you. I wouldn't try.”

“You're getting the worst of this bargain. I knew that in the beginning.”

“No,” she said. “You are, yourself.” Her smile crossed the table, quite steady, quite soft. “I think you're admirable.”

The waiter arrived with more beer. Anne said: “To whatever there is. What will that be, Jim?”

“You're the greatest piece of luck I ever had.”

“Mutual expressions of esteem,” she murmured. “How ridiculous love could be—if it were not so sublime.”

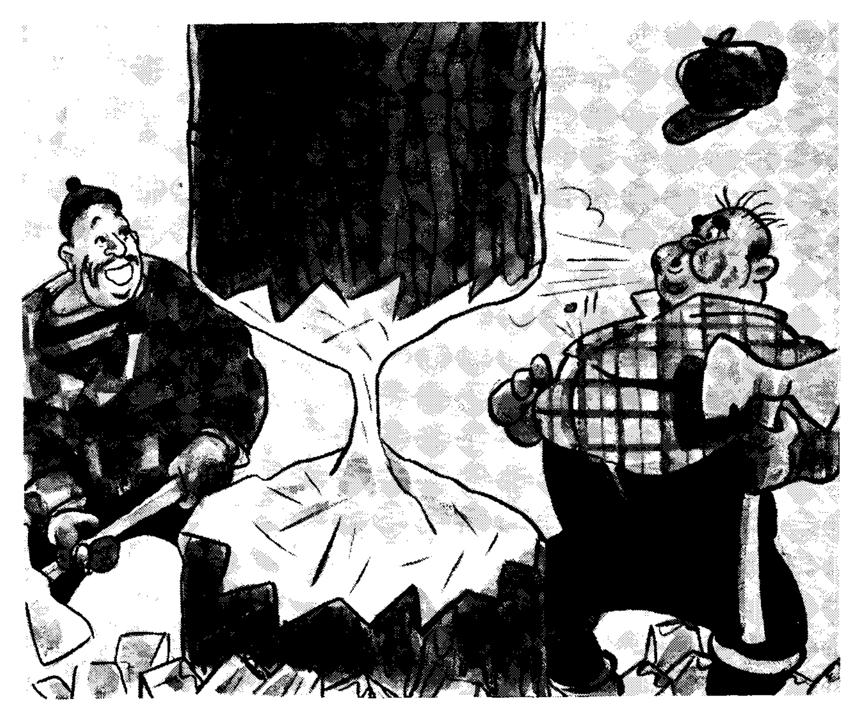
The talk stopped there. They were two people with so much to be said that could not be said; and the silence was more expressive than speech. A dancing pair came by the booth, scuffing up the sawdust of the floor—a girl with her chin pressed into a man's shoulder, eyes holding a look of far wonder. Anne pulled her glance suddenly away. A wall clock said seven-thirty. Breed paid the bill and they went out to a sunless street, into the first softness of twilight.

IT WAS past eight when they drew up in front of Anne's apartment, where a long line of cars stood parked at the curb. They tramped up the stairs, Anne's body swaying gently against Breed, and they walked down the hall; she got out her keys, but Breed reached ahead of her and tapped on the door—and opened it. Sam Wein met them, and behind Sam twelve or fifteen people turned and faced out. Sam said cheerfully: “Surprise.”

“Why!” said Anne, and stared at Jim. A long, sound smile cut across his mouth. He reached into his pocket and he took hold of her left hand; and when she looked down a great, square solitaire flashed against the room lights. She raised her head, all at once pale and near tears. Breed pulled her near and kissed her—very gently.

“This is our party. You go get something on. We're stepping out!”

(To be continued next week)



“Only one breath now, or you don't get your wish!” *Ed Graham*

Princess O'Hara

Continued from page 9

Empire, and walk along until he comes to a line of stalls that do not seem to have any watchers around in the shape of stable hands at the moment. Then Frying Pan Joe just steps into a stall and comes out leading a horse, and if anybody sees him, they are bound to figure he has a right to do this, because of course not even Sherlock Holmes is apt to think of anybody stealing a horse around this town.

Well, when Regret gets a good peek at the horse, he sees right away it is not just a horse that Frying Pan Joe steals. It is Gallant Godfrey, one of the greatest handicap horses in this country, and the winner of some of the biggest stakes of the year, and Gallant Godfrey is worth twenty-five G's if he is worth a dime, and when Regret speaks of this, Frying Pan Joe says it is undoubtedly the most valuable single piece of horseflesh he ever steals, although he claims that once when he is stealing horses along the Animas River in Colorado, he steals two hundred horses in one batch that will probably total up more.

THEY take Gallant Godfrey over to Eleventh Avenue, where Princess O'Hara keeps Goldberg in a little stable that is nothing but a shack, and they leave Gallant Godfrey there alongside old Goldberg, who is groaning and carrying on in a most distressing manner, and then Regret and Big Nig shake hands with Frying Pan Joe and wish him goodby.

So there is Princess O'Hara with Gallant Godfrey hitched up to her victoria the next night, and the chances are it is a good thing for her that Gallant Godfrey is a nice tame old dromedary, and does not mind pulling a victoria at all, and in fact he seems to enjoy it, although he likes to go along at a gallop instead of a slow trot, such as the old skates that pull these victorias usually employ.

And while Princess O'Hara understands that this is a borrowed horse, and is to be returned when Goldberg is well, nobody tells her just what kind of a horse it is, and when she gets Goldberg's harness on Gallant Godfrey, his appearance changes so that not even the official starter is apt to recognize him if they come face to face.

Well, I hear afterwards that there is great consternation around Empire when it comes out that Gallant Godfrey is missing, but they keep it quiet as they figure he just wanders away, and as he is engaged in certain large stakes later on, they do not wish it made public that he is absent from his stall. So they have guys looking for him high and low, but of course nobody thinks to look for a high-class race horse pulling a victoria.

When Princess O'Hara drives the new horse up in front of Mindy's, many citizens are anxious to take the first ride with her, but before anybody has time to think, who steps up but Ambrose Hammer, the newspaper scribe who has a foreign-looking young guy with him, and Ambrose states as follows:

"Get in, Georges," Ambrose says. "We will take a spin through the Park and wind up at the Casino."

So away they go, and from this moment begins one of the greatest romances ever heard of on Broadway, for it seems that the foreign-looking young guy that Ambrose Hammer calls Georges takes a wonderful liking to Princess O'Hara right from taw, and the following night I learn from Officer Corbett, the motorcycle cop who is on duty in Central Park, that they pass him with Ambrose Hammer in the back seat of the victoria, but with Georges riding on the driver's seat with Princess O'Hara.

And moreover, Officer Corbett states that Georges is wearing King O'Hara's old stovepipe hat, while Princess O'Hara is singing Kathleen Mavourneen in her loud contralto in such a way as nobody ever hears her sing before.

In fact, this is the way they are riding along a little later in the week, and when it is coming on four bells in the morning. But this time, Princess O'Hara is driving north on the street that is called Central Park West because it borders the Park on the west, and the reason she is taking this street is because she comes up Broadway through Columbus Circle into Central Park West, figuring to cross over to Fifth Avenue by way of the transverse at 66th Street, a transverse being nothing but a roadway cut through the Park from Central Park West to the Avenue.

There are several of these transverses, and why they do not call them roads, or streets, instead of transverses, I do not know, except maybe it is because transverse sounds more fancy. These transverses are really like tunnels without any roofs, especially the one at 66th Street, which is maybe a quarter of a mile long and plenty wide enough for automobiles to pass each other going in different directions, but once a car is in the transverse there is no way it can get out except at one end or the other. There is no such thing as turning off to one side anywhere between Central Park West and the Avenue, because the 66th Street transverse is a deep cut with high sides, or walls.

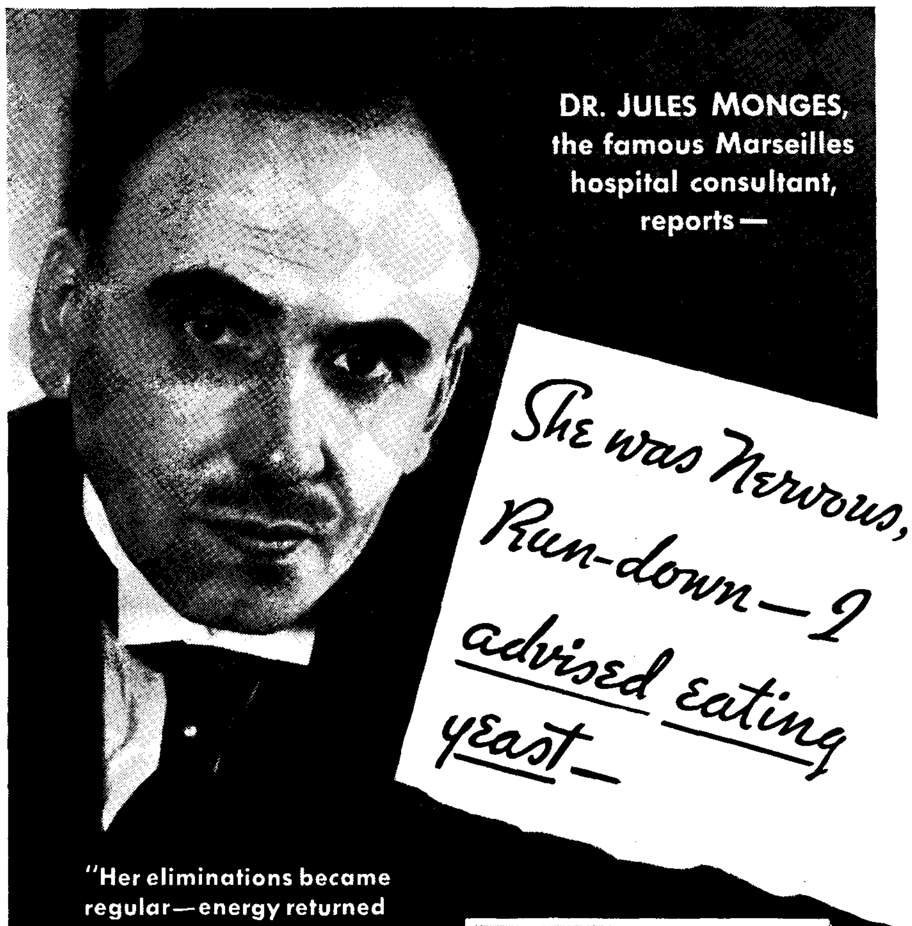
Well, just as Princess O'Hara starts to turn Gallant Godfrey into the transverse, with the foreign-looking young guy beside her on the driver's seat, and Ambrose Hammer back in the cushions, and half asleep, and by no means interested in the conversation that is going on in front of him, a big beer truck comes rolling along Central Park West, going very slow.

And of course there is nothing unusual in the spectacle of a beer truck at this time, as beer is now very legal, but just as this beer truck rolls alongside Princess O'Hara's victoria, a little car with two guys in it pops out of nowhere, and pulls up to the truck, and one of the guys requests the jockey of the beer truck to stop.

OF COURSE Princess O'Hara and her passengers do not know at the time that this is one of the very first cases of histing a truckload of legal beer that comes off in this country, and that they are really seeing history made, although it all comes out later. It also comes out later that one of the parties committing this historical deed is nobody but a guy by the name of Fats O'Rourke, who is considered one of the leading characters over on the west side, and the reason he is histing this truckload of beer is by no means a plot against the brewing industry, but because it is worth several C's, and Fats O'Rourke can use several C's very nicely at the moment.

It comes out that the guy with him is a guy by the name of Joe the Blow Fly, but he is really only a fink in every respect, a fink being such a guy as is extra nothing, and many citizens are somewhat surprised when they learn that Fats O'Rourke is going around with finks.

(Continued on page 42)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(Continued from page 41)

Well, if the jockey of the beer truck does as he is requested without any shilly-shallying, all that will happen is he will lose his beer. But instead of stopping the truck, the jockey tries to keep right on going, and then all of a sudden Fats O'Rourke becomes very impatient and outs with the old thing, and gives it to the jockey, as follows: Bang, bang.

By the time Fats O'Rourke lets go, The Fly is up on the seat of the truck and grabs the wheel just as the jockey turns it loose and falls back on the seat, and Fats O'Rourke follows The Fly up there, and then Fats O'Rourke seems to see Princess O'Hara and her customers for the first time, and he also realizes that these parties witness what comes off with the jockey, although otherwise Central Park West is quite deserted, and if anybody in the apartment houses along there hears the shots the chances are they figure it must be nothing but an automobile backfiring.

And in fact The Fly has the beer truck backfiring quite some at this moment as Fats O'Rourke sees Princess O'Hara and her customers, and only somebody who happens to observe the flashes from Fats O'Rourke's duke, or who hears the same buzzes that Princess O'Hara, and the foreign-looking young guy, and Ambrose Hammer hear, can tell that Fats is emptying that old thing at the victoria.

The chances are Fats O'Rourke will not mind anybody witnessing him histing a legal beer truck, and in fact he is apt to welcome their testimony in later years when somebody starts disputing his claim to being the first guy to hist such a truck, but naturally Fats does not wish to have spectators spying on him when he is giving it to somebody, as very often spectators are apt to go around gossiping about these matters, and cause dissension.

So he takes four cracks at Princess O'Hara and her customers, and it is a good thing for them that Fats O'Rourke is never much of a shot. Furthermore, it is a good thing for them that he is now out of ammunition, because of course Fats O'Rourke never figures that it is going to take more than a few shots to hist a legal beer truck, and afterwards there is little criticism of Fats' judgment, as everybody realizes that it is a most unprecedented situation.

WELL, by now, Princess O'Hara is swinging Gallant Godfrey into the transverse, because she comes to the conclusion that it is no time to be loitering in this neighborhood, and she is no sooner inside the walls of the transverse than she knows this is the very worst place she can go, as she hears a rumble behind her, and when she peeks back over her shoulder she sees the beer truck coming lickity-split, and what is more, it is coming right at the victoria.

Now Princess O'Hara is no chump, and she can see that the truck is not coming right at the victoria by accident, when there is plenty of room for it to pass, so she figures that the best thing to do is not to let the truck catch up with the victoria if she can help it, and this is very sound reasoning, indeed, because Joe the Blow Fly afterwards says that what Fats O'Rourke requests him to do is to sideswipe the victoria with the truck and squash it against the side of the transverse, Fats O'Rourke's idea being to keep Princess O'Hara and her customers from speaking of the transaction with the jockey of the truck.

Well, Princess O'Hara stands up in her seat, and tells Gallant Godfrey to giddap, and Gallant Godfrey is giddapping very nicely, indeed, when she looks back and sees the truck right at the rear wheel of the victoria, and coming like a bat out of what-is-this. So she grabs up her whip and gives Gallant Godfrey a good smack across the vestibule, and it seems that if there is one thing Gallant Godfrey hates and despises it is a whip. He makes a lunge that pulls the victoria clear of the truck, just as The Fly drives it up alongside the victoria and is bearing over for the squash, with Fats O'Rourke yelling directions at him, and from this lunge, Gallant Godfrey settles down to running.

While this is going on, the foreign-looking young guy is standing up on the driver's seat of the victoria beside Princess O'Hara, whooping and laughing, as he probably figures it is just a nice, friendly little race. But Princess O'Hara is not laughing, and neither is Ambrose Hammer.

NOW inside the next hundred yards, Joe the Blow Fly gets the truck up alongside again and this time it looks as if they are gone goslings when Princess O'Hara gives Gallant Godfrey another smack with the whip, and the chances are Gallant Godfrey comes to the conclusion that Westrope is working on him in a stretch run, as he turns on such a burst of speed that he almost runs right out of his collar and leaves the truck behind by anyway a length and a half.

And it seems that just as Gallant Godfrey turns on, Fats O'Rourke personally reaches over and gives the steering wheel of the beer truck a good twist, figuring that the squashing is now a cinch, and the next thing anybody knows the truck goes smack-dab into the wall with a loud kuh-boom, and turns over all mussed up, with beer kegs bouncing around very briskly, and some of them popping open and letting the legal beer leak out.

In the meantime, Gallant Godfrey goes tearing out of the transverse into Fifth Avenue and across Fifth Avenue so fast that the wheels of Princess O'Hara's victoria are scarcely touching the ground, and a copper who sees him go past afterwards states that what Gallant Godfrey is really doing is flying, but personally I always consider this an exaggeration.

Anyway, Gallant Godfrey goes two blocks beyond Fifth Avenue before Princess O'Hara can get him to whoa-up, and there is still plenty of run in him, although by this time Princess O'Hara is plumb worn out, and Ambrose Hammer is greatly fatigued, and only the foreign-looking young guy seems to find any enjoyment in the experience, although he is not so jolly when he learns that the coppers take two dead guys out of the truck, along with Joe the Blow Fly, who lives just long enough to relate the story.

Fats O'Rourke is smothered to death under a stack of kegs of legal beer, which many citizens consider a most gruesome finish, indeed, but what kills the jockey of the truck is the bullet in his heart, so the smash-up of the truck does not make any difference to him one way or the other, although of course if he lives, the chances are his employers will take him to task for losing the beer.

I learn most of the details of the race through the transverse from Ambrose Hammer, and I also learn from Ambrose that Princess O'Hara and the foreign-looking young guy are suffering from the worst case of love that Ambrose ever witnesses, and Ambrose Hammer witnesses some tough cases of love in his day. Furthermore, Ambrose says they are not only in love but are planning to get themselves married up as quickly as possible.

"Well," I say, "I hope and trust this young guy is all right, because Princess O'Hara deserves the best. In fact," I say, "a Prince is none too good for her."

"Well," Ambrose says, "a Prince is exactly what she is getting. I do not suppose you can borrow much on it in a hock shop in these times, but the title of Prince Georges Latour is highly respected over in France, although," he says, "I understand the proud old family does not have as many potatoes as formerly. But he is a nice young guy, at that, and anyway, what is money compared to love?"

Naturally, I do not know the answer to this, and neither does Ambrose Hammer, but the very same day I run into Princess O'Hara and the foreign-looking young guy on Broadway, and I can see the old love light shining so brightly in their eyes that I get to thinking that maybe money does not mean so much alongside of love, at that, although personally, I will take a chance on the money.

I stop and say hello to Princess O'Hara, and ask her how things are going with her, and she says they are going first class.

"In fact," she says, "it is a beautiful world in every respect. Georges and I are going to be married in a few days now, and are going to Paris, France, to live. At first I fear we will have a long wait, because of course I cannot leave my mamma and the rest of the children unprovided for. But," Princess O'Hara says, "what happens but Regret sells my horse to Last Card Louie for a thousand dollars, so everything is all right.

"Of course," Princess O'Hara says, "buying my horse is nothing but an act of great kindness on the part of Last Card Louie as my horse is by no means worth a thousand dollars, but I suppose Louie does it out of his old friendship for my papa. I must confess," she says, "that I have a wrong impression of Louie, because the last time I see him I slap his face thinking he is trying to get fresh with me. Now I realize it is probably only his paternal interest in me, and I am very sorry."

WELL, I know Last Card Louie is such a guy as will give you a glass of milk for a nice cow, and I am greatly alarmed by Princess O'Hara's statement about the sale, for I figure Regret must sell Gallant Godfrey, not remembering that he is only a borrowed horse and must be returned in good order, so I look Regret up at once and mention my fears, but he laughs and speaks to me as follows:

"Do not worry," he says. "What happens is that Last Card Louie comes around last night and hands me a G note and says to me like this: 'Buy Princess O'Hara's horse off of her for me, and you can keep all under this G that you get it for.'

"Well," Regret says, "of course I know that old Last Card is thinking of Gallant Godfrey, and forgets that the only horse that Princess O'Hara really owns is Goldberg, and the reason he is thinking of Gallant Godfrey is because he learns last night about us borrowing the horse for her. But as long as Last Card Louie refers just to her horse, and does not mention any names, I do not see that it is up to me to go into any details with him. So I get him a bill of sale for Princess O'Hara's horse, and I am waiting ever since to hear what he says when he goes to collect the horse and finds it is nothing but old Goldberg."

"Well," I say to Regret, "it all sounds most confusing to me, because what good is Gallant Godfrey to Last Card Louie when he is only a borrowed horse, and is apt to be recognized anywhere except when he is hitched to a victoria? And I am sure Last Card Louie is not going into the victoria business."

"Oh," Regret says, "this is easy. Last Card Louie undoubtedly sees the same ad in the paper that the rest of us see, offering a reward of ten G's for the return of Gallant Godfrey and no questions asked, but of course Last Card Louie has no way of knowing that Big Nig is taking Gallant Godfrey home long before Louie comes around and buys Princess O'Hara's horse."

Well, this is about all there is to tell, except that a couple of weeks later I hear that Ambrose Hammer is in the Clinic Hospital very ill, and I drop around to see him because I am very fond of Ambrose Hammer no matter if he is a newspaper scribe.

He is sitting up in bed in a nice private room, and he has on blue silk pajamas with his monogram embroidered over his heart, and there is a large vase of roses on the table beside him, and a nice-looking nurse holding his hand, and I can see that Ambrose Hammer is not doing bad, although he smiles very feebly at me when I come in.

Naturally I ask Ambrose Hammer what ails him, and after he takes a sip of water out of a glass that the nice-looking nurse holds up to his lips, Ambrose sighs, and in a very weak voice he states as follows:

"Well," Ambrose says, "one night I get to thinking about what will happen to us in the transverse if we have old Goldberg hitched to Princess O'Hara's victoria instead of one of the fastest race horses in the world, and I am so overcome by the thought that I have what my doctor claims is a nervous breakdown. I feel terrible," Ambrose says.

The Gravy Boat

Continued from page 18

novel set-ups established by the Roosevelt administration. Government was more remote from business and industry, and even the average citizen had fewer and less sensitive contacts with the federal machine.

The boys of old got smaller returns. One of the most successful once estimated that he cleaned up about $125,000 a year. That was big money, for he was the smoothest of the lot, serving a Balkan queen and American sugar and railroad barons when they wanted favorable publicity or legislation. That is only small change today. One deserving Democrat is estimated to have profited himself to the extent of three times that amount in ten months, and he can still sing: "My gosh, how the money rolls in!"

The disappearing tribe was more colorful and entertaining. Though they walked about quietly enough by day, posing as men-about-town interested in people and events, they came to life—and lobbying—at night. Their homes or hotel suites—and both were always in the best of taste—echoed with revelry after the tuxedo hour, and there was always plenty of food and liquor, and sometimes pretty women, for legislators and officials who would attend.

The boy prospering now is a regular lawyer, with businesslike offices and fast-working partners. He does nothing on a contingent basis, which is well, in view of his lack of success in those departments where contracts and codes abound. He rarely, if ever, appears in the law courts, but he calls Cabinet members by their first names, and he reminisces—aloud, of course—of his experiences as a political or governmental official in the days when.

He does not neglect social avenues or graces, but unlike professional lobbyists, who prefer to keep their guest lists out of the newspapers, he makes sure that they are run in the society columns.

There have always been, and will always be, political lawyers, but whether they cash in on their reputations as politicians depends either on the Administration or the public. For a decade Republican lawyers had the preserves almost to themselves, and since recent administrations had wealthy clients' interests uppermost in mind, they delivered fairly well. Among prominent Republicans engaged in law practice here, and mostly before government agencies are Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, National Chairman Everett Sanders, William P. MacCracken, C. Bascom Slemp, Frank Mondell and Phil Campbell, and, of course, Washington is a legal sanctuary for "lame ducks."

It is the public rather than any statute which can most effectively clean up a mess of this sort. In the present instance it has been the gullibility of the customers—bankers, business men, manufacturers, governors, mayors, and even ordinary citizens—which maintained this politico-legal market, and may continue to do so despite President Roosevelt's intervention.

Scared and suspicious supplicants, who have denounced all government as selfish and inefficient for so long that they believe it, provide the trade. They refuse to listen to Secretary Ickes and others when they point out that 90 per cent of the money paid in legal fees for federal services is wasted and unnecessary. As a matter of fact, whenever a proposition reaches a department or emergency agency in the physical or literary tow of a lawyer too politically prominent, it is subjected to special scrutiny and extraordinary delay; their presence and persistence harm rather than help the would-be beneficiary.

They Won't Be Convinced

Donald Richberg, NRA counsel, says that lawyers are seldom needed even in framing codes, and other spokesmen contend that the earlier codes, which were drawn without much benefit of barristers, are better than those surrounded by too many whereases through the mediation of legalists, political and otherwise.

From the President down, every official has tried to convince the public of the foolishness of hiring political names. Mr. Ickes, by a formal regulation, has closed all doors, ears and tongues in his vast department, even forbidding the lowest subordinate to give out information lest somebody pretend that it was obtained through "influence," and charge a big fee for getting data available to any messenger boy.

In other ways he gives the fishy stare—and he can give it—to the politico-legal coterie, whether they are present or former national committeemen, former departmental officials, sons of United States senators or veteran party wheel-horses. Moreover, he has as assistant the man who framed the late Senator Kenyon's bill for registration of lobbyists, the same man who did the off-stage work for the Caraway Lobby Committee in 1929—Harry Slattery. A hard-working lawyer himself, Harry boils when some politician breezes into his office, blows a kiss with his fingers and chirps: "Goo'by, Harry. Just pulled down a big fee, and you won't see me for a while. The missus and I are starting on a trip around the world." The lawyer doesn't say it, but the suckers—may their tribe diminish—paid for that world tour.

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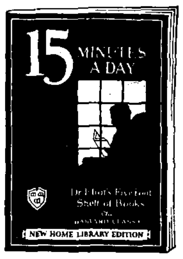

Sleepless Nights?

HOW often have you tossed and turned, unable to sleep because of a tickling in the throat, or a slight cough? Just put Mistol Drops in each nostril before you go to bed—and see how much better you sleep! Mistol Drops safely soothe nose and throat irritation, whether from smoking or because you have caught cold.

If it's a cold that's coming on, stop it right where it starts—before it has a chance to spread. Colds are a germ infection, you know, and the nose and throat membranes offer an ideal place for cold germs to multiply and spread.

When you put Mistol Drops into your nose and let it run back into your throat, it spreads its healing medication into the deepest nose and throat passages.

Many cold treatments are too strong and harsh, but Mistol Drops, as your doctor will tell you, are mild and harmless.

Use Mistol Drops regularly. A few drops in the morning will help protect you against the disease germs you may breathe during the day: a few drops at night will keep your nose clear and clean, keep your breath sweet, make you breathe easily and sleep soundly. Get a bottle today at your drug store!

Mistol Drops
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Mistol Drops

STOP COLDS BEFORE THEY START

ALSO USE ESSENCE OF MISTOL ON HANDKERCHIEF AND PILLOW

STETSON

A SIZE AND SHAPE FOR EVERY HEAD

presents for Spring THE CHESTON

SMARTEST refinement of the snap-brim vogue is this new Stetson. A slight curl at the back—a brim that narrows ever so little on the sides—and a bound edge—give the "Cheston" its look of debonair distinction. All the new Stetson styles and colors for the spring season of 1934 are now on display at your favorite men's shop.

Other Stetsons for spring, at $6 (unlined), $6.50, $8, $10 and upward. Also the Stetson MITY-LITE, new extremely light-weight "crusher," at $5.

NRA

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY

AT THE BETTER STORES

STETSON

Straight from the Feed Box

Continued from page 14

hear, "Waterspout did a mile in 1:38."

A man walks to a phone booth under the stands. The sleep leaves the voice at the other end of the phone when he hears, "Waterspout breezed a mile in 1:38." "One thirty-eight," the voice repeats. "Thanks for the info."

A half-hour later a man walks into a Miami telegraph office. "Waterspout breezes mile one thirty-eight stop finished strong full of running." The wires carry it to a New York racing sheet. Two hours later a pool room in Seattle, a hotel lobby in Winnipeg, a drug store in Frisco, a barroom in Havana will be buzzing with the news.

Wherever people are interested in racing they are saying, "That Waterspout breezed a mile in 1:38 at Tropical Park this morning. He'll bear watching next time out."

Not a Bad World

Meanwhile Waterspout, covered with a blanket, is being walked around by a proud stable boy. Trainers, jockeys, owners, boys, all look at him with interest. Ten minutes before he had been merely another promising two-year-old. Now he is a horse to be watched. They take the blanket off him and sponge him down with warm water. The trainer watches with horse-wise eyes.

"His legs look warm," the trainer says. He walks into a stall—it's really his home while the Tropical Park meeting is on. There is a small bed there and a large table laden with bottles, liniment boxes, leg bandages, foot hooks, sponges and brushes. You read some of the labels on the bottles: sugar of lead, quinine sulphate, gall salve, Giles Lotion, hoof dressing, Bigeloil, mustard, fever medicine. The trainer is humming softly, quite contented. He makes a dressing composed of sugar of lead, zinc sulphate, tannin, Goulard's Extract and sal ammoniac.

Waterspout is back in his stall now nibbling gently at hay. The trainer, followed by a boy carrying leg bandages, enters the stall. The bandages are soaked in the mixture and bound around his forelegs. Waterspout looks pleased. His legs had felt a bit hot. Now they are cool, the hay is good, he feels pleasantly drowsy and this nice little Negro boy is stroking his neck and calling him sweetheart. Heigh-ho, Waterspout thinks, not a bad world at all.

We leave and walk up the long line of stalls. In all there are 700 horses here today. Boys are wielding water and brushes on the outside of the stables. Inside and out these stables must be spick-and-span by seven o'clock or some boy will spend an unhappy ten minutes with George Read, the high priest of this end of the track. Everywhere we see activity. The track is wide-awake now. Post time is seven hours away but the stage is being set, the actors being groomed for their parts, and scene shifters are arranging the backdrops.

We walk along the row of stalls and sometimes stop to talk to a horse. Why, of course you can talk to a horse and if you don't think he understands you, why you just don't love horses, that's all.

We pass the horses owned, and bred, by Col. E. R. Bradley. Here is Blessed Event. Here's the dark-eyed Battling Knight. All of Bradley's horses have names which begin with "B." There is no hay in the food rack in Battling Knight's stall. He's going to race this afternoon and doesn't he know it, though? Yesterday we went in his stall and passed the time of day but now he only raises his head and says: "Run along. I need my rest. I'm going to work this afternoon. But," he adds hastily as we move on, "drop in after the race and we'll talk it over."

We pass the C. V. Whitney horses and the Greentree stable of Mrs. Payne Whitney. The horses raise limpid eyes and we stroke the silken sheen of their noses. If we are really understanding they lay their heads on our shoulder and whisper information right from the feed box.

Then we hear the bleat of a goat. It comes from the stall occupied by Lawless Lady. This lady doesn't look a bit lawless. Beside her, rubbing his head against the side of the stall, is the scrubbiest, orneriest-looking brown-and-white goat you ever saw. The goat looks at us suspiciously.

"Give him a cigarette, mister. He loves them," a stable boy says.

We hold out a cigarette and the goat's eyes light up. He accepts it and chews it happily. The goat has accepted us. Lawless Lady walks over on dainty legs and puts out her nose in a gesture of friendliness. Lawless Lady is so beautiful that when you look at her you catch your breath. We like her goat—therefore she likes us.

"She thinks that goat is her foal," the stable boy whispers. "She won't behave unless he's in here with her."

We leave, and Lawless Lady, like a real hostess, walks to the opening of the stall with us. Whoever named this sweet thing Lawless Lady?

When horses get on the track with the heels of the jockeys pressing their sides and with the roar of 20,000 frenzied spectators burning in their ears—then they are high-strung, quivering bundles of nerves. But when you wake them in the morning and when you pat their soft noses and (if the trainer isn't looking) slip them a bit of sugar, they're as gentle and quiet as three-week-old puppies—and of course far more intelligent.

Keep Him Amused

We walk on and here are the horses owned by William Gallagher, and here is Donovan, who trains them. We notice that one of his horses, Moralist, is wearing a cribbing bit. Donovan explains:

"This horse was a wind sucker," he says. "He'd just breathe in deeply and fill his lungs with air. It ruined his racing and he didn't win a stake until I discovered what was wrong with him. Now a horse is like a baby. If you leave a baby alone like that with nothing to do, why, sure as you're born, the baby will start sucking its thumb. Moralist got into this habit of sucking wind into his lungs. Now I've given him this bit to chew on and he's happy as can be.

"Now, Red Cap here," Trainer Donovan goes on, pointing to a horse that looks as if it were eating a pie plate, "has a sore leg. He kept biting at it until I put that 'bib' on him. Now the leg's getting well."

We'd like to spend the rest of the morning talking to such horses as the soulful-looking Wild Rosebud; the delicate Kiltamond; the aristocratic but friendly Lady Adair; the laughing-eyed Merry Bud; the musical son of Melodia, which is named Croon; the romping Just Fun, with a come-on-and-play invitation in his eyes—but there are other things to see.

The track is full of horses now. It's seven o'clock. One trainer is school-ing some youngsters at the starting post. Another is eying the track anxiously. A cloud no bigger than your hat has appeared and this trainer is wondering if rain is coming. If there is time a horse is replated for a muddy track. A horseshoe isn't a horseshoe at the track—it's a plate.

Right off the paddock there is a small office and here there is plenty of activity. Seven races are to be held this afternoon and a total of seventy-two horses are entered. Tom Thorp, veteran racing writer and track official, walks in. He is one of the three track stewards at Tropical Park. A clerk hands him four yellow slips.

"These four horses have been scratched today," he tells Thorp.

"Why?" Thorp snaps.

"Firefly because he has a bad fever," the clerk reads; "Good Boy has a cold. Dancing Diamond and Pink Lady are scratched without reason."

"Send Knowles to the stables to check up on Firefly and Good Boy," Thorp says. Dr. Adam T. Knowles is the track veterinarian. "Get hold of the trainers of the other two and tell them to see me. They've got to have a good reason or I won't let them withdraw."

A millionaire, owning a stable of a hundred horses, riding to Miami in a private car has to bow to the word of the track stewards, who get fifty dollars a day.

The three stewards at Tropical are Thorp, Vincent Treanor, once famous as a sports writer and now equally well known as a fearless, alert and capable official, and Samuel Nuckols.

There was a time when racing was pretty much an affair of second-rate people racing first-rate horses but that was before they had stewards like Thorp, Treanor and Nuckols and owners like Bradley, the Whitneys, Widener and others. The stewards are responsible for everything that happens on the track, and woe betide a jockey or a trainer who tries to put something over on these keen-eyed men who love racing so that even a careless ride on the part of a jockey fills them with rage.

A few weeks ago the stewards at Tropical Park (and their counterpart may be found at Hialeah Park, Belmont Park, Saratoga or wherever racing is held under organized auspices) set down Jockey Pat Remillard for ten days—and even the stewards admitted that the boy's only crime was overanxiousness.

Trying Too Hard

The kid had won a six-furlong race on Flying Sailor. Coming down the stretch, Flying Sailor had a two-length lead over Phantom Legion, which was second. Remillard had his mount well out on the track, but several lengths from home he crossed over to the rail. Had Phantom Legion been closer, this action would have interfered seriously with his chances. Actually Remillard's action didn't affect the outcome of the race at all. But the stewards had noticed what they called his careless riding.

"We suspended him as a lesson to the other boys," Treanor said after the race. "These jockeys are just kids but they earn plenty of money and they have a big responsibility. They must be alert all the time and they must learn to avoid being overanxious and careless."

Let's leave the stewards and the handicappers studying their charts. We roam around the track and find that order is emerging from the chaotic confusion of an hour before. A dozen men are making sandwiches at the lunchroom under the stand. There is a hustling in the clubhouse kitchen and cooks are putting huge caldrons on the fire while helpers peel potatoes and onions and shell peas.

"A state sanitary inspector comes in here every few days," Track Superintendent George Read tells us proudly. "And he always gives us a rating of one hundred per cent."

The sun is climbing high now and the last of the horses is being led from the track. Trainers don't exercise horses at six in the morning because they like to get up early but because at six the sun hasn't had a chance to get hot.

Now the track and the stands are turned over to Read's gang and they'll have them immaculate by post time. On Read's pay roll we find listed tractor men, water-wagon men, day and night watchmen, uniformed police, plain-clothes police, track carpenters, stand carpenters, public address men (announcers), stable foremen, stable water men, sign painters, pump house men, blacksmiths. There's more to racing than jockeys and horses.

If You Love Horses

It's nearly nine now and the jockeys and the stable boys have about finished their morning's work. Many of them are splashing happily in a pool behind the stables.

"We built that pool for the kids," Read laughs. "Keeps them happy. It's best for youngsters not to have too much time on their hands. This is the only track in the country that has a pool for the boys."

The track is cleared now and tractors buzz around the oval, smoothing down the jumbled dirt. Sprinklers play gently on the straightaway in front of the grandstand. Trainers walk over to the track lunchroom behind the stables for a belated breakfast. The sun pours down a golden stream of warmth tempered by a steady breeze. People in Miami, Miami Beach, Coral Gables are waking up and yawning, "Let's go to the races this afternoon."

And they'll never realize that they've missed the most interesting and fascinating part of the races. We've watched the track come to life after a night of sleep. They'll see Moralist, Miss Donovan, Clarity, and Quick Step go thundering down the stretch this afternoon, mere shimmering brown streaks against the green background of the infield. We've been in the stalls with these horses, stroked the unbelievable softness of their necks and whispered in their ears.

They'll see Lawless Lady emerge from the pack twenty lengths from home and they'll shriek encouragement to this speedy horse—but we've seen Lawless Lady look at a scrubby, no-account goat with a wondrous light in her eyes and we've been accepted by her as a friend.

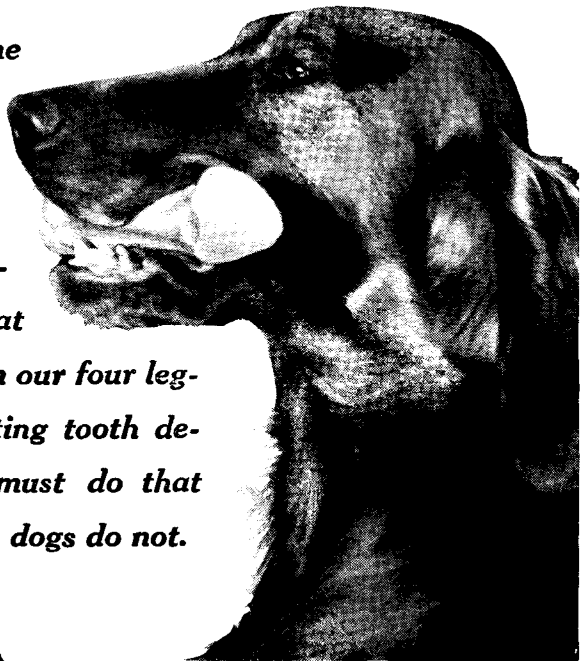
They'll bet on horses because Wright or Porter is riding them and they'll talk learnedly about these two fine jockeys and discuss their ability at riding horses; discuss the hands of the jockeys; the courage of the jockeys. But we've had ham and eggs with Wright and Porter at dawn and we know that they're only two nice kids and we know just how much they send home to their folks each week.

Let the crowd have the track in the afternoon. We'll take it in the dawn when the Royal Palms and the Australian Pines which border the track are awakening. We'll take it with our ham and eggs with Negro stable boys crooning "I wanna be in Tennessee . . ." and with horses shaking the sleep from their eyes and whinnying impatiently for their breakfast.

For we love horses and you don't see horses at the track in the afternoon—You only see horse races.

One Reason a Dog's Teeth Seldom Decay

Students now offer the answer to these puzzling questions; why puppies eat mud; why dogs' favorite delicacy is a bone. What we have learned from our four legged pets about fighting tooth decay. What people must do that dogs do not.



An attractive smile must depend on glistening, healthy teeth. Many women forget that fact until too late.

Breeders of show dogs see that the dog's diet contains plenty of minerals and vitamins.

How an artist of a century or more ago would depict the tortures of toothache.

As everyone knows, the wildest delight of any true epicure in the dog world is a huge, juicy bone. After the meat is eaten, the bone itself is chewed and chewed, and that, in the opinion of many people, is one reason why dogs have good teeth. Bones are mainly composed of calcium and phosphorus; the same minerals which build strong, hard teeth. Many believe that the dogs' appetite for bones is merely nature's scheme for obtaining the minerals needed.

Human beings should include an abundance of mineral-containing foods in their diet also. Milk, cod liver oil, and cheese are especially rich in tooth- and bone-building minerals and the necessary vitamins.

Of course, chewing hard substances like bone also exercises the dogs' gums and keeps them healthy and may offer one more explanation of a dog's freedom from tooth decay.

The active cause of decay, in the human mouth, according to dental authorities, is acid-producing bacteria. These germs cause fermentation of the food particles that remain on teeth and under gums. In so doing, acids are formed which start decay. The germs which produce these acids live in the coating of film which covers teeth. This film forms after every meal. It creeps into every tiny crevice. Film actually glues germs to the teeth. For years we have studied ways of removing film. Recently a discovery was made in The Pepsodent Company's laboratories—a new and different cleansing and polishing material. This new material is twice as soft and therefore a great deal safer than the polishing material generally used in tooth pastes.

This new cleansing material is contained in Pepsodent Tooth Paste exclusively. Because it is softer and therefore *safer*. Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety in tooth pastes. At the same time it stands unsurpassed in removing film and polishing enamel brilliantly.

FREE—10-Day Tube

SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE
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THE PEPSODENT CO., CHICAGO, U.S.A.

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919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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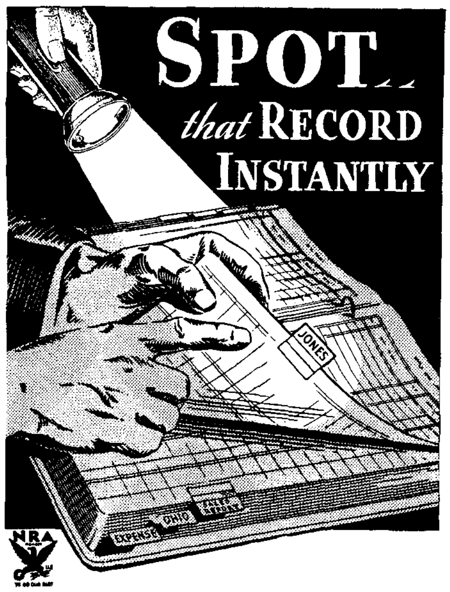
This coupon is not good after Sept. 3, 1934
Only one tube to a family



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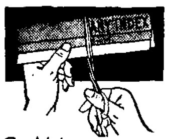

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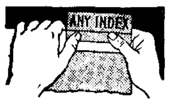

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THE VICTOR SAFE & EQUIPMENT CO.
33 Payne Ave., North Tonawanda, N. Y.
Send FREE SAMPLES of Mak-Ur-Own advertised in Collier's Weekly, March 3, 1934.

Name..

Address..

NOW, MRS. MOUSE, FIND ANOTHER HOME...P.W. IS FILLING THIS CRACK!

Anybody can do a fine job of repairing quickly —**holes in wood, broken chair, loose casters, nicks, cracks, screw holes, loose drawer pulls,** etc.—with this canned wood that handles like soft putty and quickly hardens into wood. You can paint it, carve it—drive nails and screws into it. It's wonderful. Try it. Paint, hardware stores sell PLASTIC WOOD. 25c tube, 35c can.

NRA

PLASTIC WOOD

My Love to Marcia

Continued from page 17

and gave the slightest nod. Then he said, "Marcia."

She must, of course, be greatly astonished to hear herself called by name; but she was more than astonished, she was shocked. So it was plain that she had instantly known his voice; recognized, in the second of turning, those intonations. She was on her feet by the time she had really faced him. The cigarette slipped from between her fingers and she managed to step it out awkwardly into the heavy plum-colored carpet.

"Curtis," she murmured. "But, my dear, how you startled me." She was extremely pale. She took his hand in her bare one, laid the gloved hand over it. "Curtis, how are you? I'm trying to get a check cashed."

"Sit down," he said. "We'll bring it to you. How do you want it?"

"Some tens and hundreds, I guess." She sat down and obediently fumbled for another cigarette in the case he held out to her. Over his shoulder, Curtis called, "Twenty-nine hundreds; ten tens, please." He lit the cigarette for her.

"Curtis," she said, "how long it's been! You've hardly changed."

"Six years. When are you sailing?"

"How do you know I'm sailing?" she asked, amazed.

"Why would you come, 'way downtown here to draw the money unless, when you got it, you were going to buy steamship tickets?"

"How marvelous of you. But you always were. I'm going to Paris. I'm in town. I want to see you. Johnny would like to see you. Come up this afternoon and have a cocktail."

"I'll try, thanks."

"No, no. Don't try. Come. My dear, I seem to sound half-witted. I knew something was wrong. I forgot to get any lunch. Please come."

"I'll come," Curtis said. "Thanks, Faulkner." He took her bag from her, snapped the catches and slid the heavy envelope into it. "Run and find some lunch now, before you collapse on us."

THE door of ten-fourteen stood half open. Curtis Bard pushed it farther and stepped into a sort of vestibule with no light on, but he could see a mirror, a settee piled with coats and hats. To his right a door opened, letting out a young woman in a nursemaid's uniform so suddenly that she bumped against him. Abashed, she apologized in French and went instantly back again. He heard a child's voice raised. In the room beyond sat or stood quite a number of people, all talking, some laughing.

He laid his coat and hat with the others on the settee. Behind him sounded a rap on the door and a bell boy said: "Telegram for Mrs. Iddings." As though she spent all her time just behind her door, the nursemaid popped out and took it. Curtis saw Marcia now, making her way through the people in the sitting-room.

Without a hat, her face looked thinner. She wore green and that probably made her look still paler. It was the telegram she had come for, he saw, not him; but, noticing him, a quick slight color showed on her cheek bones. She laid a hand on his arm. "Curtis, how sweet of you!" she said. "I was afraid you wouldn't. Go in. There are some people you know, I expect. They all came in a bunch. No, wait—you must see Claire." She tore the top off the envelope and drew out the telegram, glanced at it, crumpled it in her hand.

In the room to the right the child was sitting on the rug amid a litter of toys. "Claire," Marcia said, "I want you to say how do you do to Mr. Bard."

The child got reluctantly to her feet, advanced a step or so, performed a minute, perfunctory curtsy, wordless.

"Don't you say anything, darling?"

She shook her head, picked up a woolcovered dog and began to examine it.

"Of course I ought to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," Marcia sighed, "but it would be frightful. Say goodby to Mr. Bard, darling."

"Au revoir, M'sieu."

"That's something," Marcia admitted. She closed the door. "She's just like Johnny. Hair, face, eyes, everything. Johnny won't be here, by the way." She raised her hand with the crumpled yellow sheet. "He had to stay in Boston."

"I'm sorry. I hope I'll see him before you sail."

"Johnny's not sailing. Curtis, can you take me to dinner?"

He looked at her a moment and answered, "Of course, if I may use a telephone."

"The one in the bedroom, there," she said. "Hello, Paul. You know Curtis Bard, don't you?"

"I don't believe so. How do you do?"

Curtis had never seen him before. Indeed, he did not see anyone here he had ever seen before. Yet, obviously, they all knew Johnny and Marcia better in a way, than he did. The man addressed as Paul said, "How's the infant?"

"Do go in and speak to her," Marcia said. "She just adores that dog. She's worn all the wool off it."

"Oh, Marcia! What have you done with Johnny?"

"He's stuck in Boston, poor dear."

"Well, come and have dinner with us."

"Couldn't possibly, darling. I'm being taken."

Curtis Bard closed the bedroom door and, sitting on the edge of the nearer bed, laid his hand on the telephone. It seemed to him that the number was being rung an inordinately long time. He looked at his watch and found that it had somehow become half past six. If he couldn't reach—he said: "Mary."

"Oh, darling; yes."

"My dear, this is unspeakable, but I'm not going to be able to make it. The Iddings, the Cleveland people, are in town. Mrs. Iddings is sailing. Those are the trusts I took over last summer."

"Curtis, how heartbreaking! I really am sick about it. But do your duty."

"I didn't discover I was expected to have dinner until a minute ago. Can you bear it?"

"Only just. But I know how it is. Ring me tomorrow."

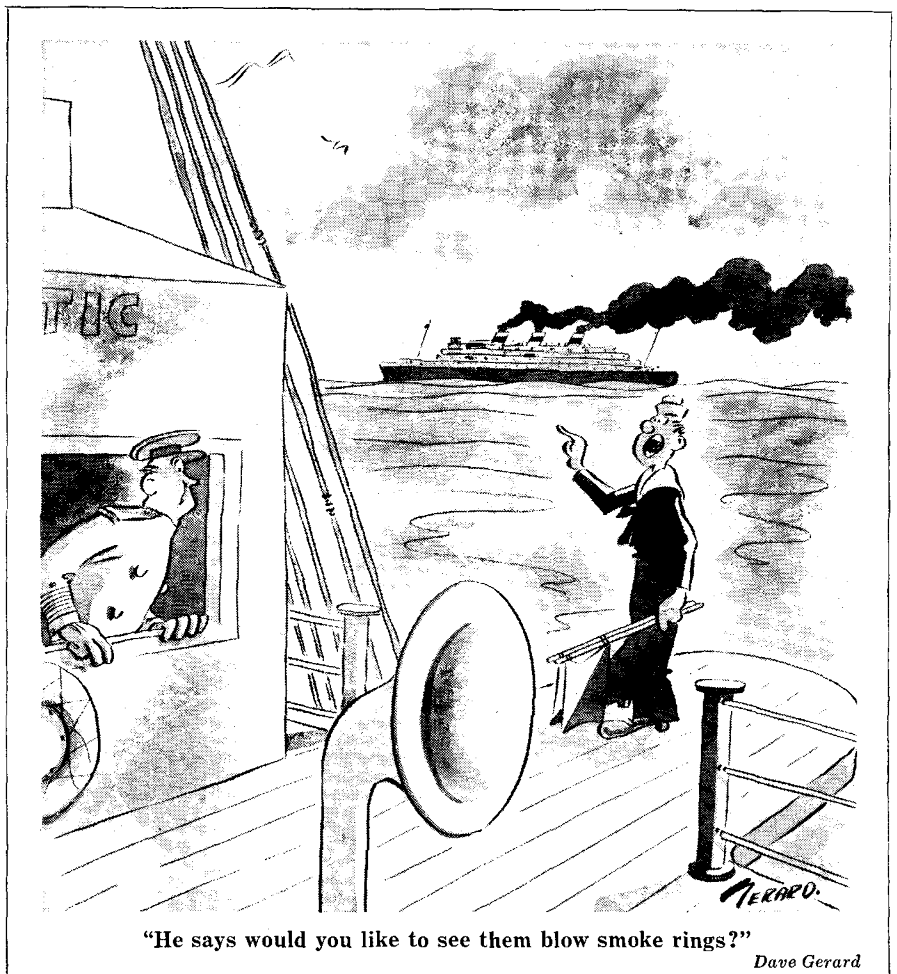
CURTIS BARD replaced the telephone, but he sat motionless. At last he felt for a cigarette. That hadn't taken two minutes, and he was aghast; for, being all through with lying to people, he had forgotten the instantaneous comforts of deceit, its usefulness and simplicity, the wonderful way in which it let you have your cake and eat it too. After all, when Marcia asked him, what could he say? "You could have said," he answered himself, "that you had another engagement. It's a good thing you lied, for you would never be able to explain to Mary why you didn't say that."

Morose, he stood up slowly; for he did not like any of this and, since he was doing it, it was necessary to despise himself. He was facing the door, and now it opened. "Oh, sorry, my dear," Marcia said. "I—"

"It's all fixed," Curtis answered. "I'd better run along and dress."

"Curtis."

She stood still, the hand with the emerald against the door jamb, looking at him clearly and intently. As, long ago, he had been so often, he was again filled with a sense of her sweetness.



"He says would you like to see them blow smoke rings?"

Dave Gerard

She had never really been very pretty, and, six or seven years older, she had altogether lost the intrinsic attractiveness of mere youth; yet she had kept the fine, silken quality of her hair; the appealing candor of her eyes; a gentle directness of speech and movement. She said: "You're not married to her, are you?"

"I'm not married to anyone," he answered. Looking back at her, he was exercised with a forgotten pain—the inarticulate emotions; desire too complex for speech, regrets too general and indefinite for expression, overpowered him. "You ought to know that," he said.

She dropped her hand from the door jamb, coming forward. "Curtis, why did you—darling, how could you be—I mean, it was so silly of you."

She still used the same scent. Kissing her, her face was wet, as though that night at the station had been not even yesterday, but a moment ago. "Darling, why did you write me all those things. Why did you—"

There could have been no answer anyway, but he would not need one, for the young woman in the nursemaid's uniform slipped around the door, murmured, surprised, "Oh, pardon, Madame—" and would have retired, abashed again.

"No, go on, Adèle," Marcia said. "We're going out. I got rid of them," she told Curtis. "We aren't going to dress. Just give me a minute."

BUTTONED in his coat, his hat in his hand, his stick under his elbow, Curtis Bard waited. "If anyone had told me this morning," he thought inanely, "that I'd be taking Marcia to dinner tonight—and since you are," he interrupted himself, "what of it? All you can do is say you're sorry. That's all she wants to hear." But he did not believe that that was all he could say, or all she wanted to hear.

The latch clicked behind them. She took his arm and they walked in silence down the hall, stood silently, not looking at each other in the elevator. A taxi crawled under the blaze of light at the door. Remembering they were to have dinner, Curtis gave an address at random. Shut within, he said: "Marcia, will you chuck it all and marry me?"

The taxi, out into the heavy traffic, had come promptly to a halt. The street light at the corner fell fully in the window on her hands. She tightened one over the other and said: "Do you want me to? Give me a cigarette, darling."

They moved on a dozen feet into shadow and he lit a match. "I thought I'd go to Paris and think about some things," she remarked. "Nothing much, except what I am getting out of this. We aren't happy—I'm not. Johnny may think he is, but he isn't really. If I left him, he'd be shocked at first, but it would be a relief. There are others Johnny would like better."

"Others?"

"Oh, no. I don't think so. There wouldn't be any now. You know Johnny. As it is, he'd grin and bear it. And so, in the end, he never would have had anything either; except a wife he never agreed with, and who was bored to death by everything he said and everything he wanted to do. Or maybe that's all you're supposed to get—" She stopped short. "I'm just talking. There's no one I can talk to. I should have stayed and married you that night at the train. I'm just a fool—" She began quietly to cry. The taxi pulled up and the driver turned his head.

Curtis shoved the glass open an inch. "Drive on," he said. "Anywhere. In the park." He put his arm about Marcia. Before that night at the train he could never remember having seen her cry. If he saw tears twice now in an hour, they meant more than anything else her exhaustion—the thinness and tiredness, most moving of the changes in her, most eloquent of some need for him. "It's such a mess," she whispered. "Do you care? Johnny, Claire—who was it you had to telephone?"

"Her name is Mary Fitzmorris. Not anyone you know. That doesn't matter. What matters is you." He frowned at the window. In his mind the phrases began automatically to arrange themselves: *Mary, my dearest, this is a letter I have to write and I wish I could write it in some way that. . . .* He repeated: "What matters is you, and what we are going to do."

He was right, he saw. What they were going to do could not lightly be dismissed, nor left to work itself out once they were married. He had an absurd picture of himself saying to Mr. Fitzmorris: "Oh, by the way, I meant to tell you that I've decided not to marry Mary after all. Mrs. John Clayton Iddings was thinking of getting a divorce and I'd prefer to wait and marry her. Now about those Metropolitan Savings debentures—"

"What sort of life we can make for you," he continued, more intent; for, incredibly enough, he had recovered Marcia. Thinking farther at last, the confusion of other things began again to crowd his head, making the words he was speaking vague, distant. "Do you really know what you're giving up?" he asked slowly. "It may be just about everything. Six years ago you might not have missed them much. Now—" ("Perhaps," he thought, "Welby would give me a job. I guess he would. I'd better get hold of him for lunch tomorrow.") "—well, it may be hard." He touched the folds of mink fur. "It would be years before you saw anything like that again. How about Claire? Or would you want to let Johnny have her? And where do you think she'd like it best if she spent part of the time—"

She put out a hand and laid it over his.

"Darling, don't worry about it. Don't take on so. Do you really want to marry me?"

"More than anything," he said, "but—"

She was looking at him, just not smiling, in a way with which he was perfectly familiar. Frowning deeper, jabbing the point of his stick slowly at the matting, Curtis Bard was silent, sinking under a heaviness of heart, for he knew suddenly where he was. In the gloom of the moving lights he could remember, ashamed and unhappy, what he ought to say, what came after "but—"

FINALLY looking at Marcia, he found her still looking back at him, clear and direct. "No, no," she said abruptly. "Don't tell me." Sweet and sad, she smiled at him. "Let me tell you. It wouldn't be fair to Claire, would it? I suppose it wouldn't be fair to me. It wouldn't even be fair to Johnny. Oh, darling, darling—"

Wincing, for now Marcia would really be gone, gone forever, Curtis Bard answered carefully: "I've loved you a long time. I'll go on loving you, very likely, always—"

"Yes, you will, won't you, Curtis." She spoke with a kind of tired compassion, rather than anger or irony. "This way we won't ever have anything to be sorry about, will we? So we won't ever see each other again. Wouldn't that be better?"

She put a hand out, touched his cheek and, leaning forward, kissed him.

"I want you to get out here," she said. "Please do. Just tell him to take me back; we changed our minds."

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3
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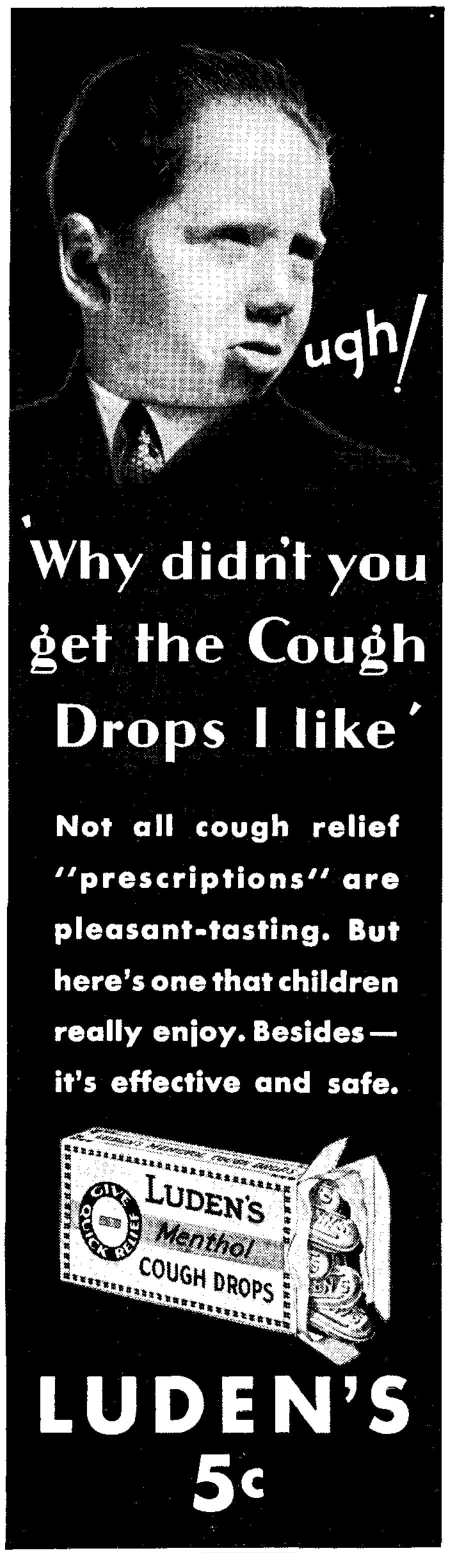

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Trouping Alone

Continued from page 24

When she came back to New York she got her first stage part with her father in Blood and Sand. Her father discharged her on the theory that if she was any good they'd say why shouldn't she be with a name like that? And if she was bad they'd say the daughters of famous actors are like the sons of ministers: no good. From then on young Miss Skinner was on her own. She got a part in Clemence Dane's Will Shakespeare and in such little forgotten beauties as White Collars, Tweedles, In the Next Room, The Wild Westcotts and In His Arms. She was not very bad and not very good and the Hudson flowed to the sea in its accustomed way. Then came the private party and the sketches and the first professional fee and life was changed.

Miss Skinner now has a New York season and a road season and the chances are she can continue having both so long as there exist monarchs who once had lady friends. Life on the road is strenuous because a one-woman dramatic company stands up to the world by herself. There are no chorus girls or ingénues to distract the attention of the male reporters; there are no handsome leading men to bow over the hands of the lady chairmen. Miss Skinner is therefore known to the reporters of the country as the handsome young person who invariably has a desperate attack of laryngitis at three o'clock in the afternoon and comes forth at eight-thirty with a voice combining the mellowness of a Barrymore with the carrying power of a Joe Humphreys.

A Helpful Husband

Miss Skinner is never entirely alone on her tours, however, because she carries a business manager, a company manager, a press representative, an advance lecturing representative, a wardrobe mistress, a carpenter, an electrician and an extra and occasional stagehand named Alden S. Blodget, who also happens to be her husband. There is no conflict between home, husband and art in the Skinner-Blodget household because Mr. Blodget, although a Wall Street man, is filled with the idea that there is nothing quite so desirable in life as pushing around a piece of scenery.

Mr. Blodget, in his desire to come to grips with a flat piece representing Spring in North Adams, Massachusetts, had been known to fly great distances for the sake of being present at one stray performance. Miss Skinner, on the other hand, is a living testimonial to the beauty and general pleasantness of American railroads, and if Mr. Atterbury of the Pennsylvania or Mr. Williamson of the New York Central ever need a few words of support, they need go no farther than the one-woman theatrical company. Being unable to work at home because of a redheaded gentleman of three, the Skinner-Blodget son, Miss Skinner does all her writing on railroad trains and in hotel bedrooms.

Her most exciting experience with a train was in waiting for a train. She was playing a date at a normal school in Western Pennsylvania and it was necessary that she get a train immediately after the performance if she wanted to make Chicago by the next night. Mr. Blodget had talked the Pennsylvania Railroad into stopping one of its express trains at the junction five miles from the school.

It was snowing and cold and the trip from the school to the junction was made in the stage of a Mr. Lent, who drove what resembled one of the most elderly Stearns-Knights. Mr. Lent was dressed rather indiscriminately with the exception of his hat, which bore the proud emblem TAXI. When they reached the junction, Miss Skinner found that the station sat by itself on a bleak hill miles from any habitation and was locked for the night. Mr. Lent loyally insisted on staying until the train came and they found shelter in an open shed.

It was then that Mr. Lent, either overcome by his proximity to a glamorous lady of the stage or anxious to keep from freezing to death, prepared to place his arms about Miss Skinner for mutual comfort. She, on her part, and thinking rapidly, opened her traveling bag and took out what a male observer could only designate as a dressing gown. It was a Patou creation of bright red with a ruff of fur around the neck. This she placed about Mr. Lent very gently and tucked the fur in snugly at the neck. The trains going west swung around a curve shortly before reaching the station and the headlights played fully upon Miss Skinner and Mr. Lent in their open shed. Miss Skinner maintains firmly that she could see the eyes of the engineers of the expresses bugging out at the spectacle of Mr. Lent standing protectingly in the cold shed gowned in the flaming red Patou garment, with the fur cozily wrapped about his neck and with the mystic words TAXI emblazoned above it all.

However this may be, it is a fact that when a train finally did grind to a stop and the vestibule doors opened and brakemen and porters poured forth to get her aboard with the least possible delay, the first brakeman who saw Mr. Lent in his outfit uttered the startled words, "What the hell—" and stopped abruptly, unable to do another thing or say another word.

Miss Skinner works hard on her sketches. The shorter pieces with which she made her fame and which many critics still feel to be her best work can only come as the result of close observation and long study.

For her larger efforts she has been able to make use of stage material. For The Wives of Henry the Eighth she steeped herself in the history of the period. Her first performance was given in Knole Castle in Sevenoaks, England, where Henry had lived for most of his life.

Soloist, Actress, or What?

Members of her retinue have had the greatest problem trying to find a fitting name for the sort of thing she does. Her press agent calls the plays "Solo Dramas." Miss Skinner refers to herself as a monologuist, but doesn't seem entirely happy about it. Otis Skinner is proud enough of his daughter to want her to refer to herself as an actress, which she most certainly is by every standard. Right at the moment, however, he is upset about an incident which happened to his daughter recently in Columbus, Ohio. She was congratulated by a very enthusiastic lady on her performance of the night before.

"But of course it's no mystery to me where you get your ability to do pieces," said the bubbling lady to Miss Skinner. "If I've heard your father once, I've heard him a dozen times reciting Casey at the Bat. It was perfectly marvelous!"

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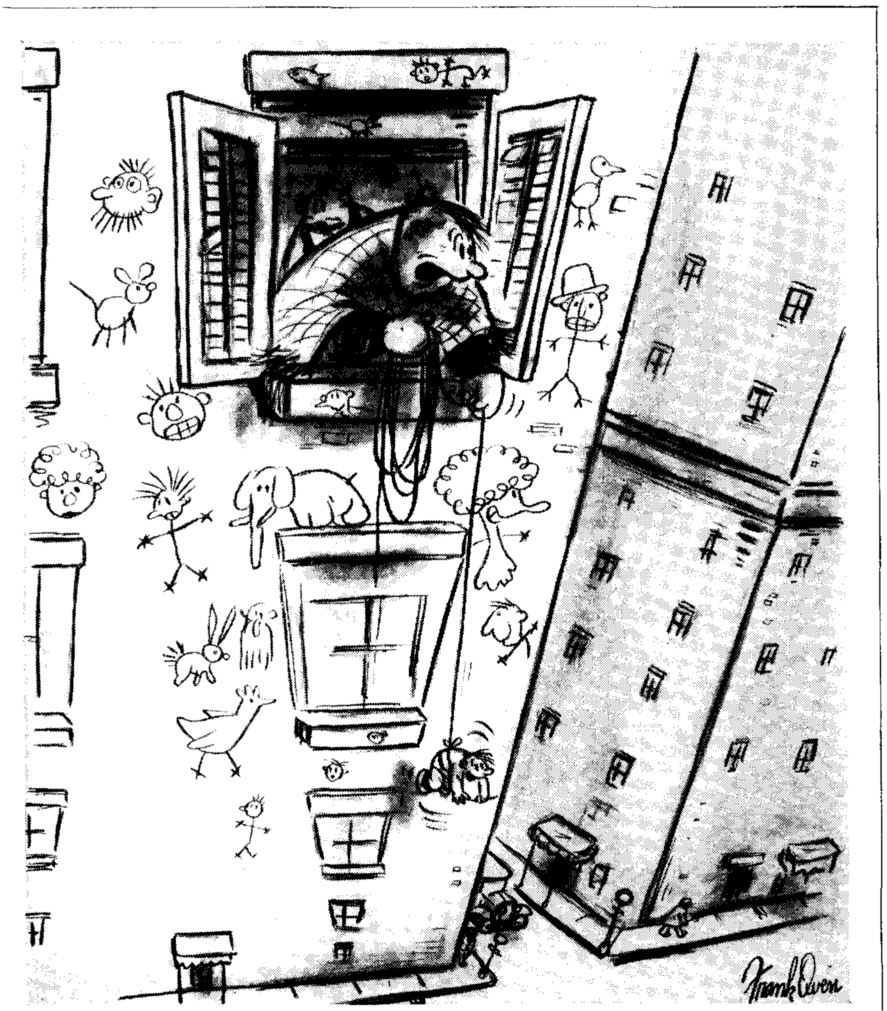

"After he draws down to the sidewalk we'll have to start buying him paper!"

Frank Owen

Marriage for Revenue

Continued from page 19

"On the contrary," said Raglan promptly, "I consider it fortunate in that it has brought my case before three judges possessing a high order of intelligence and capable of exercising it. Returning to the matter of approximate homicide, may I be permitted to summon a witness as to the present condition of the victims of my petulance? M'sieur l'Inspecteur Dufrenet."

Dufrenet, given the court's permission, declared as follows: "In spite of the defendant's eagerness to arrive before the Tribunal Correctionnel I insisted upon first ascertaining the present status of health of the wounded and beg to report that they are not only both conscious but appear to be on the high-road to recovery."

"Too bad," murmured the only judge who had not yet spoken.

Raglan, still on his feet, promptly threw himself not on the mercy but on the justice of the court.

THE judges conferred. The president cleared his throat and spoke in a dry, high voice, clearly audible: "While imposing the nominal fine of a thousand francs, the court desires to append a statement. I and my colleagues wish to compliment you, m'sieur, on your understandable, though amusingly erratic command of the French idiom, acquired, we feel certain, on a previous field of battle. We commend the modesty which restrained you from appealing to our sympathy as a veteran. We further desire to express our private regret that it is not within the range of the powers of this tribunal to recommend you for the Legion of Honor. Fine remitted; prisoner discharged."

In that moment, all unknown to himself, Larry Raglan became a hero as well as a boon to the national press.

Upon leaving the Palais de Justice his first thought was to return to his lair in the Hôtel Daunou and devote himself to clearing up his private affairs, but he was in for a rapid change of mind. A small pack of reporters as voracious as those of his native city was on his heels.

Wordless, he rushed westward along the Quai de la Mégisserie. Should he take a taxi? No; they could follow too easily. At the Louvre he caught sight of a crowded departing flyboat. He sprinted, tore down the ramp, flung a franc piece at the ticket seller, crashed through the *guichet* and out on the platform. Half a dozen voices yelled he was too late. Unheeding, he made a flying leap at a stanchion. Excited hands pulled him aboard; excited tongues lashed his foolhardiness. He pleaded an insistence of nature. "Ah!" The crowd beamed and made way. Before the next scheduled stop he had become the friend of a deckhand. Was not the boat full up? No, by the tally, it was not quite full. He handed the man a fifty-franc note.

"There'll be another for you if you persuade the captain to signal for the closing of the embarkation pier."

The trick worked. He had the pleasure of grinning cheerfully at several baffled news hounds, glaring through a locked barrier. But his relief was short-lived; he had underestimated their persistence. Seeing them turn from the grille and rush up the embankment, where either tram or taxi could be counted on to beat the boat to its next stop, he realized it was his turn to think fast. He elbowed his way aft toward the landing stage where the gangway was already being withdrawn, climbed on the rail, jumped and made the platform. He permitted two boats to go by. The third was an express to St. Cloud; he took it.

His wanderings from that moment were safe and uneventful; they lasted for hours, but still he felt he dared not go home. Eight o'clock in the evening found him back as far as the Quai de Passy. He climbed the steps up the Rue de l'Aboni, dodged into the Tournelles and let go a sigh of relief. Here, beyond a scowl or two, nobody would bother him. He ordered, and while he was waiting, scanned an evening paper abandoned by a departing neighbor. His eyes stared and then glared. True to their breed, the world over, the news hounds had lost nothing by his niggardliness; he was headlined as a romantic invasion, a veritable Paul Bunyan, possibly a new Loewenstein or a greater Kreuger. So they had broken into his quarters!

Only gradually did he become conscious of a presence at his side. He beheld Bertran.

"What do you want?" he asked indifferently. "I hate saying goodby forever over and over again."

"I'm sorry, Larry, but it wasn't my fault: I was merely carrying out orders. That's what I'm doing now. You certainly have led me a merry chase."

"You, too?" remarked Raglan.

"You mean the reporters," said Bertran with an understanding nod. "Well, you'll believe I've been your friend all along when I tell you I snaked your secretary out of your diggings in the nick of time. We couldn't even stop to lock the door behind us."

"That explains a lot," said Raglan more amiably. "Thanks. But what do you want?"

"You. The baron has sent for you."

Raglan frowned. "He's crazy," he said after a moment. "If they caught me going in there—"

"They won't," interrupted Bertran. "Pay your bill. Follow one of the waiters into the kitchen and out. I have a closed car at the bottom of the hill."

"That sounds easy except for one thing," said Raglan firmly, his spirits reviving. "I haven't had my dinner and I'm going to eat it to the last morsel."

"You're invited to dine with the baron."

"Tonight I dine alone," said Raglan shortly. He looked up and tried to smile. "I'm sorry, but it's one of those days."

"I'm sorry too," said Bertran. "Whenever you get through you'll find me waiting for you."

THE baron, in immaculate evening attire, did not rise to greet Larry; he merely waved a friendly hand and watched his face. Raglan had a feeling that something was expected of him. His eyes naturally had been fixed on his host but now, puzzled, they started on a rapid excursion of the room only to come to a violent stop. They beheld Regis, more beautiful than his dreams had ever imagined her, sitting in a high-peaked chair, her hands extended along its arms. She was gowned in ciré satin that shone like black armor.

He walked toward her slowly, stood looking down at her, then stooped and raised one of her hands. He held it for a moment, feeling its strength, smoothing it with trembling fingers. Then he laid it back again, straightened and turned to face the baron.

"You sent for me," he stated.

The baron seemed disappointed. "You're a cold-blooded young man. I

(Continued on page 50)

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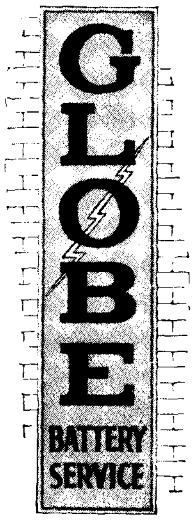

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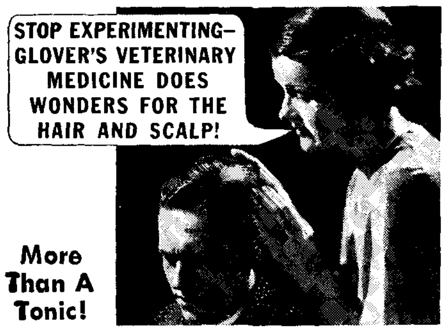
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(Continued from page 49)

have spent pleasant hours with Miss Mulholland. She was brought here for safe keeping, I invited her to dine, we sent for her best bib and tucker and awaited the guest of honor in vain. He preferred to eat in surly loneliness."

"I'm sorry," said Raglan simply. "A lot of things have happened to me today."

"True," said the baron and waited until Larry had thrown himself into a near-by chair. "Many things, and all to your honor. You are established as a man of action, which leads me to a vital question: Aren't you in love with Miss Mulholland?"

"Of course," said Raglan automatically, then the blood rushed into his cheeks. "That was an unpardonable impertinence," he added sharply.

"Nonsense," said the baron. "The old can't be impertinent. I asked merely because I'm in love with her myself. If you had answered in any other words I would have been dumfounded. She is an exquisite person—rare, very rare."

"I agree with you," said Raglan.

REGIS rose hurriedly, stared at the two men in amazement, and started toward the door. They paid no further attention to her. She passed into the picture gallery.

"Then what are you going to do about it?" asked the baron, exasperated.

"For the present, nothing," replied Raglan. "You'll have to excuse me, Baron. My mind came here adjusted only for business."

"Evidently. Then let us talk business. I rescind my hurried censure of this morning. For judging you unheard I offer my apologies. My assistance is again at your disposal. How can I help?"

"You can't. What's done is done; there's nothing more money can do."

"You missed your goal?"

"Not entirely."

"You confuse me," stated the baron, frowning for the first time. "I do not enjoy confusion."

"It's a simple enough matter," said Raglan. "In any preferred issue, outstanding for a considerable length of time, it is highly probable that some of the stock has disappeared, perhaps been actually destroyed. A hundred shares stand between me and absolute control. Say a hundred shares are out of the voting; then we're safe. It comes to this: whether we win out hangs on a probability with the chances ten to one in our favor."

"An excellent explanation," said the baron; "I am no longer confused. Furthermore I congratulate you; in my experience the chances in our favor are a hundred to one."

"You believe that?" asked Raglan quickly.

"I do."

"To what extent? Putting it in terms of cash, would you consider lending me personally a large amount of money?"

"How large?"

"A hundred thousand."

"Dollars?"

"Always, Baron—whenever we two talk of money."

"I would," said the baron after deliberate consideration, "but you name an unreasonably large sum. What do you want it for?"

At that moment Regis appeared in the doorway. Raglan turned his head to look at her and immediately his face underwent a peculiar transformation. He appeared to have forgotten the baron and his surroundings.

"It is not unreasonable," he affirmed.

"I agree with you," murmured the baron, studying him shrewdly. "Since that's what you want it for you'll find the money at your disposal."

"I am in your debt more than you think," said Raglan, rising. "You've knocked the chains off me. I can go home and go to bed. I can slap a reporter and get away with it. I can tend to a lot of other things and sail on Friday."

Regis did not sit down. Raglan helped her on with her tiny jacket and watched her adjust her hat before a clouded Venetian mirror. They said their farewells and went out together. A private conveyance was at their disposal, but again Raglan refused it. They walked out into the boulevard and presently hailed a passing taxi. Raglan gave Regis' address. For a long time they rode in silence, sitting close together yet separate, their bodies touching yet divided. Finally he spoke, impersonally:

"You've got your ticket?"

Regis let go a long-held breath. "Yes," she answered, and paused. "Would you like me to arrange your passage?"

"No," said Raglan as they arrived at her door, "by no means. On that boat you're not going to be my secretary; I'm going to discover you, meet you by chance."

A few minutes later he entered his room, slammed and locked the door behind him, and went to bed. After an excellent night's rest he was up and ready for business at nine. He packed his files in a sturdy trunk; then ordered the place cleared of all office paraphernalia, including his special telephones. While the moving was still under way he departed, brushed the waiting reporters aside, and was on the point of entering a taxi when he recognized Bertran's anxious voice.

"Larry, isn't there a thing I can do?"

Raglan changed his mind about taking a taxi. "Yes. Come along with me. I'm going to breakfast at the Café de la Paix."

"You haven't eaten yet?"

"No, and for a very good reason. Let's walk."

THE reporters followed, begging for a word, asking one question after another with decreasing hope. Neither Raglan nor Bertran appeared to hear them. Seated in the main room of the restaurant with their backs to the inner wall, they commanded a view of the sidewalk, of four of the main entrances and of a table, directly opposite, which the newsmen had appropriated. Raglan ordered such a breakfast as makes a Frenchman wince but which seemed to him only a moderate preparation for the day's work. As he ate he talked in a low voice to Bertran at his side, but without looking at him.

"You've been a peach, Bertran. Forget my snootiness yesterday morning. I owe you a lot and I'm going to owe you more."

"How?" said Bertran. "That's what I'm here for."

"You know that swine, Dirck Reuter?"

"By sight. Everybody has known him for years, by sight."

"He's been living on my second wife."

"I know."

LARRY laid down his fork, took a slip of paper from his wallet and pushed it toward Bertran. "Put that in your pocket."

"What is it?"

"A forgery; all you'll have to do will be to show it to Reuter."

"What for?"

"To make him marry Mrs. Dora Riesling Mulholland Raglan within the next forty-eight hours."

"Forty-eight hours? That's impossible. You've forgotten the banns."

"I forget nothing," said Raglan promptly. "Any marriage performed by any recognized clergyman of any creed in the presence of any American consular officer is valid in the United States. What's your answer? Can I count on you?"

"What about the lady in the case? How am I going to persuade her?"

"Why not leave that job to Reuter? Listen, Bertran, you think well but you don't think fast. Get hold of my friend, Dufrenet, explain the case and take him along with you. He knows where to find Reuter; he'll be able to persuade him in about five minutes that it's marriage or a long stretch in the pen."

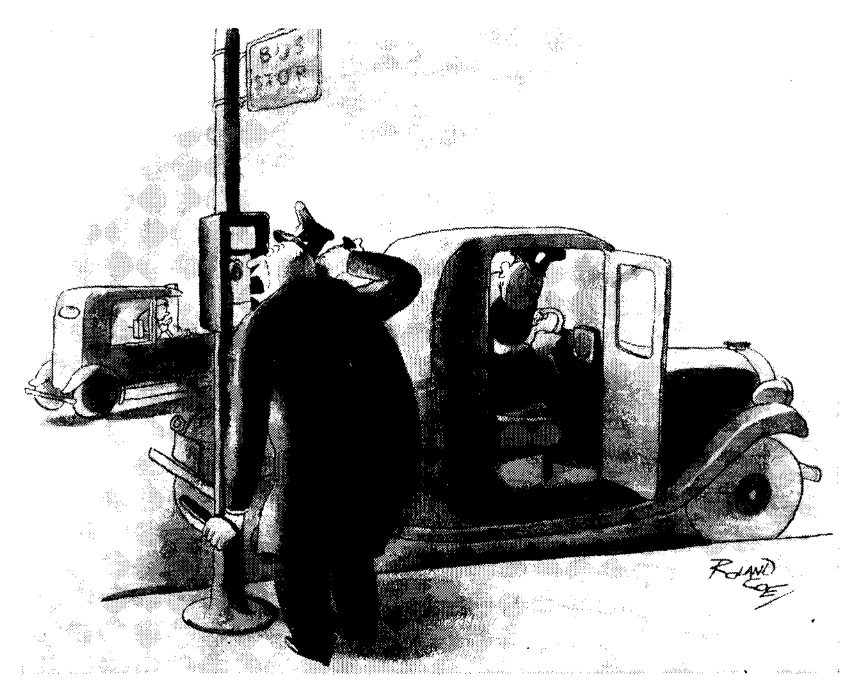
"I'll do it. Anything else?"

"Yes," said Raglan. "Buy me a steamship ticket in your own name for next Friday."

"Boat train?"

"No; I won't take the train." He rose. "Excuse me a minute."

Leaving his hat and stick behind, he passed up the stairway at their right into the washroom. Coming out a moment later he told the woman in charge he regretted having broken a glass and paid her. As soon as she had disappeared to check up on the damage he started out quickly as if to descend the stairs but turned left down a long corridor, then left again, and presently emerged into the Rue Auber. He chose



"We're havin' trouble with the short wave again, Sarge. Can't hear nothin' but this guy Hitler!" *Roland Coe* a closed taxi and five minutes later arrived at Doctor Gite's hospital. Fortunately the same *gardien* was on the door. Raglan pushed by him.

"I wish to see Mr. Abbott in private at once on a matter of importance."

Presently he was shown into a small sitting-room on the second floor and found himself face to face with Adsit Abbott. His head was still taped but not bandaged and he was dressed for the street. At the moment he was seated in a deep chair and did not attempt to rise. He looked up at his former partner through lackluster eyes, drained even of curiosity.

"I suppose you've come to gloat. Go ahead, take an eyeful and get out."

Raglan looked down at him soberly. "I admit I may have looked forward to gloating for the last two years, but that's gone, it's passed. There's such a thing as seeing your enemy sink so low that you feel a sort of defeat, as if he hadn't been worth fighting. When I look at your plump belly, I see my food; when I look at your clothes, I see my money."

Abbott glared at him, the visible portions of his cheeks suffused with a rush of color. "It isn't as bad as that. I admit a loan or two, but I'll pay her back ten times over."

"I know you will," said Raglan, "because I'm going to help you."

"You?"

"You're going to marry Eleanor this afternoon or tomorrow morning."

Abbott, struck speechless, stared at him; then he recovered his senses. "Not a chance!" he cried. "On what?"

"On a hundred thousand dollars," said Raglan. "I don't feel like beating about the bush. To me you're dirt, and you always will be. Dirt will eat dirt for a hundred thousand dollars and that's what I'm going to pay to see you do it."

He took a check from his pocket and dropped it on Abbott's knee. "You'll notice it's payable to you in person and dated day after tomorrow. If you haven't been married in the presence of a consular representative before tomorrow night, can't you guess what I'll do? First I'll stop payment on the check and then I'll have you jailed for the perjury that got Eleanor her divorce. When that's over I'll do the divorcing. Tell her that if she balks; I'm spending a hundred thousand merely to save time."

WITHOUT waiting for an answer he turned and left the room. Arrived in the street he stopped and stood staring in a sort of daze. Only an hour ago he had felt as if he had a thousand things to do; now, to his amazement, he found he had done them all! His preparations were complete. Save for the packing of his personal belongings, all that remained for him to do was to wait—wait for news that Dora and Eleanor were married, out of the way.

Then how kill time? With Regis? No; he wasn't ready for that—not until probability became a certainty. Suddenly he grinned.

Half an hour later, his bags packed and all his bills paid, he issued to the street attended by the grateful Adolphe and two sub-porters. Adolphe was for hurling the bags into the first taxi to come along, but Raglan restrained him. He asked the driver if he were married, and upon being answered in the affirmative, waved him on. The next driver was unmarried but had a friend and two children. The third turned out to be an unattached youth. Raglan motioned for his bags and entered the cab.

"Where to, m'sieur?"

"Gare du Nord," said Raglan in a loud voice, but no sooner had they turned into the Boulevard des Italiens than he spoke again: "I've changed my mind. Go to Chartres."

"Chartres, m'sieur?" asked the driver, almost colliding with the car beside him.

"Chartres," repeated Raglan. "Eure et Loir."

"But it will take us till night!" protested the driver, starting to head toward the curb for leisurely discussion.

"Don't stop," said Raglan sharply. "Keep on driving. My pocketbook contains an argument that will answer all your questions."

"Understood, m'sieur; but at least permit me to stop at my domicile."

"For not stopping at your domicile, a hundred francs. Let's cut this discussion short. I will pay your meter reading for three days, all your expenses including *essence*, and add a *pourboire* of five hundred francs. In return you will stop nowhere except as directed."

"We stay in Chartres?" inquired the hackman, driving at steadily increasing speed.

"No; we travel a minimum of two hundred kilometers a day."

"I accept, m'sieur. The good God bear me witness, I accept!"

ON FRIDAY morning Regis arrived early at the Gare St. Lazare. At the last moment Bertran rushed up and handed her the reservation he had secured in his own name for Larry. She sat with her nose glued to the window as the train pulled out, watching the platform. No sign of Raglan. Having ascertained that this was the only boat train, she made her way laboriously from one end of it to the other. He was not on board. In her preoccupation she had failed to supply herself with reading matter except for the local edition of the Chicago Tribune. She read the meager headlined news methodically, trying to make it last a long time; then turned to the gossip columns and immediately her eyes became riveted on a cryptic item.

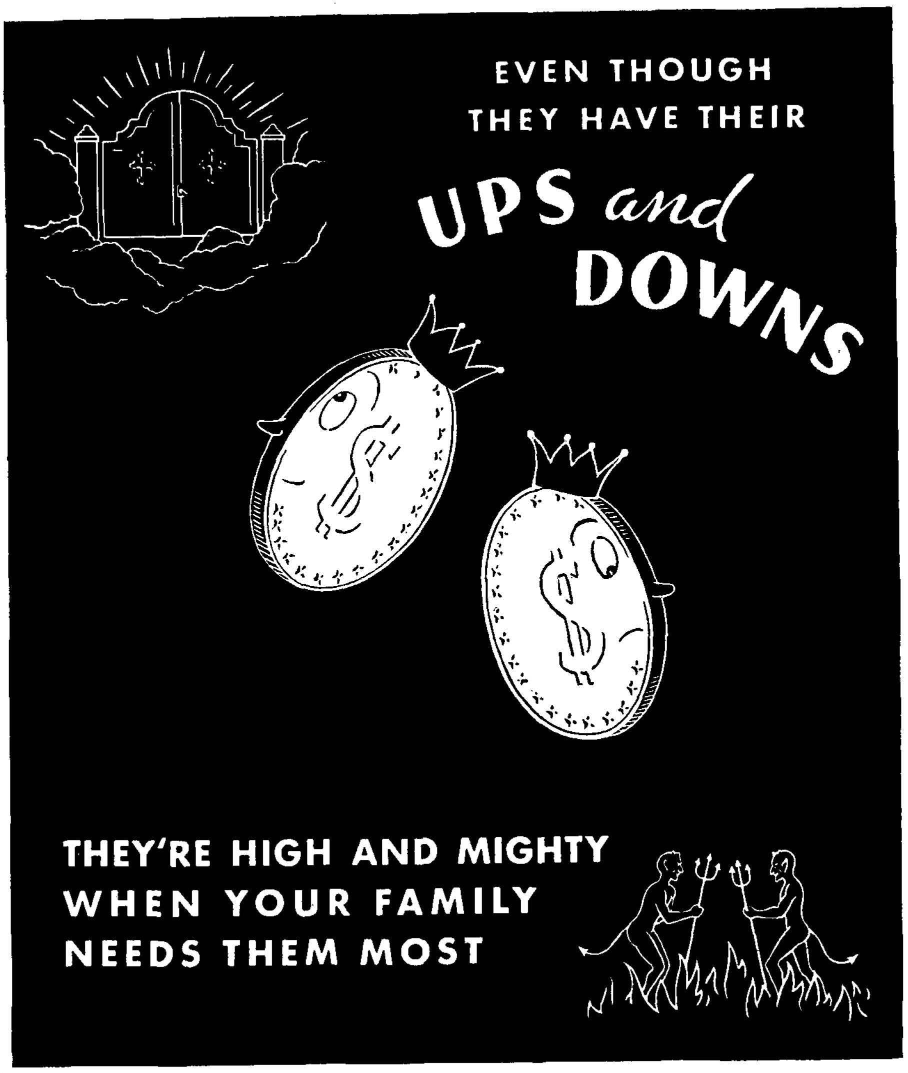
"Yesterday," she read, "the American Consulate General was enlivened by a double wedding. The assistant pastor of Christ's Church officiating, Mrs. Eleanor Raglan was married to Mr. Adsit Abbott and Mrs. Dora Mulholland Raglan to Mr. Dirck Reuter, a familiar figure in these parts. Incidentally, it is reported that Mr. Lawrence Raglan's runaway taxi was last lost sight of on a byroad between Chambord and Bracieux."

Regis sat back and closed her eyes. Where were Chambord and Bracieux? She had no idea; all she knew was that Raglan, having promised, would certainly catch the boat. She thought of these two marriages and what they meant to Larry, to herself. Surely he had had a finger in that pie! No longer need he pay tribute. Several young men, sizing her up as the smartest thing on the train, did their best to establish contact in advance of the voyage. She ignored them, genuinely unconscious of their advances. Arrived at Havre, she hung back from the passport control, waiting. Five minutes after the first warning signal had sounded a travel-stained Paris cab dashed into the huge shed and Raglan descended. She handed him his ticket without a word and preceded him aboard.

That evening he led her through the soapy mess of the clean-up squad and along deserted decks up into the bow. They stood close together against the rail, their backs toward the dwindling lights of Havre, their faces toward the starlit west. Then he took one of her hands and held it tightly between both his own. Instantly the blood plunged in her veins.

"No, no," he murmured. "Please! Not yet—don't end it yet! I want to make love to you for five nights and five days. I want to answer all your rea-

(Continued on page 52)



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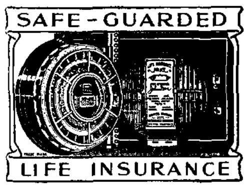

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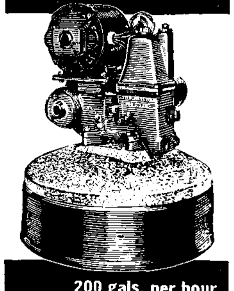

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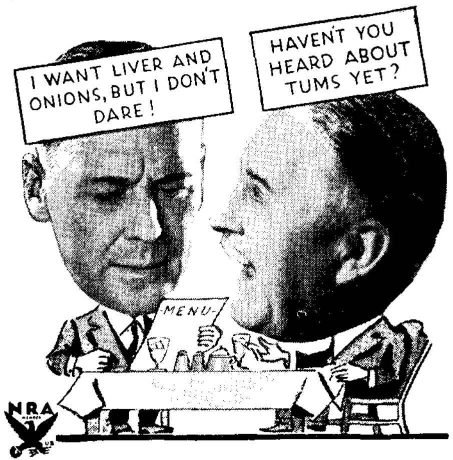

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HANDY TO CARRY

(Continued from page 51)

sons for saying no. I want to tell you how and why I love you, when it began and the long road it's got to run. Holding your hand, I feel all of you—your hair, your eyes, your mouth. That's the wonder of you! By the touch of your fingers I possess you and am possessed. It's a queer business; I don't even need your hand. Whatever you do, wherever you go, you can't get away. As far as I'm concerned, you're here—now and forever. I've shed my past. I'm some new kind of worm on the way to wings. I began in you, I'll end with you. So please say no, Regis—tonight and tomorrow and tomorrow. Will you marry me, Regis? Please say no! Please say you don't love me—yet."

Her breath stung pleasantly in her lungs, in her throat. She felt her eyes grow big with laughter and tears.

At last she felt safe enough. "I won't marry you, Larry," she breathed, "I—I don't love you, Larry."

He began telling her, speaking patiently from within an ardent impatience. He told her again and again. This was a great game, a terrific game, a game neither of them had ever played before and could never play again. It consumed their days and their evenings, the hours they were apart no less than when they were face to face or side by side. They lived in an incandescent isolation, oblivious of the people around them or the world ahead. But with landfall promised for the next day, and quarantine by sunset, the coming world intruded. It was Regis who led the way to the high bow. Arrived there, she turned to him with a new brand of excitement—an excitement with a purposeful and cutting edge.

"Larry, are we engaged?"

"No," he answered promptly.

"Can't we be—just for a minute?"

"Why?"

"Because I have an engagement present for you. I've simply got to give it to you."

Something in her tone sobered him. "All right," he said. "We're engaged for five minutes—an engagement of convenience. What is it?"

"Here." She thrust a folded paper at him. "I—I've had it ever since I wrote those notes."

"What notes?"

He was opening the document, trying to make it out in the dim light: "—100 shares—" he could see that. Then his eyes dropped to the largest of the embossed letters: "Savannah, Eastern—" He needed to read no more. Here was deliverance, the certainty that made him a king. The sudden rush of blood to his head almost felled him.

"YOU don't know what you've given me, my dear. There are people on shore who would have paid you half a million dollars for this one certificate. I hardly know whether I can take it from you."

"Is it as important as that?"

"Important! Do you mean to tell me you haven't figured out yet how your notebook opened my eyes to a million dollars of honest profit? Think back."

"I—I've got it!" she breathed. "Oh, I've been stupid! I've just been hoarding that certificate—"

The ship veered in obedience to a change of course and a sudden gust of wind snatched the square of paper from Raglan's trembling fingers. For a breathless instant it seemed it might blow aboard again; then it ducked, planed sharply downward and came to rest on the bed of snow-white foam. Against that phosphorescent background they could watch it racing away until a succeeding wave of the backwash slapped it under.

"God!" gasped Raglan, with his hands clamped on the rail as if to restrain himself from leaping into the sea.

Regis began to sob. At the sound he came to his senses, turned and took her in his arms. Then, suddenly, his whole body tensed. He threw back his head and laughed aloud.

"It's all right, my dear—absolutely and completely all right. Losing it doesn't make a bit of difference to my end of the game; in a way it helps, salves my conscience. Don't you see? Lost or not lost, it's all the same, since a probability has become a certainty. Knowing it's lost, I'm just as well off as if I had it in my pocket."

KIT and Tony met the boat, both exceedingly nervous but for different reasons. At the first opportunity Kit drew Regis aside.

"My name isn't Bilderback any more," she whispered.

"Oh, Kit!" gasped Regis.

"No; it's Mrs. Allerton. But don't tell Mr. Raglan or anybody else because Tony is scared stiff. He thinks he's fallen down and we'll have to live on air."

"You won't," said Regis quickly. "He hasn't fallen down at all."

In the meantime Raglan was saying to Tony, "Is the house in order?"

"Yes," said Tony. "We haven't opened the front—I mean the windows and the main door are still boarded—but the inside's as clean as a whistle. Here's the key to the area way."

"We'll go straight to the house."

"Miss Mulholland too?" asked Tony, his eyes wide.

"Yes," said Raglan shortly.

"So it's that way!" murmured Tony.

"It will be," said Raglan, his thoughts on other matters. "I'll see you tomorrow. Be in the office early, will you?"

There were a thousand questions Tony would have liked to ask, and one thing he wanted very much to tell, but he could recognize a storm signal when he saw it. He turned away slowly, took Kit by the elbow and propelled her toward the exit. Raglan with Regis followed a moment later. Soon she was admitted for the first time to the Stuyvesant Square House. They passed through the basement and up the narrow stairway. In the hall Raglan switched on the lights, upstairs and down, then ushered her into the vast living-room. She stared with a sudden intake of her breath but said nothing.

"This is where I'm going to work," said Raglan. "I'll probably be up all night."

"Won't you need me? Can't I help?"

"No; I wouldn't be able to think, and it's mostly thinking. You'd better chase upstairs and go to bed. Take any room. I'll bring up your bags as soon as you've chosen."

He was cold, impersonal. She looked at him, wondering who he was, and then remembered. Here was Larry Raglan, the Rock of Gibraltar, back on the job. For an instant she hated him—no, she hated the rival that had taken him from her. She turned and went slowly up the stairs. When she called he carried up her luggage and left it at her door. He did not see her the next morning, leaving the house before she was stirring. He breakfasted in a restaurant, walked downtown, turned into Wall Street, passed the famous corner and entered a building which housed a firm almost as hoary in its traditions.

"I wish to see one of the partners on an important matter," he stated to the attendant at the reception desk.

"Which partner?"

"One of the heads, if possible Mr. Manning himself, or Mr. Smith-Gordon."

The attendant smiled wanly, thrusting forward a pad. "Write your name, please, and state the nature of your business."

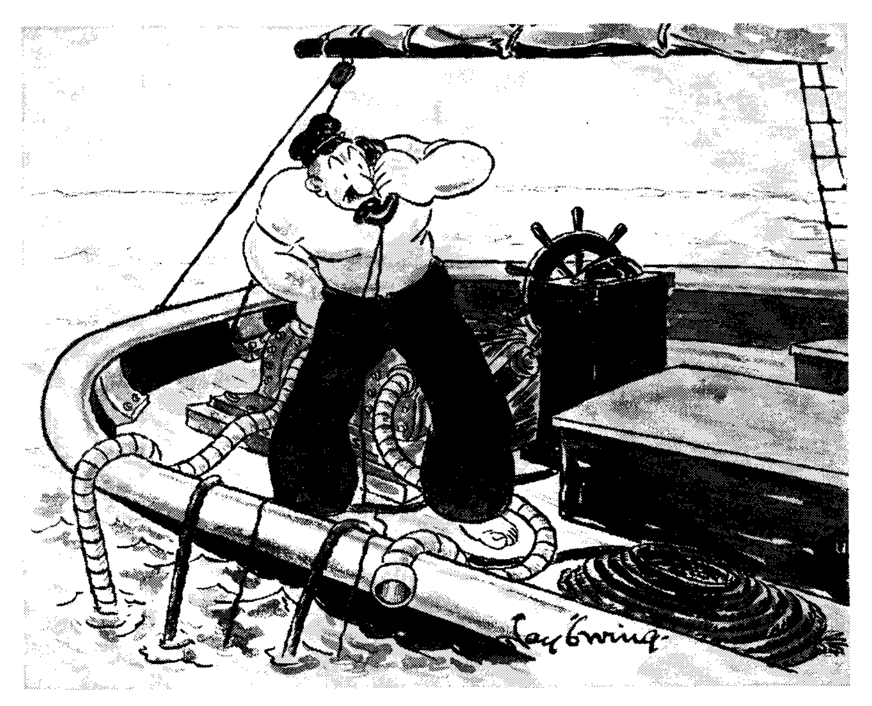
Raglan handed him his card. "Run along with that to one of the partners. I'm Mr. Larry Raglan, and I'm in a hurry."

THE man fiddled with the telephone, changed his mind, rose and disappeared. Presently he returned. Raglan was shown into a room scarcely larger than a cubicle. A young man he did not know greeted him with the traditional affability of the establishment.

"Mr. Raglan? What can we do for you?"

"It isn't exactly a question of what you can do for me," said Larry, refusing a proffered chair with a shake of his head. "I'd really rather talk to somebody higher up than you, but to start things I might ask what your firm is doing in the matter of the reorganization of Savannah, Eastern & Western."

"Really, Mr. Raglan," said the young man, flushing to the roots of his hair and losing his grip on a complacence too recently acquired, "it isn't the custom of this house to hand out information to any Tom, Dick or Harry who happens to want it." He laughed shortly, trying to regain his poise. "From the way you speak, apparently you think you're en-



"Hey! Which one of you guys left his air line up here?"

Jay Irving

titled to an accounting as to what we're doing with Savannah, Eastern & Western!"

"Bright young man!" said Raglan witheringly. "As it happens, I am. I own Savannah, Eastern & Western."

"You what?"

"You heard me. But I'm tired of this office-boy palaver. Since I can't talk to Mr. Manning I'll go to the office of Anthony Allerton & Company and wait until he or somebody else comes to talk to me. If they ask why I refuse to come here again, it's up to you to do the explaining." He turned as if to go.

THE young man, recently so flushed, suddenly paled. "One moment, Mr. Raglan; please wait here."

He left the room, presently returned and without a word led Raglan into the presence of the head of the firm. E. L. Manning, familiarly known, though seldom to his face, as Eli, belied the common conception of a business man. For one thing he was tall, for another he was slender where slenderness after fifty is most rare. In addition his smooth-shaven face had an ascetic quality dominated by tired eyes which were never too tired to smile. He held out a long-fingered hand and drew Larry down to a seat beside him.

"So you're the famous Larry Raglan; I've been wanting to meet you for years."

His informality, coupled with the genuine friendliness in his voice, disarmed Raglan so completely that his innate shrewdness sensed a trap, but immediately he found all his other instincts up in arms. This man, they told him, was real; his sincerity was genuine, incapable of a trick.

Larry smiled back. "There have been dozens of times when I would have liked very much to meet you!"

They both laughed; then Mr. Manning's face sobered. He moved one hand as if waving aside amenities. "I've been expecting you for days," he said. "If I had as much sense as people credit me with, I'd have left orders at the door a week ago to have you shown straight in whenever you came."

"You've been expecting me for days?" asked Larry curiously.

"Of course. Ever since the earthquake."

"What earthquake?"

"You ought to have been around when one of our senior partners got to wondering why somebody was so keen to get hold of his country aunt's small holding in Savannah, Eastern & Western. He happens to be a thorough person. Finally he dug out the clause your genius discovered long ago—the clause transferring voting power and virtual ownership to the preferred upon the passing of dividends for three successive periods. That's when we had the earthquake, but until you showed up this morning we thought perhaps we had caught the stitch in time. You're sure you have control?"

"Yes, sir."

"Absolute or probable?"

"Absolute; I can deliver a majority of the extant stock. I know what's bothering you, Mr. Manning; you forgot the odd lots lying around Europe. I picked them up."

Mr. Manning's brow cleared. "I see. What's your price?"

"I've made out a brief memorandum," said Larry, handing over a typed slip of paper. He waited much longer than the mere reading of the figures would have required. "Is it too much?"

"No. That's what's set me to thinking. You could have held us up for much more."

"I object to that phrase," said Raglan quickly.

Mr. Manning looked up to smile into his eyes. "We will pay your figure, Mr. Raglan; but that's not what I was thinking about. Let me explain. Savannah, Eastern & Western, up to a few days ago, was an insignificant link in a long chain of negotiations. We had owned control of the voting common for so many years that it never occurred to the partner responsible to check up on the rights of the preferred in the event of default. As a result of his oversight he has left us, and ever since you came in I've been wondering whether you would entertain an offer to take his place."

"Is that statement an offer," asked Raglan slowly, "or merely a speculation?"

"I offer you a partnership, Mr. Raglan."

"I accept," said Larry.

A few minutes later he was standing in the street, wondering what had hit him.

He had won on a showdown. In addition he had been offered and had accepted a partnership coveted by many an older and wealthier man. No wonder he stood in a daze on the curb, but gradually his senses regained equilibrium. He took a taxi to Stuyvesant Square. Arrived home, he glanced into the living-room and then ran upstairs in search of Regis; she appeared to be nowhere about. He descended again, went to the telephone and called up Allerton.

"Tony? Larry speaking. The deal has gone through." He paused. "Wait a minute, Tony. Anthony Allerton & Company's share in the profits is a flat hundred thousand." Again he paused. "Wait! Can't you wait? In addition I want to buy back this house from your company. The figure is fifty thousand in cash." For the third time he paused. "No; don't come up here. No; don't tell me anything now. I don't care what it is; I'll drop in as soon as I get time and you can tell me then."

HE HUNG up and turned to see Regis standing within the doorway leading from the basement. By the blaze in her eyes he realized she had heard and absorbed his conversation with Tony. But the sight of her promptly wiped business from his mind. Against the background of the vast room she appeared small and frail, yet the next instant she seemed a tower of light, the source of all his strength and weakness. His heart ached with its need of her; never again would he lose her out of his mind, even for an hour. Half-blinded, he stumbled forward and took both her hands.

"Where have you been?"

"Everywhere. Upstairs and down, looking around. It's lovely, Larry; it's adorable."

"Regis, do you mean it? Would you like to live in this old place? You don't have to, of course; but now is the time to say."

She smiled up into his fevered eyes. "Oh, Larry, you're so funny! Thank heaven you have a few blind spots, or I'd be afraid of you! This is the answer no woman could ever give you before: wherever you are is where I'm going to live, whether it's palace or shack. I love you, Larry—and you love me. As long as those two things are true what difference does it make where we are or what roof is over our foolish heads?"

His hands slipped up to her elbows and then around her. He lifted her to him and they kissed, slowly, passionately, wide-open eyes searching wide-open eyes. At last she drew away to hide her face against his neck. He gathered her in his arms, straightened and turned to face the room. For a long time he stood holding her high off the floor as fixedly as though he were a pedestal for her enthronement.

THE END

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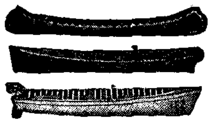

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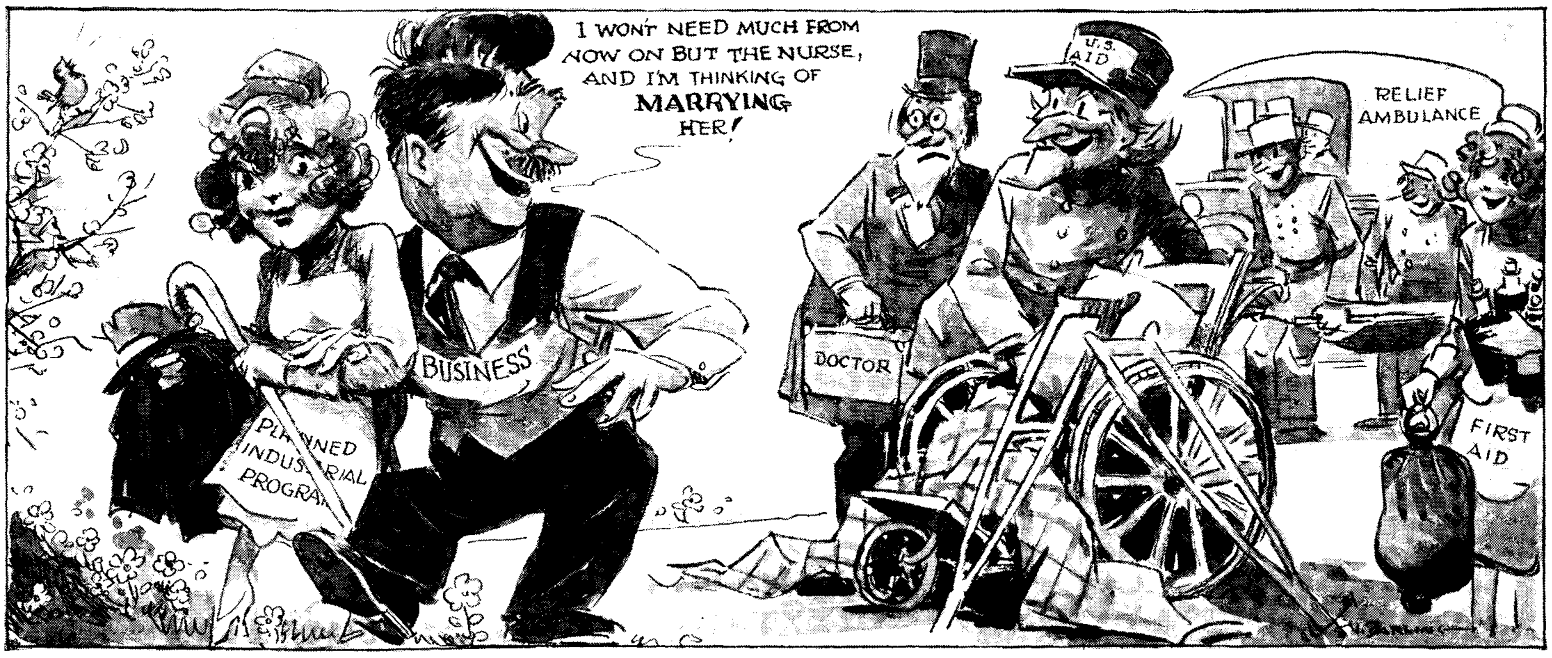
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Fruits of the New Deal

FROM many fronts comes persuasive evidence of the continued improvement in business conditions.

Winter resorts have enjoyed the largest patronage and the best business of many years. Steamships carrying passengers South and to and from the West Coast have been crowded.

The automotive industry has more buyers than in a long time. Retail trade is better. The forecasts of the Treasury Department proclaim the government's expectation of larger revenues. In general there is a recognition of economic betterment.

Nor is the improvement limited to the United States. Business is definitely better in Canada. Recovery in Great Britain and on the European continent is marked. Confidence has returned and hope is higher. We have proceeded a long way on the road toward economic health.

Congress has been in session for about two months and so far the session has been notably quiet. The strident tones of the wild men have been scarcely audible. A session which six months ago promised to be full of angry tumult has been tranquil. During much of the time Senator Huey Long has been conspicuous chiefly for his defeat in Louisiana state politics. As a national menace the "Kingfish" has shriveled.

Credit for the increased buying power in this country unquestionably belongs to the Administration. Hundreds of millions have been distributed to the CWA workers. Other hundreds of millions have been paid to farmers through the Department of Agriculture.

Federal money distributed to men and women employed in emergency projects and to farmers who have restricted their plantings of basic crops has flowed through the channels of trade. Storekeepers, purveyors of service—doctors, dentists, barbers, and the long list of those whose skill adds to the comfort of living—have indirectly benefited. Government expenditure provided the fuel to speed up the economic machine.

The bounty of the federal government won't, of course, go on forever. It is expected that by summer the need for the CWA distribution will have been sharply reduced, if not completely ended.

The distributions to farmers through the processing taxes will last longer. So, too, will the expenditures on public works projects. But as business continues to improve and private industry is able to provide employment there will be a tapering off of public expenditures.

The laws on which the New Deal was founded are almost without exception emergency acts. We have heard much talk of revolutionary changes in government and in business, but so far certainly most of the statutory changes have been made emergency measures and limited by the very words of their enactment to the period of the emergency.

It is improbable, however, that the principles which lie back of the New Deal will be soon forgotten even after federal money is no longer required to stimulate our national purchasing power. For the truth is that we did in the emergency many things which ought long ago in normal business times to have been accomplished.

The NRA is an emergency organization to stimulate employment, raise wages and to avoid suicidal competition. The recovery acts make legal a coöperation in industry which previously was made criminal by the anti-trust laws.

Despite the irritations due to the hasty building up of the Recovery Administration, it is inconceivable that we shall return to the insane competition demanded by the anti-trust laws. The NRA will be modified and changed as recovery becomes complete, but, once having tried reasonable organization in business, we won't go back to industrial anarchy.

More than that, control over the banking system won't be relinquished with the return of good times. During our entire history as a nation our banking laws have been stupidly loose and backward.

Under the emergency banking act and deposit insurance the Federal Reserve System exercises a supervision and control which most of the states were previously unwilling to authorize. The precise scheme written into the present law may not last, but it is perfectly certain that governmental control over banking must be strengthened and not weakened during the years ahead.

The federal government under normal conditions is possibly not the best public agency to control wages and working hours. Perhaps the states can better exercise the responsibility. Some public agency will, however, unquestionably be given the responsibility.

In the emergency, because we had no well-developed and comprehensive employment insurance, the federal government was compelled to appropriate hundreds of millions to care for the involuntarily unemployed. The responsibility will continue and in one form or another it will be met.

Finally, the various laws designed to improve the position of the farmers won't be forgotten when the emergency is over.

The one basic principle on which the emergency laws are founded is public responsibility to bring about wholesome economic and social conditions. Previously we said that every man acting in his own selfish interest would unconsciously contribute to the public good. We were mistaken and we know now we were mistaken.

If we are in the future to enjoy without interruption the good things science has taught us to produce so abundantly, we shall have to plan and control our prosperity. The emergency laws are experiments but experiments in the right direction. We shall do well even in the best of times to keep permanently what has been proved sound and useful in the crucible of hard experience.

Brimful of long life . . . Fresh as a daisy

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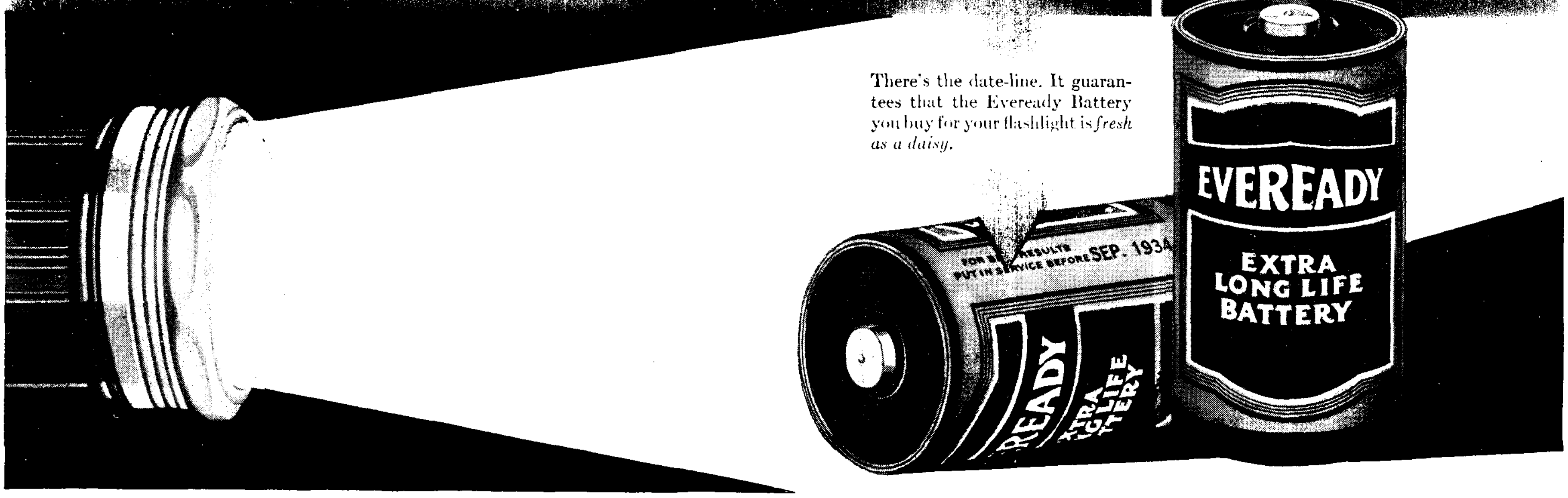
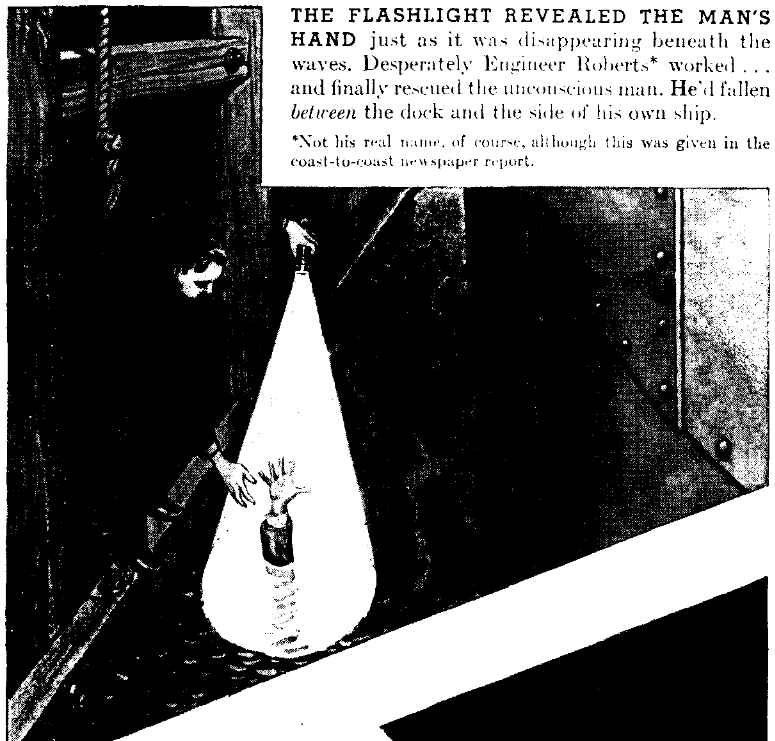


There's the date-line. It guarantees that the Eveready Battery you buy for your flashlight is *fresh as a daisy.*



THE FLASHLIGHT REVEALED THE MAN'S HAND just as it was disappearing beneath the waves. Desperately Engineer Roberts* worked . . . and finally rescued the unconscious man. He'd fallen *between* the dock and the side of his own ship.

*Not his real name, of course, although this was given in the coast-to-coast newspaper report.

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Next there's the thick, even-grained zinc case. Inside . . . although you can't see it . . . there's a power stabilizer. It holds a balanced mix of six active light making chemicals on tip-toe, ready to light in an instant. Notice, too, the metal top . . . a feature you'll always find on Evereadys . . . it keeps power from leaking away when the batteries aren't in use.

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And so, when you buy Eveready Batteries for your flashlight, for your radio, your front-door bell or motor ignition, you know that you get . . . packaged electricity at its best. National Carbon Company, Inc. General offices: New York, N. Y. Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation.

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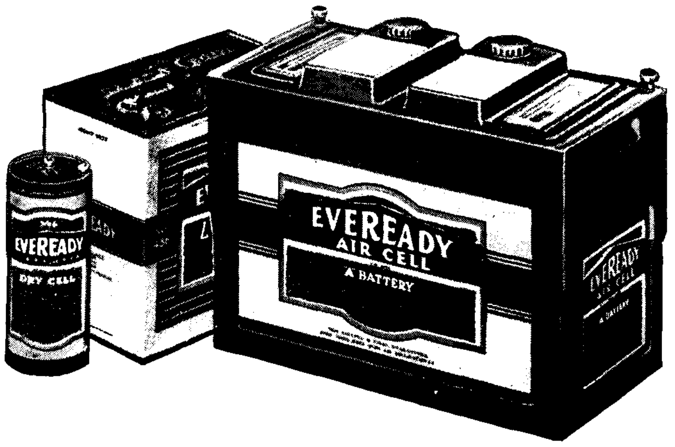

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